THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

FEBRUARY, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

FRANK HOWARD DODD, the head of the house of Dodd, Mead and Company, died Monday, January the tenth, in the seventy-second year of his age. A detailed account of Mr. Dodd's career will appear in a later issue of the BOOKMAN.

Short Stories of 1915

There seems to be prevalent an idea that to give a contemporary definite credit is in some way bad journalism. That is an idea with which we have no sympathy whatever, and so, in summing up Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's Review of the Best Short Stories of 1915, we shall begin by saying that it appeared in the Boston *Evening Transcript* for January 8th. In the first place Mr. O'Brien pays what we consider a fitting tribute to the short stories written by American authors. In comparison he finds the average short tale in the popular English magazines cheap and meretricious. During the past year he has read two thousand American short stories and they have made him lastingly hopeful of our literary future.

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The fact that Mr. O'Brien's verdict is a purely arbitrary one does not detract from its interest. The best short story of 1915 in his opinion is the work of a comparatively unknown author, Benjamin Rosenblatt's "Zelig," which appeared in the *Bellman*. Then in order are mentioned "Ultima Thule," by John Galsworthy (*The Delineator*), "The Friends," by Stacy Aumonier (*The Century*), "Jeanne the Maid," by Gordon Arthur Smith (*Scribner's*), and "The Weaver Who Clad the Summer," by Harris Merton Lyon (Illustrated Sunday Magazine). The worst story of the year, to Mr. O'Brien's mind, is W. B. Trite's "War," a tale "so monumentally inane that it is funny." Mr. O'Brien picks from the twenty-two hundred that he has read an honor roll of ninety-one stories. To this list Katherine Fullerton Gerould has contributed five stories, Wilbur Daniel Steele four stories, Lord Dusany, Ben Hecht, and Fannie Hurst three stories each, and Lincoln Colcord, Rupert Hughes, Walter J. Mullenberg, Shumas O'Brien, and Robert W. Snedden two each. The real find of the year in the opinion of Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, is Shumas O'Brien, whose stories "opened a new field of fiction, and have a human richness of feeling and imagination rare in our over-sophisticated literature."

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Salvini Memories

Tommaso Salvini died on New Year's day. He was in his eighty-seventh year. Born at Milan, the child of theatrical parents, he studied for the stage under Gustavo Modina, and after winning renown in juvenile characters, he joined the Ristori troupe. His subsequent ca-

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reer is dramatic history. To the United States he first came in 1873, and here he was so well received that he returned repeatedly. Twenty or twenty-five years ago there was published in this country a book called *Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini.* It

SALVINI AS ICILIO IN THE "VIRGINIE" OF ALFIERI

is now out of print. In it will be found some very vivid impressions of the roving days in many lands.

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At the age of sixteen Salvini had left Modina, and was in Naples, a member of the Royal Florentine Company. Those were the days of Bohemia and of hardship. His annual salary was twenty-four hundred francs, and half of it had to be put aside for the payment of his debts. He lived at a boarding-house, where he paid two francs and a half a day for his bed and dinner, having for breakfast a small piece of bread dipped in the juice of a melon. The ring in the company of players was so well organised that the newcomer had few opportunities to distinguish himself. The year 1845 was a most unhappy one for him, abounding in moral and material sacrifices. The remembrance of the important parts which he used to play with his master and of the spontaneous and gratifying favour accorded by the public was constantly before him, and the contrast made his new position seem all the more humiliating. He grew peevish and rebellious, and secretly cherished thoughts of revenge. He planned to return when all the old and mouldy material of that company should have disappeared and to put to shame the artists who hoped for his failure.

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Those were turbulent days politically. For a time young Salvini laid aside the buskin for the musket. He was enrolled in the Eighth Roman Battalion, and under Garibaldi helped in the futile defence of Rome. When he resumed acting, the censorship of the stage was rigid to the point of absurdity. The players had to contend with very serious difficulties in observing the innumerable erasures and substitutions which the censors made in the lines. The words "God," "Redeemer," "Madonna," "angel," "saint," "pontiff," "purple," "monsignor," "priest," were forbidden. "Religion," "republic," "unity," "French," "Jesuit," "Tartuffe," "foreigner," "patriot," were equally in the Index. The colours green, white, and red were prohibited. Yellow and black, and yellow and white were also forbidden. Flowers thrown on the stage must not show any of those colours prominently, and if it chanced that one actress had white and green in her dress another who wore red ribbon must not come near her. If the actors transgressed they were not punished with a simple warning, but with days of arrest, and with fines

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which varied in amount according to the gravity of the offence.

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Salvini's first presentation in the United States, when he came here in 1873, was Othello. After New York he visited a number of American cities, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Washington, and Boston. In Boston he became intimately acquainted with Longfellow, who talked to him in the pure Tuscan. After a return to New York Salvini travelled to Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, and finally to New Orleans. He reached the Crescent City at Carnival time, and, in a mass procession in which all nations were represented, he was revolted and offended to see Italy figuring as Pope Pius IX giving his benediction to a band of brigands, who, with their daggers in their teeth, were kneeling at the Holy Father's feet. So great was his disgust at this travesty, which he ascribed to the suggestion of some renegade as well as to the ignorance of the carnival committee, that he was moved to publish, over his signature, a letter of protest in which he said:

> Italy for true Italians should be represented by Victor Emmanuel, by Gioberti, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Every good Italian must repel, protest against, and despise this insult offered to a nation which, by its antique traditions, and by its recent deeds, deserves the respect and the admiration of the civilised world; and we are sure of finding an echo of adhesion to this sentiment among the American people, which is accustomed to render homage and justice to all that is noble and generous.

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Ten years ago, in an article in this magazine on the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, Mr. Edward W. Townsend told the story of a reception given by that organisation to Salvini. On the train going to San Francisco the actor met a musician member of the club. Having a letter to the club and learning that his car mate was a member, Salvini told of his own early Bohemian days, recalling a beloved companion of his youth who had written a serenade and dedicated it to Salvini. The tragedian hummed the tune, and became a bit sentimental over the memories it evoked;

TOMMASO SALVINI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE

early days of struggle, of dear friendships—

> Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

while the musician, unobserved, wrote the notes of the serenade on his cuff. In due time the reception to Salvini was given; three hundred members sat at a horseshoe-shaped table, under a dome from which depended what seemed to

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be an enormous globe of flowers and trailing vines. Hercules, Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, fauns, satyrs, peeped out from leafy coverts upon a glorious field of the State's flower, the golden eschscholtzia, into which was woven in purple blooms, "Salve Salvini!" To a march composed for the occasion the members entered, the lights were lowered and attendants bearing flambeaux ushered in Salvini, escorted by officials robed in crimson; the music changed to a solemn chant sung by a concealed chorus, during which Salvini—who had but a musty notion of Bohemian ceremonies—reverently bowed his head, thinking the chant had a religious significance, and happily too unfamiliar with English to know that the concluding line was "And don't you forget it!" Lights being raised, dinner was served, each course to appropriate music, the barons of beef, for example, being produced on the shoulders of white-capped cooks entering to a stately march. Besides the music incidental to the service there were many other numbers, the one most perplexing to the guest being a chorus roared and boomed by the joyous three hundred, in which, to the tune of "The Lord High Executioner," the guest was welcomed thus:

Salvini! Salvini!
To Bohemia's halls we welcome thee!

with libretto Italian lines for the soloists.

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When Salvini had listened to a few such lines as "Una Voce poco far," or "Di Provenza, la mar," he began to understand the situation if not the relevancy of the phrases, and roared with laughter. After that, at a private signal, general conversation gradually ceased until Salvini and an Italian-speaking member alone were conversing. Then from a screened balcony the sweetest voiced tenor in the club began softly to sing. Salvini's attention gradually strayed from his companion, and he looked about him as one uncertain whether he hears a familiar sound or dreams it. The singer's voice rose louder and louder until Salvini jumped to his feet with a sobbing "Dio mio!" and threw kisses to the unseen singer, who, of course, was singing the serenade written for Salvini by the friend of his youth. At the appropriate time for the punch, lights were again lowered and a company of Bohemians robed like monks entered chanting, marched to the table enclosure, uplifted their hands to the seeming globe of flowers, which mysteriously descended, disclosing itself to be a punch bowl, now aglow with the burning beverage, which the monks proceeded to serve. Salvini had promised some friends to join them at supper that night at one o'clock. It was five in the morning when he left the club, bidding good-bye to a couple of hundred members and joining in their enthusiastic shouts of

Una Voce poco far—
By a set of curious chances—
Di Provenza, la mar—
On his own recognisances!

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A Bunner Revival

There has been something of an attempt during the past two or three months to revive interest in the work of Henry Cuyler Bunner, and the suggestion has been made that a uniform edition of his fiction and verse would have a fair chance of success. This we are inclined to doubt, although the doubt does not imply any questioning of Bunner's talent and invention. But it was an audience somewhat different from the audience of to-day for which he wrote from the time of the establishment of the English edition of *Puck* until his death in 1896. Bunner writing to-day would certainly be in the first flight of American story-tellers. But the method of the short tale has changed, and from the point of view of 1916 the work of some of the men of the late seventies and early eighties seems positively archaic. Nevertheless, Bunner, whether his books appear in new dress or not, is not likely soon to be forgotten. There was too

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much sturdy merit in his novels, *The Midge,* and *The Story of a New York House;* too much vigour and surprise in his *Short Sixes* and *More Short Sixes;* too much charm in the light verses he dashed off with such facility. Above all he was something of a personality.

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A short time after Mr. Bunner's death there appeared in THE BOOKMAN an appreciation of the man and his work written by Laurence Hutton. In the later years the two men were on terms of the greatest intimacy. But there had been a time when they would have nothing to do with each other. It was a case of reciprocal Dr. Fell. "We did not like each other, and we neither of us could tell the reason why," said Mr. Hutton. "We met constantly at the theatres—we were both enthusiastic 'first nighters'—but we never looked at each other if we could help it, and, of course, we never spoke. We had many friends and acquaintances in common, and very often we escaped an introduction by the merest chance, or by the most elaborate mutual avoidance. He always thought of me, when he permitted himself to think of me, as 'Playbill Hutton' because of my interest in, and my collection of, theatre programmes. And I never allowed myself to think of him at all. The reason why I cannot imagine now. At last, one night we were thrown violently at each other. It was in 1878, at a large reception. I knew almost nobody. Bunner knew everybody. He saw my situation, which was trying—an outsider among a large party of intimates—and too loyal to his hosts, and instinctively too much of a gentleman to see a man neglected in that house, or a stranger in any house wandering about forlorn and alone, he came up and asked me if I would smoke a cigarette and take a glass of sherry in the dining-room."

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After that there never was a break or a shadow of a break in their friendship. They went to the theatre together, they were members together of the Authors' Club, of the International Copyright League, of The Kinsmen; and in common they had many tastes and interests. "He read me in advance," recorded Mr. Hutton, "all the poems afterwards collected together as the *Airs from Arcady.* We talked for hours over "Love in Old Clothes," the best, perhaps, of his tales, and a little bit of work which cost him infinite care and thought and labour. He was then helping to establish the edition of *Puck* in English, and working hard at it. He was very quick of insight, and remarkably ready of utterance and expression even in verse. I remember stepping one day into the *Puck* office, then in a cross street off lower Broadway, to lunch with him by appointment. As we were going out of the editorial rooms the printer's devil entered with a process-picture of a commonplace young woman, to illustrate which Bunner was asked to contribute a "stickful" of text—and at once. He lighted a fresh cigarette, stepped up to somebody else's desk, and, more rapidly than I could have copied them out, set down sixteen or twenty rhythmical lines which would scan and would parse, and were very fair "poetry"—as such things go. He did not sign them; and he said lightly that that was an everyday occurrence and of no moment.

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One of the most touching and pathetic incidents in Bunner's career was the story of his Lost Joke. "It was in the old days of our Westmoreland *café* life, when, in my absence, Bunner found but one man at the table—a fellow of a peculiarly clear mind. He asked Bunner some simple question, as 'Did you come up-town in the Fourth Avenue or Sixth Avenue Line?' To which Bunner replied in an equally commonplace way, as, 'No, I walked.' Bunner, at the end of many years, could remember neither the question nor the answer nor the nature of them; but the words he uttered, whatever they may have been, were received with shouts of laughter. Bunner did not know why, and he never knew why. He saw nothing funny in

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them—at that time or later. And he entirely forgot what they were and what prompted them. But his interlocutor pronounced it the best thing that Bunner had ever said, and he laughed over it until he wept, and then he laughed again. It was to him the acme of humourous expression. He was too diffident to repeat it, whatever it was, because he thought that Bunner said it intentionally, and wanted him to say it in his turn, and so, somehow, commit himself; and he never told it; and he is dead; and Bunner never discovered the joke on his own account. He was very miserable at the thought that his most sublime effort of wit was unrecognised by himself, and went into the ear of the only man who ever heard it and who ever appreciated it, and was kept forever from Bunner and the rest of the world. And poor Bunner could not ever think what it was about.

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Stevenson's Trudeau

The publication of *An Autobiography,* by Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, gives to the world all the essential facts in the life of this grim fighter of tuberculosis. Dr. Trudeau, though afflicted with the disease in his early twenties, went into the fight not only for his own life, but for the lives of all who might be blighted in this way. He was the founder of Saranac Lake Sanatorium and the first exponent in this country of the radical open air treatment for consumption. Appropriately, his autobiography is dedicated to the one who was his constant companion in the battle which finally vanquished him, but from which he wrested, through his medical research, the lives of thousands of others.

Dedicated
To My Dear Wife
Ever at my side
Ever Cheerful and Hopeful and Helpful
Through These Long Years
During which
"Pleasure and Pain
Have followed each other
Like sunshine and rain"

Another interesting touch in the book is the foreword which refers to that very distinguished resident of Saranac Lake who was the direct antithesis of Dr. Trudeau in thought, manner, and ability—Robert Louis Stevenson. Fate strangely intermingled the destinies of these two men and Dr. Trudeau died only a few days before the erection of the memorial to Stevenson. Dr. Trudeau's last public utterance was one of satisfaction over the recognition that the little town had given to R. L. S. The foreword above mentioned is as follows:

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, in his review of Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* says: "When Robert Louis Stevenson was a little boy, Mr. Graham Balfour tells us, he once made the following remark to his mother: 'Mother, I've drawed a man. Shall I draw his soul now?' The only biography that is really possible is autobiography. To recount the actions of another man is not biography, it is zoology, the noting down of the habits of a new and outlandish animal. It may fill ten volumes with anecdotes, without once touching upon his life. It has 'drawed a man', but it has now 'drawed' his soul."

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One of the most interesting parts of Dr. Trudeau's biography, at least to persons somewhat bookishly inclined, is the chapter devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson. In this chapter Dr. Trudeau gives the inscriptions which Stevenson put in the various volumes of his works which he presented to Dr. Trudeau and family. In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he had written:

Trudeau was all the winter at my side;
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

To Mrs. Trudeau he had dedicated *The Dynamiter* in these words:

As both my wife and I composed the thing;
Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

To Dr. Trudeau's daughter, *Virginibus Puerisque,* in these words:

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I have no art to please a lady's mind,
Here's the least acid spot,
Miss Trudeau, of the lot.
If you'd just try this volume, 'twould be kind!

To the baby (Francis), *A Child's Garden of Verse,* in these words:

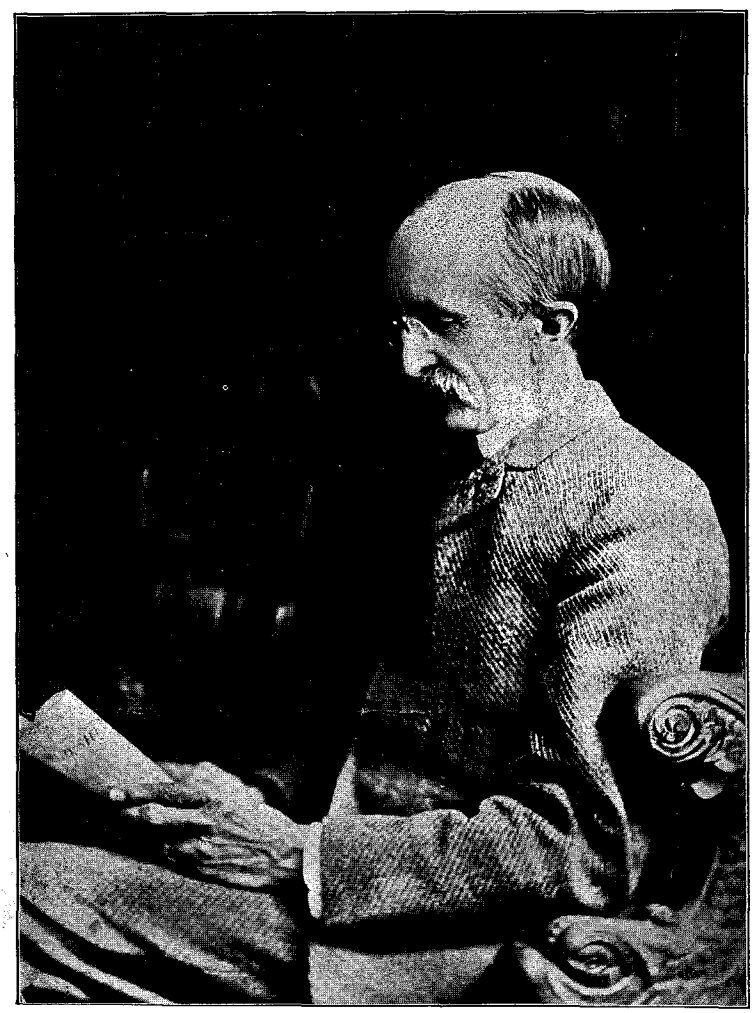
To win your lady (if alas, it may be),
Let's couple this one with the name of Baby!

And to Nig, *Memories and Portraits,* in these words:

Greeting to all your household, small and big,
In this one instance, not forgetting—Nig!

• • •

BOOKMAN readers who remember Clayton Hamilton's papers, "On the Trail of Stevenson," published a little over a year ago will find in Dr. Trudeau's own words some of the identical incidents which Mr. Hamilton describes from the viewpoint of the biographer. One incident especially is quoted from Dr. Trudeau's book:



DR. EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU

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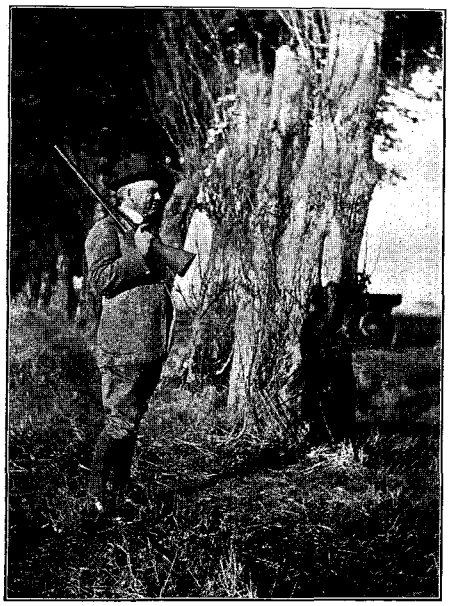

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — MAXIMILIAN FOSTER, AUTHOR OF "RICH MAN, POOR MAN"

Mr. Stevenson and I had many interesting and at times heated discussions by the fireplace in the sitting-room. It was really a great privilege to meet him in this informal way, and even if we didn't always agree, the impression of his striking personality, his keen insight into life, his wondrous idealism, his nimble intellect and his inimitable vocabulary in conversation, has grown on me more and more as the years roll by. It is hardly to be wondered at that we did not agree on many topics, for our interests and our points of view on many subjects were utterly at variance. My life interests were bound up in the study of facts, and in the Laboratory I bowed daily to the majesty of fact, wherever it might lead. Mr. Stevenson's view was to ignore or avoid as much as possible unpleasant facts, and live in a beautiful, strenuous, and idea world of fancy. He didn't care to go to the Sanatorium with me or see the Laboratory because to him these were unpleasant things. He evidently felt this, for after he had written *The Lantern Bearers,* I got him one day into the Laboratory, from which he escaped at the first opportunity with the words, "Trudeau, your light may be very bright to you, but to me it smells of oil like the Devil!"

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In describing the same incident, Mr. Hamilton in the Stevenson papers, now published in book form, says:

Louis was merely disgusted and annoyed. "Trudeau," said he, "you are carrying a lantern at your belt, but the oil has a most objectionable smell."

The doctor told me this with humour; but it did not seem to me so funny when I thought about it afterward. At present I remember an eager, active-minded man, sitting anchored in a lounging chair and muffled among furs; talking with that tense voice of the achieving dreamer; at home in life, though exiled from its laughing and delightful commonplaces; cheerful and alert, though slowly dying; young, clear-eyed, and still enthusiastic, although already ancient in endurance; lying invalided while his City of the Sick grows yearly to greater prominence among the pines; fighting with an easy

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND DR. J. A. ZAHM GOING OVER THEIR PLANS DURING THE SOUTH AMERICAN TRIP WHICH IS DESCRIBED IN DR. ZAHM'S "THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLANDS"

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smile the death that has so long besieged him to the end that others after him, afflicted similarly, may not die. And the best of our tricky and trivial achievements, in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labours and the spirit of this man.

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Booker T. Washington

Apparently the spring book season for 1916 is to have several biographies. One which is in the course of preparation is that of Booker T. Washington, which finishes the story started in his autobiography *Up from Slavery*. The autobiography was the story of a struggle forward and for education. The biography entitled, *Booker T. Washington, The Builder of a Civilisation,* will be the story of the man's life as an educator and leader of his race. The authors of this book are Lyman Beecher Stowe and Emmet J. Scott, the latter one of the faculty at Tuskegee and for years Dr. Washington's secretary and trusted lieutenant. Most of the material was gathered by Mr. Scott during Dr. Washington's life.

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS, AUTHOR OF "OVER PARADISE RIDGE"

F. TENNYSON JESSE. MISS JESSE IS A GRANDNIECE OF LORD TENNYSON, AND IS THE AUTHOR OF "THE MILKY WAY" AND "BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK." A PLAY BASED ON HER STORY, "THE BLACK MASK," WAS PRESENTED IN NEW YORK TWO YEARS AGO

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The organisation of Tuskegee is described in the opening chapters of the book as follows:

It came about that in the year 1880, in Macon County, Alabama, a certain ex-confederate Colonel conceived the idea that if he could secure the negro vote he could beat his rival and win the seat he coveted in the State Legislature. Accordingly, the Colonel went to the leading negro in the town of Tuskegee and asked him what he could do to secure the negro vote, for negroes then voted in Alabama without restriction. This man, Lewis Adams, by name, himself an ex-slave, promptly replied that the thing his race most wanted was education and that if he (the Colonel) would agree to work for the passage of a bill appropriat-

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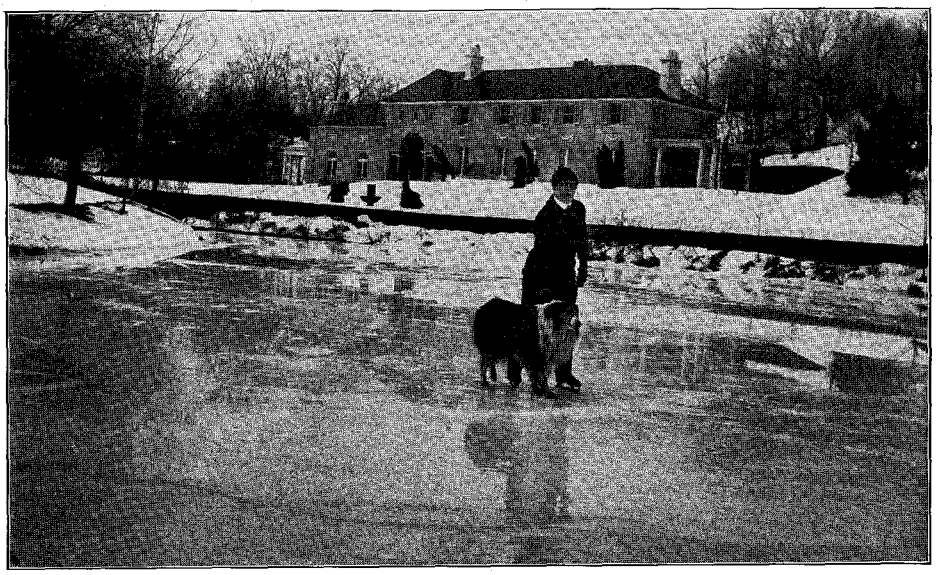

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—RUPERT HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "CROPPED WINGS"

ing money for the maintenance of an industrial school for negroes he, Adams, would help to get for him the negro vote and the election. This bargain between an ex-slaveholder and an ex-slave was made and faithfully observed on both sides with the result that the following year the Legislature of Alabama appropriated $2,000 a year for the establishment of a normal and industrial school for negroes in the town of Tuskegee. On the recommendation of General Armstrong of Hampton Institute, a young coloured man, Booker T. Washington, a recent graduate and a teacher at the Institute, was called from there to take charge of this landless, buildingless, teacherless and studentless institution of learning.

This move turned out to be a fatal mistake in the political career of the Colonel. The appellation of "nigger lover" kept him ever after firmly wedged in his political grave. Thus, by the same stroke, was the career of an ex-slaveholder wrecked and that of an ex-slave made. This political blunder of an obscure office-seeker has given to education one of its great formative institutions, to the negro race its greatest leader, and to America one of its greatest citizens.

The Battle Hymn

Returning from a review of troops near Washington (in the autumn of 1861), Julia Ward Howe's carriage was surrounded and delayed by the marching regiments: she and her companions sang, to beguile the tedium of the way, the war songs which every one was singing in those days; among them—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.
His soul is marching on!

The soldiers liking this, cried, "Good for you!", and took up the chorus with its rhythmic swing. "Mrs. Howe," said Mr. Clarke, "why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" "I have often wished to do so!" she replied. Waking in the grey of the next morning, as she lay waiting for the dawn, the words came to her.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord—

She lay perfectly still. Line by line, stanza by stanza, the words came sweeping on with the rhythm of marching feet, pauseless, resistless. She saw the long

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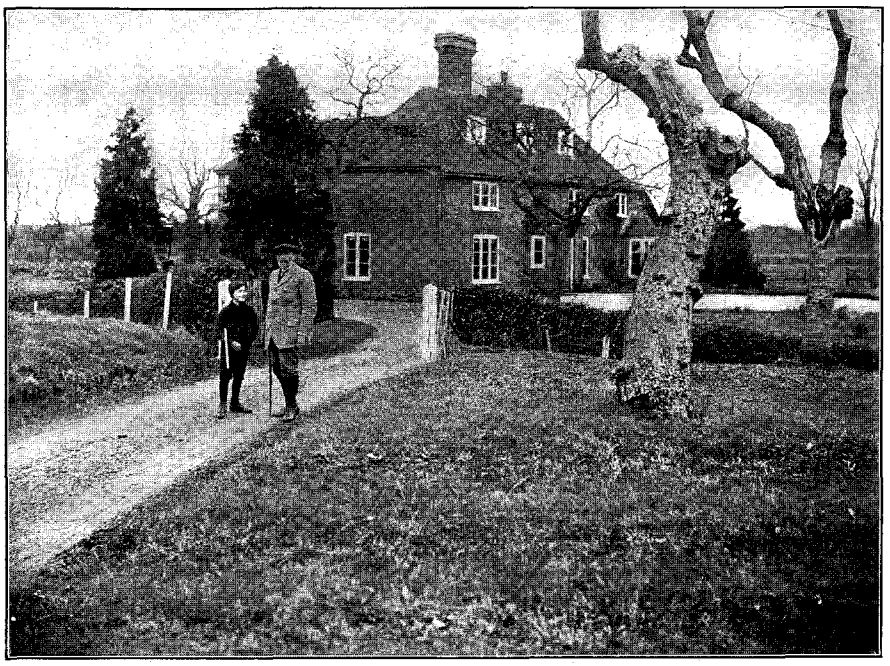

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—JOSEPH CONRAD AT HIS ESSEX (ENGLAND) HOME

lines swinging into place before her eyes, heard the voice of the nation speaking through her lips. She waited till the voice was silent, till the last line was ended; then sprang from bed, and groping for pen and paper, scrawled in the grey twilight the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She was used to writing thus; verses often came to her at night, and must be scribbled in the dark for fear of waking the baby; she crept back to bed, and as she fell asleep she said to herself, "I like this better than most things I have written." In the morning, while recalling the incident, she found she had forgotten the words.

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The poem was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1862. "It was somewhat praised," she says, "on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. . . . I knew and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard from time to time of its being sung in chorus by the soldiers." She did not, however, realise how rapidly the hymn made its way, nor how strong a hold it took upon the people. It was "sung, chanted, recited, and used in exhortation and prayer on the eve of battle." It was printed in newspapers, in army hymn-books, on broadsides; it was the word of the hour, and the Union armies marched to its swing. Among the singers of the "Battle Hymn" was Chaplain McCabe, the fighting chaplain of the 122d Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He read the poem in the *Atlantic,* and was so struck with it that he committed it to memory before rising from his chair. He took it with him to the front, and in due time to Libby Prison, whither he was sent after being captured at Winchester. Here, in the great bare room where hundreds of Northern soldiers were herded together, came one night a rumour of disaster to the Union arms. A great battle, their jailers told them; a great Confederate victory. Sadly the Northern men gathered together

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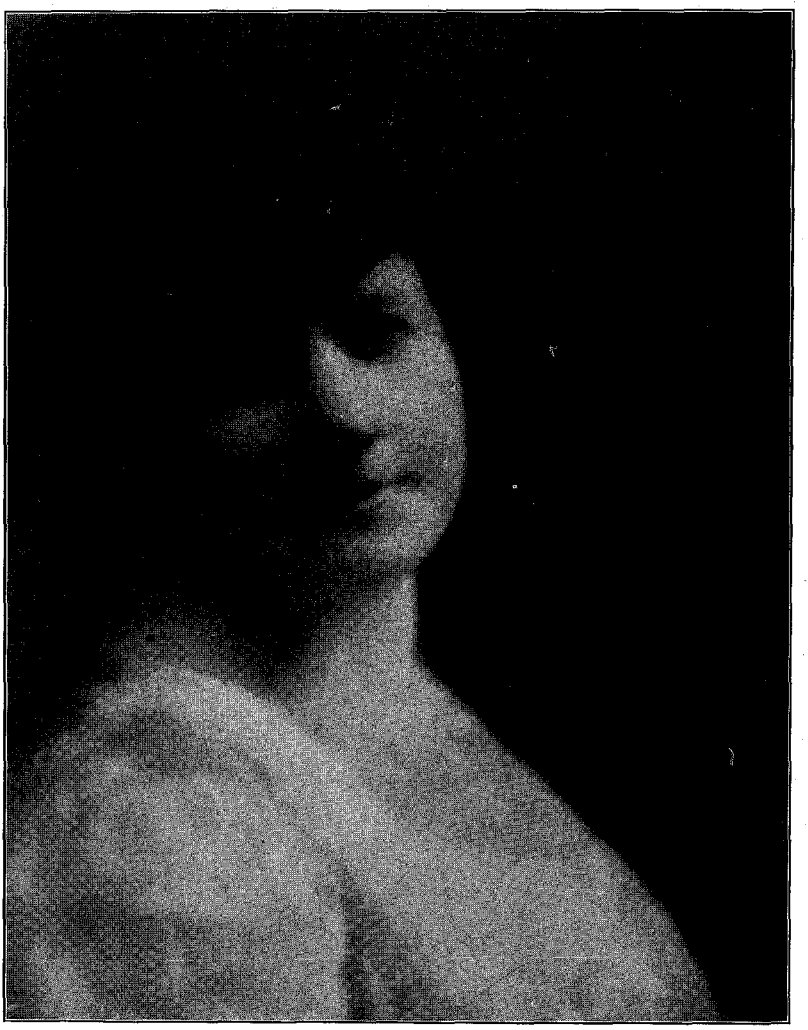
in groups, sitting or lying on the floor, talking in low tones, wondering how, where, why. Suddenly, one of the negroes who brought food for the prisoners stooped in passing and whispered to one of the sorrowful groups. The news was false: there had, indeed, been a great battle, but the Union army had won, the Confederates were defeated and scattered. Like a flame the word flashed through the prison. Men leaped to their feet, shouted, embraced one another in a frenzy of joy and triumph; and Chaplain McCabe, standing in the middle of the room, lifted up his great voice and sang aloud,

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!

Every voice took up the chorus, and Libby Prison rang with the shout of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" The victory was that of Gettysburg. When, some time after, McCabe was released from prison, he told in Washington, before a great audience of loyal people,



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ELLEN GLASGOW

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the story of his war-time experiences; and when he came to that night in Libby Prison, he sang the "Battle Hymn" once more. The effect was magical: people shouted, wept, and sang, all together; and when the song was ended, above the tumult of applause was heard the voice of Abraham Lincoln, exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sing it again!"

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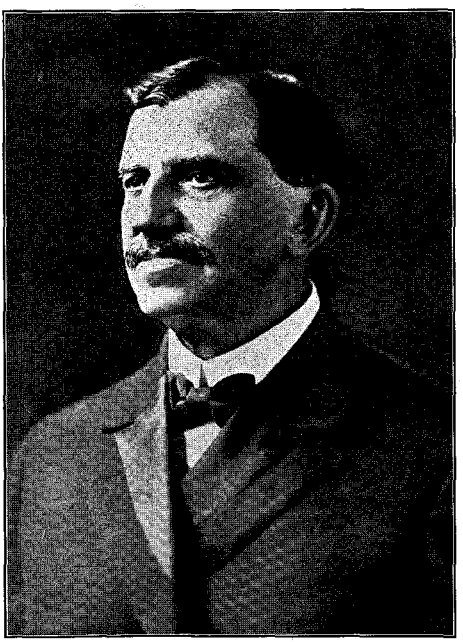
Robert H. McLaughlin

Robert H. McLaughlin, who wrote *The Eternal Magdalene,* is a young Cleveland man, until recently the manager of The Colonial Theatre in that city. He has written several plays, some of which have been produced locally. Among these was *Demi-Tasse,* a dramatic one-act piece shown two years ago with Miss May Buckley and Jack Halliday in the principal rôles. *The Sixth Commandment,* which enjoyed a country-wide tour, has never played there.

ROBERT H. MCLAUGHLIN, AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"



RUSSELL H. CONWELL, AUTHOR OF "ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

Tolstoy's Flight

"Nothing in Tolstoy's life is so interesting to me as the circumstances of his death, his flight from home to the monastery, his perishing on a wayside station like some aged pilgrim on the way to Jerusalem." So writes Stephen Graham in *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary.* "The story is such a beautiful, pathetic, touching one that the station of Astapovo may well be an object of pilgrimage for people who can feel in themselves the poignancies of life, and who are interested in the destinies of mankind." It is a little station on a by line. "In the waiting room are peasants in rags, in sheep skins, in old blouses, peasants sleeping on forms, bundles on the floor, heaps of bundles, tied up sacks, ancient green trunks. On one side of the room is a grandfather's clock, on the other is a little wooden chapel with ikons and votive candles. From the clock to the chapel runs a long linoleum covered bar and on the ikon side of it are scores of

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HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

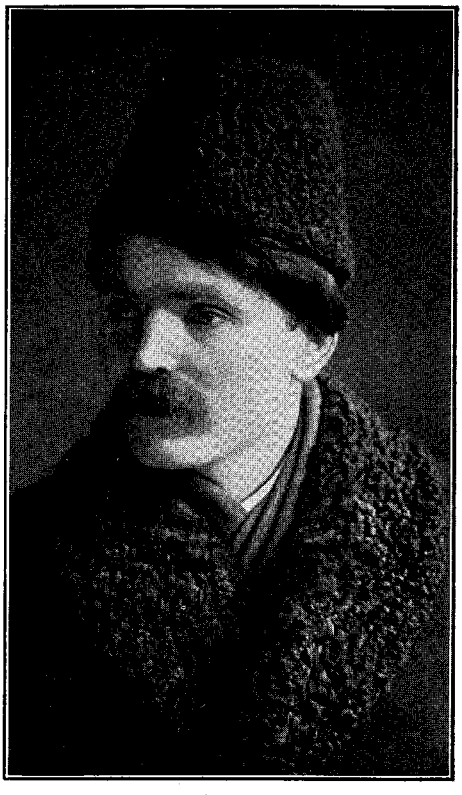
fresh loaves, while on the clock side are vodka and wine. On the top of the clock burns a paraffin lamp. There is praying and disputing and tea drinking, children crying, bundles, boxes, pointsmen with dim lanterns, a mouldy looking gendarme, and it is five o'clock in the morning."

• • •

"Out of the lingering train they brought Tolstoy into just such a room and to such a scene. 'They brought him through here,' says the heavy bearded man behind the bar, 'and they put him first in the woman's room and then took him to a room in the station master's house.' The man behind the bar has trained his whiskers to look like those of Tolstoy, and is vain enough to ask me: 'Did you not take me for Tolstoy's double? Some are frightened when they see me and think I am Tolstoy's ghost. Am I not like him?' A gruff, astonishing old fellow, this double of Tolstoy. A strange coincidence that Tolstoy should die at his station. He is heavy, awkward, unpleasant looking, like a Guy Fawkes effigy of Tolstoy; and as you watch him cross the waiting room it seems as if his hair might fall off and prove to be a wig, and as if one might pull his beard and whiskers away. But he is quite obliging to me, and shows me the marble tablet in the station master's wooden wall, and directs me to the room in which everything stands just as it did then, which is being preserved so for all time—if Time spares Tolstoy's memory."

• • •

"The first I ever heard of Tolstoy was the discrediting whisper, 'his wife banks his money; everything is in his wife's name.' And later on when I came to Russia, coupled with national pride in Leo Nikolaevitch was always the rumour: 'when he wants to go to Moscow he travels first class; he does not go on foot as he advises others to



STEPHEN GRAHAM

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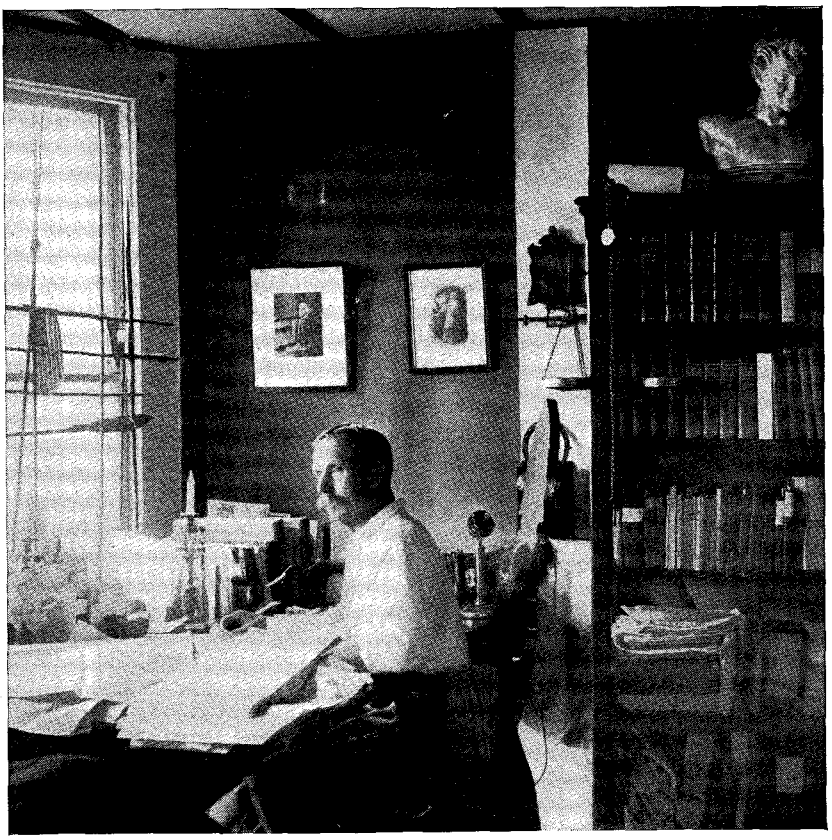
do. He counsels us to live simply while he himself lives in style at Yasnaya Polyana. He disbelieves in doctors, but when the least thing is the matter with him doctors are in attendance.' I suppose no one really put these things in the balance against Tolstoy's sincerity—unless, perhaps, it was Tolstoy himself. Tolstoy was evidently heavily oppressed by the worldly life in which he seemed to share and which he seemed to countenance. It was mirrored in his soul as the everyday reflection of life, the luxury, feasting, drinking, trivial conversation, and vulgar pride of his home. Some time in his life, perhaps several times, Tolstoy must have been on the point of running away. In order to make his personal life correspond to his teaching, it would have been necessary to give up his wife and family and the life they insisted on living. He ought to have gone out into the wilderness and become a hermit or a pilgrim. So he would have made his personality and doctrine into one great snow-crowned mountain and holy landmark in the national life of Russia."

• • •

Booth in Germany

A glimpse of Edwin Booth during his tour of Germany is given in Poultney Bigelow's *Prussian Memories*. Booth knew no German, and he acted with Germans who knew no English—but spoke the German text in response to his English. "Nor was the German translation always the same, for Shakespeare is to the German poet what Homer and Horace have



POULTNEY BIGELOW, AUTHOR OF "PRUSSIAN MEMORIES"

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been to the metrical pundits of England. Booth, moreover, never gave a rehearsal; and a strange company of German actors would face their Shylock or their Othello for the first time, and within a few minutes thereafter Booth would be seeking in English the life of a German Antonio or strangling the gutturals of a Teutonic Desdemona, the while cursing her with British expletives. Never has the world perhaps witnessed so magnificent a triumph of professional knowledge, dramatic genius, and uniformity of stage drilling as this combination of Edwin Booth acting in every notable town of Germany from Hamburg to Vienna; having no company of his own, but enjoying in each theatre the cordial welcome of brother-actors to whom the lines of Shakespeare were so much a part of their life that they could follow its spirit even when expressed by foreign words, just as a child can understand the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments in any tongue."

• • •

A Foreword

"Interest in the study and observation of that intensely human document, the mind of a child," writes Frances Hodgson Burnett in the foreword to the new edition of *The One I Knew Best Of All,* "has without doubt developed greatly since this particular record was published twenty-two years ago. The strong line of demarcation between childhood and maturity has, in the minds of logical observers, gradually obliterated itself. A man of forty and a man of four are no longer separated by a gulf so immense as to suggest a doubt as to whether the two creatures can really belong to the same race. The Unconsidered Trifle of six or ten years who was once merely regarded as either comic, adorable, fantastic, tiresome, or intolerable has—it has finally been remarked—as many mental processes as oneself. The curious and reflective have begun to find this sometimes startling, but always more or less illuminating."

"The One I Knew Best Of All partook of the nature of an experiment and assumed the form of a very simple record. After its publication I was interested to receive letters from people worlds apart in the matter of nationality and surroundings, yet each one saying, in effect, 'I felt as if I were reading of my own childhood.' These same words being written by a man whose boyhood had been spent in Scotland, a woman who had been born on a Virginia plantation in the days of slavery, and another whose first eighteen years had been lived in an Italian city—I took as proof that I had not been wrong in stating in my preface to the book that the Small Person was only one of hundreds of thousands of other small persons and differed from them only in as far as she had more or less imagination. She had spent her childhood in a smoky factory town in the North of England, and yet the record of her small feelings and sentiments had awakened familiar memories in the minds of human beings whose lives had passed in totally differing atmospheres and circumstances. What I myself find suggestive and recognise every day of my life is that the characteristics of the Small Person—her emotions, her faults, her strength, her raptures, her dislikes—have accompanied through a lifetime the individual she was—in the 'Back Garden of Eden'—preparing to become. I see very little change in her. She has accumulated more facts and knows more of the relative sizes of things, but she does to-day exactly the *kind* of thing she would have done in nursery days if life could then have called upon her to confront the conditions it now presents. I could not say that I consider her much wiser."

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The Retort Crushing

In the course of *Gold,* Mr. Stewart Edward White naturally had much to say of the various political figures of California in the early pioneer days. Of one man who played a part in the State's history he said nothing positively un-

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pleasant, but was obliged to bring out the fact that he had been a person of no particular strength or importance. A short time after the appearance of the book Mr. White received a vituperative letter from a descendant of the man in question. The descendant announced that he intended to hold the author personally responsible for all that had been written. Mr. White replied soothingly, suggesting that his correspondent had better first hold responsible Josiah Royce, Bancroft, and other historians, further pointing out that a morning in the Sacramento library would prove that no injustice had been done. Back came the crushing retort: "I care not what the pages of history may say. I am an exponent of the old Southern chivalry, and have nothing but contempt for the *canaille*."

"COCK O' THE WALK"—ACT III

"Bellchamber appears before the bishops; and, by artistically telling an elaborate lie, he convinces their lordships that Sir Augustus is a gentleman above reproach."

THE LONG RUN IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

We have become so accustomed to the long run in recent years that we are likely to forget that this factor in the conduct of the theatre was uterly unknown until the last half century. Euripides often wrote a play which was intended to be acted only once, and then contentedly went home and wrote another; yet many of his tragedies are likely to be remembered longer than *Within the Law*. When Shakespeare first produced *Hamlet* at the Globe Theatre in 1602, we may be certain that he never expected it to be played so many as a hundred times—not a hundred times consecutively, but a hundred times in all, before it was finally discarded and forgotten. Molière never even thought of running a single comedy throughout a season, however popular the comedy might be. In theatrical memoirs of the eighteenth century, we often read of a tragedy that took the town by storm and was acted for as many as ten consecutive nights, or of a comedy that proved itself so popular that it had to be repeated no less than twenty times during the course of the year. So recently as 1863, in our own country of America, Lester Wallack's *Rosedale*, which broke all pre-existent records for popularity, was acted only

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one hundred and twenty-five times during the first twelve months of its career. Yet nowadays, in New York, a play is commonly regarded as a failure unless it runs at once for at least a hundred consecutive performances.

The development of the long run in the last fifty years has been undoubtedly determined by the growth of modern cities to a population of more than a million; it seems, in consequence, a natural phenomenon; but our present familiarity with the long run should not lead us to neglect to ask whether a system which permits *Peg o' My Heart* to run consecutively for three years is really more salutary to the drama than the system which inspired the composition of such plays as *Othello, Le Misanthrope,* and *The School for Scandal.*

Nobody denies that the long run is a bad thing for the actors, except for the fact that they are thereby assured of continuous employment at a stated salary. It is a bad thing for the "star" performers, because any histrionic composition is likely to become perfunctory if it is repeated for more than a hundred consecutive exhibitions; but it is a much more devastating thing for the minor actors, who—condemned to spend a year in repeating inconsiderable "bits"—miss the needed opportunity for experience and training in a wide variety of parts.

From the financial point of view, the long run is a good thing for the author, since it permits him to make a fortune from a single play—a consummation that was never possible at any previous period in the history of the drama. Thomas Heywood, a successful Elizabethan playwright, was paid three pounds for his best play, *A Woman Killed With Kindness;* and, allowing for the increase in the purchasing power of money in the last three hundred years, this sum would now amount to about seventy-five dollars. On the other hand, it may reasonably be conjectured that Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue will earn at least one hundred thousand dollars with *Under Cover,*—a play which, despite its many merits, is not likely to be remembered for three centuries.

But, though the theatre is now—as Robert Louis Stevenson remarked—a "gold-mine" for the author, the long run is disadvantageous to the dramatist from another—and perhaps a more important—point of view. Under our present system, the author is condemned to try for a long run, whether he wants to or not; for scarcely any manager is willing to produce a play that does not seem likely to run for at least a hundred nights. To seize an illustration from the analogous art of the novel, our present system in the theatre condemns all our authors to emulate Harold Bell Wright or Gene Stratton-Porter, and forbids them absolutely to emulate George Meredith or Henry James.

Whether or not the long run is a good thing for the manager is a question more difficult to answer. Under our present system, the average manager produces five new plays in the course of a season. He hopes that one of these may run a year; and he expects, from the profits of this one production—whichever it may be—to liquidate the losses of the other four, and thus to finish the year on the right side of the ledger. Any play which does not, almost immediately, show signs of settling down for an entire season's run, is summarily discarded within a period that varies from two weeks to six weeks from the date of the original performance.

This system—to borrow an analogy from the game of roulette—is similar to the system of backing five successive single numbers and hoping that one of them may win, instead of playing more safely with a series of five even chances on the red and black. One of the most intelligent of our American theatrical managers said recently to the present writer, "Our theatre business is not a business at all; it is only a gamble." The main trouble with the business of our theatre at the present time is that it is utterly unbusinesslike.

There are two ways of embarking on

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a money-making enterprise. One way —the sound, commercial way—is to manufacture one hundred articles and to sell them at a profit of two dollars each. The other way—the dangerous and gambling way—is to manufacture one hundred articles, to sell one of them at a profit of four hundred dollars, and to sell the other ninety-nine at a loss of two dollars each. From the first of these hypothetical transactions, the businessman will earn a profit of two hundred dollars; from the second, he will earn a profit of two hundred and two dollars; but everybody will agree that the first transaction is "business" and that the second is "only a gamble."

If our theatre business at the present day is "only a gamble," it is because our managers have made it so, by trying always for long runs. The main trouble with our commercial managers appears to be that they are not sufficiently commercial. They try, over and over again, to hit upon "the one best bet," instead of investing their money more conservatively.

Let us imagine for a moment that all the publishers in America, with two or three exceptions, should decide to-morrow never to print another book outside that field of fiction that is always expected to be "popular." Let us suppose, also, that each of our publishers should decide to issue five novels in the course of the next twelve months, in the hope that one of the five might achieve a sale of one hundred thousand copies; and let us imagine, further, that if any of the novels so issued should seem, within the first month of its career, to be unlikely to attain an ultimate sale of one hundred thousand copies, the publishers should determine to remove it summarily from circulation, destroy the plates, and burn the manuscript. Every author would protest at once that all the publishers had gone insane; and the reading public would clamour loudly against the discontinuance of all books of poetry, biography, history, criticism, scholarship, and science. Yet this hypothetical and almost unimaginable situation in the world of books is precisely the situation that confronts our dramatic authors at the present time in the world of plays. They must write a "best seller" or nothing: they must write a play that seems likely to run a year, or they must not write a play at all.

When every manuscript is judged by its likelihood to achieve a season's run, it follows that many great manuscripts must be rejected. Of such a piece as *The Weavers* of Gerhart Hauptmann, our gambling American managers have been saying for twenty years, "It's a great play, of course; but there isn't a cent of money in it." What they mean, really, is that there isn't a hundred thousand dollars in it; but the distinction remains unapparent to the gambling mind. *The Weavers* has lately been produced at an abandoned theatre in New York; it has run for two months, and it has paid its way: but this sort of success has come to seem a sort of failure to the mind that is fixed forever on a season's run. Why bet at all—the gamblers seem to say—unless you have a chance of winning thirty-five for one? But anybody who has ever systematically played roulette will be likely to protest that "that way madness lies."

There are many great plays which might be produced for one month at a total cost of twenty thousand dollars—including all the necessary expenses both of the proprietor of the theatre and of the proprietor of the production—and which, during that period, would be certain to attract to the box-office at least twenty-two thousand dollars. A surplus of two thousand dollars in a single month is considered a very good profit in any other business; but, in the gamble of the theatre, our managers persist in losing many times that sum in the hope of ultimately winning one hundred thousand dollars at a single cast.

What we really need is a system which will permit our managers to present a play for six weeks only, with the expectation of reaping a reasonable profit of not less than ten per cent. on

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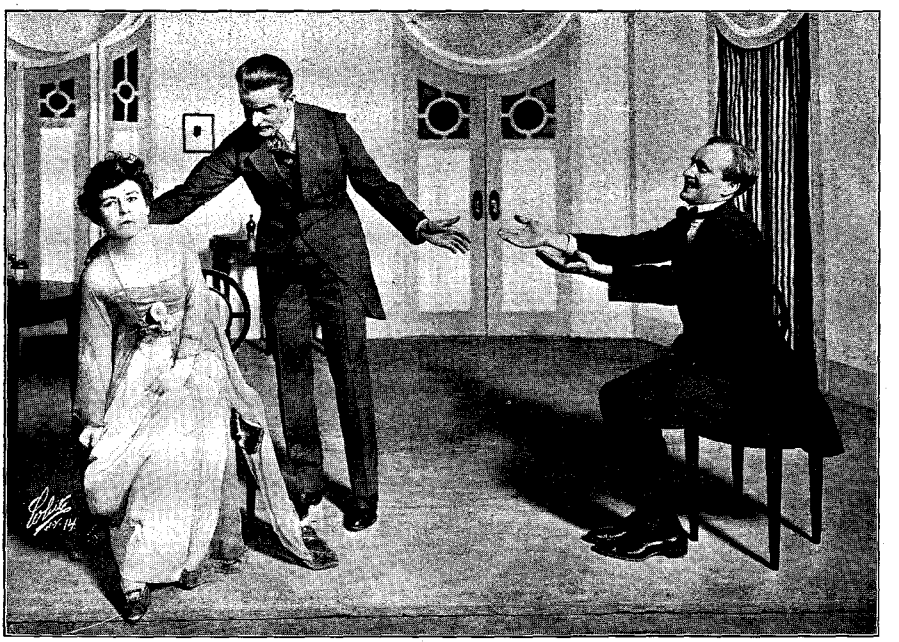
"LITERATURE"

"A delicious satire of what people who have never written books conceive to be 'the literary temperament'."



"THE HONORABLE LOVER"

"Alberto exercises all his tact to bring about a reconciliation between Manina and her husband; and he ultimately succeeds in making permanent the *status quo*."

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"WHIMS"

"The Comte de Chavigny has become estranged from his young wife, la Comtesse; but they are brought together by the clever machinations of an experienced woman of the world, Madame de Léry."

"THE WEAVERS"—ACT II

"The second act shows the hardships suffered by the weavers in their daily lives."

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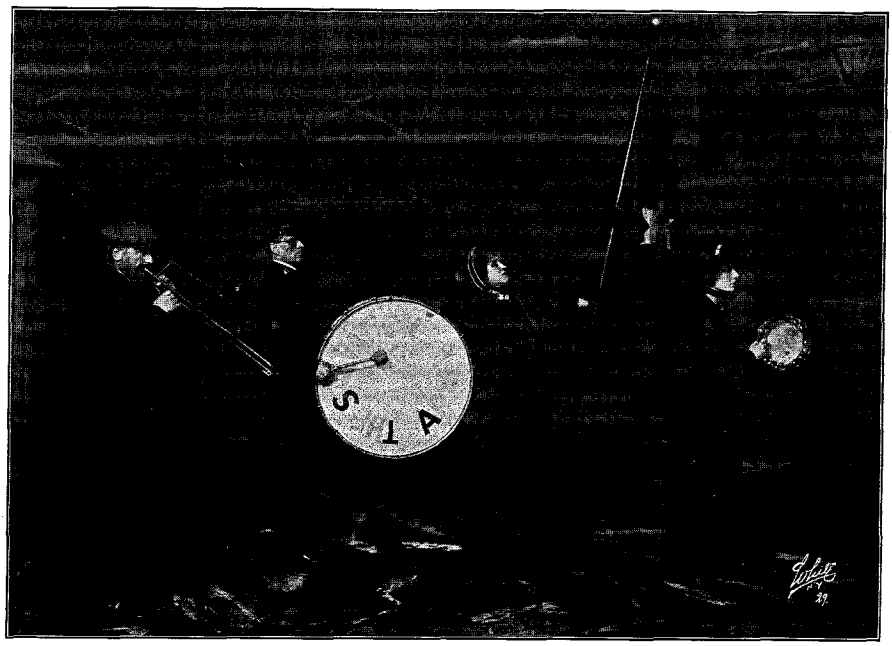

"MAJOR BARBARA"—ACT II

The Salvation Army procession. "This act would still be dramatically interesting if it were shorn of its author's brilliant verbiage."

"THE GREAT LOVER"—ACT I

"Particularly effective is the scene in the first act, when the manager's office is invaded by a polyglot company of singers, each bent on urging some special grievance against the general conduct of the opera-house."

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each production, but with no intention of running any single play throughout an entire season. This sound and businesslike and sensible system has been adopted, for the current season, by Miss Grace George, Mr. Emanuel Reicher, and the Washington Square Players: and it is reassuring to record that the productions that have been offered to the public by these managers have been —when all things are considered—the most interesting productions of the year.

"MAJOR BARBARA"

When Miss George assumed direction of The Playhouse at the outset of the season, she assembled a well-selected company and announced her intention to produce from six to ten good plays during the course of the year. She has already exhibited *The New York Idea, The Liars,* and *Major Barbara.* All three of these plays are examples of that peculiarly intelligent type of entertainment that is known as High Comedy. None of the three could be expected, at this time, to run a year; yet all three have been commercially successful, because they were put up for a limited number of performances. At the moment when this article was written, *Major Barbara* was crowding the theatre every night; yet Miss George had already begun rehearsals of the next item on her programme.

By adhering to her original plan, and by resisting the temptation to relapse into a long run of *Major Barbara,* Miss George is building up a repertory of permanently interesting plays. She is also building up a *clientèle,* that may be depended on to support her productions in the future. Already the most intelligent theatre-goers in New York have made three visits to the Playhouse; and, under the present system, they will return to the box-office three or four times more before Miss George's season ends. On the other hand, if she had chosen to take a gambling chance on a wishy-washy play and had succeeded in running it throughout the season, judicious theatre-goers would have seen her only once during the course of the year. It seems, on the whole, more business-like for an actress to play to a limited public that will come to see her half a dozen times than to play to a larger public that will come to see her only once. This is, perhaps, the chief advantage of the short run system from the purely commercial point of view.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* was first produced in London in 1905, and has been published in this country for ten years. Since any American manager might have produced it at any time in the last decade, it must be assumed that all of them decided that *Major Barbara* was one of those interesting pieces "without a cent of money in them." For this reason, the commercial success of Miss George's presentation of the play is all the more gratifying.

Major Barbara shows Mr. Shaw neither at his best nor at his worst; but, both in its defects and in its merits, it is thoroughly characteristic of his method. Mr. Shaw's work is a "criticism of life" in the narrow sense of the word, and not in the broad and general sense which Matthew Arnold intended when he coined his famous phrase. Mr. Shaw's talent is critical, rather than creative; he is an analyst, not a synthesist; he takes the elements of human life quite skilfully apart, but he cannot put the elements of human life together. His characters are not living human beings, but brilliant essayists who give expression to Mr. Shaw's critical opinion of them. What he shows us is not life, but a delightfully intelligent commentary on it.

There is one good act in *Major Barbara,*—the second; that is to say, this act would still be dramatically interesting if it were shorn of its author's brilliant verbiage. The rest of the play is made up of witty conversation,—the sort of conversation that is entertaining for a while, but grows tiresome after half an hour. It is for this reason only that the last act is less interesting than the first; for, by the time the last act

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comes, the average auditor has grown weary of wit and begins to long for a little human nature.

"THE WEAVERS"

When *The Weavers* of Gerhart Hauptmann was first produced in Berlin in 1892, it created a sensation which made its author famous through the world. So early as 1895, the play was acted in the German language at the Irving Place Theatre in New York. Twenty years have since elapsed, during which our American managers have stubbornly stuck to the opinion that "there wasn't a cent of money in it." We owe our present privilege of seeing it acted in the English language only to the accident of the war, which has required the eminent German actor and stage-director, Emanuel Reicher, to seek in the United States a temporary field for his activities.

Mr. Reicher has produced *The Weavers* very well. He has trained a large company of comparatively unknown actors to give a performance that is exceedingly impressive. No other theatre having been available for one of the most famous plays of modern times, Mr. Reicher has exhibited his production in the Garden,—a theatre that has long stood empty because nobody would go to it. *The Weavers* has already run for six weeks; and it has paid its way.

The play is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that *The Weavers,* when Hauptmann, at the age of thirty, launched it in Berlin, was unique in form,—or, rather, in its formlessness. The play has no beginning and no ending; it has no hero and no heroine; it has no love-interest; it avoids all the arts and artifices of the theatre. The subject is the gradual gathering of the revolt of the weavers of Silesia against their employers, in the period of the eighteen-forties. This subject is exhibited in five successive pictures, which betray no predetermined narrative relation to each other. The first act shows the oppression of the weavers by their employers; the second act shows the hardships suffered by the weavers in their daily lives; the third act shows the insurrection of the weavers beginning in a tavern; the fourth act shows the weavers invading the comfortable homes of their employers; and the fifth act shows the weavers shot down by the armed forces of the government. Throughout these five acts, the only protagonist of the drama is the mob,—the mob that gradually grows conscious of itself and proceeds to do things that, though ill-advised and futile, are yet, somehow, mystically right. Individuals emerge only for a moment and then melt backward into the all-embracing crowd. The whole struggle shows the formlessness, and also shows the vastitude, of life. No other play has ever seemed so natural.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

The periodical productions of the Washington Square Players at the Bandbox Theatre are growing more and more interesting. Their second bill for the current season is, on the whole, the best that they have shown. It is made up of four Comparative Comedies,—four one-act plays selected from the dramatic output of Austria, America, Italy, and France. Each of these comedies is adequately acted, and all of them are beautifully framed. In the important detail of scenic decoration, the Washington Square Players have already easily surpassed nearly all of the producing managers on Broadway. They have no money, and they can't afford to gamble; but they know how to beautify the stage with art.

Arthur Schnitzler's *Literature* is already fairly well known in America. It is a delicious satire of what people who have never written books conceive to be "the literary temperament." Gilbert and Margaret have experienced a period of passionate cohesion, and have subsequently parted, to think back upon it separately. Gilbert writes a novel, and reprints verbatim his own love letters and those of Margaret. Margaret

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also writes a novel, and reprints verbatim her own love letters and those of Gilbert. A comparison of the two volumes would, therefore, destroy the anonymity of both authors and create a public scandal. This catastrophe, however, is averted by a summary suppression of Margaret's book; and the wealthy man she is about to marry reads the novel of his rival without suspecting the source of its material.

Miss Alice Gerstenberg, the young American playwright whose tactful dramatisation of *Alice in Wonderland* attracted favourable notice a year ago, conceived a very original idea for her one-act comedy entitled *Overtones*. She exhibited two women at a tea-table exchanging the amiable insincerities of polite conversation; but behind each of these women stood a shrouded figure which represented her real self and which punctuated the current conversation with unexpected outbursts of sincerity.

In *The Honorable Lover,* by Roberto Bracco, the hero, named Alberto, is enjoying an illicit love-affair with Manina, who is the wife of his best friend, Federico. Alberto himself is married to Rosetta, who regards him as a model husband. Everything is going well until Manina makes up her mind that she ought to divorce her husband in order that she may be able to marry her lover. But this is the one thing that her lover does not want. Alberto, therefore, exercises all his tact to bring about a reconciliation between Manina and her husband; and he ultimately succeeds in making permanent the *status quo*.

Whims, by Alfred de Musset, is very light and slight,—a sort of playful triviality. The Comte de Chavigny has become estranged from his young wife, la Comtesse; but they are brought together by the clever machinations of an experienced woman of the world, Madame de Léry. Alfred de Musset was not essentially a dramatist; but he was a keen-winged lyric song-bird who sometimes soared above the theatre and dropped a moulted feather on the stage.

"THE GREAT LOVER"

The Great Lover, by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederic and Fanny Hatton, is a play that has obviously been designed to achieve a season's run; and it will attain this consummation on its merits as an entertainment. It takes the spectator behind the scenes in a metropolitan opera-house, and introduces him to that romantic and preposterously artificial world in which great singers strut and fret.

The hero, Jean Paurel, is exhibited at the climacteric of his career, both as a great singer and as a great lover. He loses his voice during a performance of *Don Giovanni,* and is perforce supplanted by a younger singer; and this younger rival also supplants him in the affections of the young soprano who is the latest and the greatest of his loves. This motive is, of course, familiar on the stage; but it is always effective, and it is rendered more so, in the present case, than usual by the finished performance of Mr. Ditrichstein. The play has been admirably staged by Mr. Sam Forrest. Particularly effective is the scene in the first act, when the manager's office is invaded by a polyglot company of singers, each bent on urging some special grievance against the general conduct of the opera-house.

"COCK O' THE WALK"

In *Cock o' the Walk,* Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, by the exercise of his extraordinary skill, has managed to fill a pattern of four acts with material which, in the hands of an ordinary playwright, would have sufficed only for a single act. The play, of course, is thin in substance; but it is cleverly manipulated, and the dialogue is written with a winning humour.

Sir Augustus Conyers, the manager of the Berkeley Theatre in London, is arranging with a committee of four bishops to make a special production of *Hamlet* in the celebration of the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare. He is pursued by a silly matinée-girl; and, when she throws herself into his arms,

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he cannot resist a momentary temptation to kiss her. The girl's father, hearing of this incident, puts the worst construction on it, and protests to the four bishops that Sir Augustus is not worthy to participate with them in a national celebration. The only person who can clear the manager of the Berkeley Theatre of evil intention is a broken down old actor named Anthony Bellchamber, who happened to be an eyewitness of the questionable kissing. Bellchamber appears before the bishops; and, by artistically telling an elaborate lie, he convinces their lordships that Sir Augustus is a gentleman above reproach. As the price of this service, Bellchamber demands of Sir Augustus that, at the tercentenary celebration, the latter shall produce not *Hamlet* but *Othello,* with Bellchamber in the part of the Moor and the manager in the part of Iago. In the final scene, which is dated April 23, 1916, Bellchamber is shown in the habiliments of Othello, about to go upon the stage and to achieve the great ambition of his life by acting this leading part in London.

This play was conceived as a satire on the conduct of the London stage in recent years; and many subtle points which are missed by an American audience would be welcomed with a quick response of recognition by the habitual occupants of the London stalls. It is by no means a great play; but it affords convincing evidence at many points that it was written by a great playwright.

WHAT IS A NOVEL?

A SYMPOSIUM BY

JAMES LANE ALLEN, ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, CONINGSBY DAWSON, MARGARET DELAND, DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, HAMLIN GARLAND, W. L. GEORGE, ELLEN GLASGOW, ROBERT GRANT, WILL N. HARBEN, ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, ROBERT HERRICK, RUPERT HUGHES, BASIL KING, EDWIN LEFÈVRE, W. J. LOCKE, SIDNEY McCALL, BRANDER MATTHEWS, SAMUEL MERWIN, KATHLEEN NORRIS, E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, ELEANOR H. PORTER, ALICE HEGAN RICE, BERTHA RUNKLE, BOOTH TARKINGTON, HUGH WALPOLE, HARRY LEON WILSON

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

Professor Phelps's definition is very brief. It is as follows:

> I should define a high-class novel in five words—a good story well told.

Brief as the definition is, it is not brief enough. Two of the five words have no meaning in the definition and therefore no place in it. They are the words "well told."

For what is a story, what is any story? A story is something told. Even if it exists only in its first stage of merely being imagined, still it exists in the mind that has imagined it as told there—told in the imagination. There are, of course, no such things in life, like entities in nature, as stories—prior to their being told. It is solely their telling that brings them into being. If, then, a story is something told, what is a good story? A good story is a story good in its material and good in its form, good in its idea and good in its art, good in its substance and good in its telling. It is never a good story if good only in either of these two essentials, and it is only a good story if good in both. Therefore a good story is always a story well told and there is no such possible thing as a good story that is not well told. There-

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fore the words "well told" in Professor Phelps's definition have already been enunciated in the word "good" and when explicitly repeated merely repeat themselves and say nothing. So that if he really wishes his definition to stand as a serious definition, it stands comprised within three words: "A high-class novel is a good story."

But, you say, is there no such thing as a good story badly told? No; there is no such thing as a good story badly told. You contradict yourself in your very speech and your question embodies an unthinkable proposition. You may no more speak of a good story as badly told than you may speak of a well shaped person as mis-shapen. But, you may insist more positively, is there no such thing as a splendid sitter poorly painted? Is there no such thing as great music wretchedly played? Is there no such thing as a beautiful song abominably sung? There certainly is, and so is there such a thing, for instance, as a good story abominably read. But the point is that, while there is such a thing as a splendid *sitter* poorly painted, there is no such thing as a splendid *portrait* poorly painted. The point is that there is no such thing as great music wretchedly composed. The point is there is no such thing as a beautiful song abominably written. The splendid painting is *in* the splendid portrait, the great composition is *in* the great music, the beautiful composition is *in* the beautiful song. And so good telling is *in* the good story, and separate from good telling there is no such possible thing as any good story whatsoever.

When the critic, having read a book, tosses it aside and writes, as he often does, that the author had a good story but told it badly, or did not know how to tell it, or ruined it in the telling, what he can mean is only this: that he, the critic, has found in the author's book material for a good story, which the author failed to make into a good story, but which he, the critic, has in his own imagination made into a good story—so he thinks! But now there are two stories: there is the author's story in the book and there is the critic's "good story" in his own mind; but this "good story" in the critic's mind, as he imagines it, is not the story that the author "told badly." That the critic should ever write in this way of an author is one of the triumphs of the critic's inexact thinking or of not thinking at all —his rusty privilege upon occasion.

This objection to Professor Phelps's definition originates within the terms of the definition itself: it means too little. The objection obviously to be urged against it, not with reference to its terms, but with reference to its meaning, is that it means too much. Suppose we quit the universities and the school-men and go out into the plain simple open country where things are concrete and being concrete define themselves more clearly. Suppose that a dairyman were asked to define a high-grade milk-cow and should give it as his definition that a high-grade milk-cow was a good milker well milked! In the first place, would any information result from the definition? And in the second place, might not the neighbour of the dairyman, who kept goats instead of cows, insist that the definition was a diversion of the truth, inasmuch as all his she-goats were good milkers well milked? Any day, on any American farm, may not any one hear a litter of young pigs asseverating with Baconian insistence upon right thinking that the definition applies to their mothers—good milkers well milked? On any fine spring day, on any green hillside, may not young lambs with their soft intelligences be heard remonstrating with the giver of definitions, that he temper the wind of his words to the admirable and amenable maternal ewes—good milkers well milked?

In other words, if a high-class novel is merely a good story well told, so are thousands of short-stories in the literature of the world "good stories well told." So in fables and in romances are there "good stories well told." So in ballads are there "good stories well

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told." So in the drama are there "good stories well told." So in epic poetry are there "good stories well told." But how does the definition set the novels which are "good stories" apart from those other "good stories"? Not at all. Yet none of them is a novel.

Perhaps in any final sense it is impossible to define The Novel—not any particular class of novel, but The Novel as an ideal attainable type of literature—for the reason that a definition is exact and The Novel is inexact. A definition is like a crystal and The Novel is like a growth. At bottom, we cannot define anything; we can only discover and state how a thing defines itself. The Novel may not as yet have completed its definition; or if it has done so, the critic may not as yet have grasped the whole fact and invented the formula for stating what the completed definition is.

Nevertheless, we persist in trying to define The Novel and we do well thus to persist.

Offering it for what it may be worth, I herewith give an unsatisfactory definition.

The Novel is a long artistic prose work of the creative imagination which, by the use of ideas lying within the experience of mankind, attains its desired effect of arousing great and varied emotion.

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

It seems to me that the definition by Professor Phelps is perfect. In fact, I may compare it to one of those Lewis Carroll definitions, because it is all-inclusive and may be separated into component words, shaken vigourously, and may then mean almost anything. Any one of your serious and earnest readers can take this phrase, separate it into individual pearls, shake violently in a cocktail shaker, and produce any of the following blends:

A good story well told is a novel.
A novel, well told, is a good story.
A novel is a good story, well told.
Well told, a novel is a good story.
A good novel is a well told story.

A story, well t—— But this *is* Lewis Carroll; and intellectual inebriation lies that way. Yes, the portentous pronunciamento of Professor William Lyon Phelps is all-inclusive. Thank God, we know, now, what a novel really is, and the European war may proceed.

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

"A high-class novel is a good story well told." I find the definition inadequate. The same might be said of a high-class drama or a high-class epic. Professor Phelps lays an undue stress on the value of narrative when he makes the story-element of a novel of paramount importance. No novel was ever read or remembered chiefly for its story; doubtless it was very largely read and remembered because it was well told. But beyond the story and the method of its telling there is a finer quality which causes it to be read and remembered: the truth and justice of its criticism of life.

A novel reveals an attitude toward existence—an attitude which is realized in prose through a group of personalities placed against the background of an imaginary setting. In the best novels the background blends with and emphasizes the comedy and tragedy of those personalities. In every novel that I recall it is the attitude toward life that counts—the story is secondary.

Who remembers the sequence and details of action in *Henry Esmond?* Professor Phelps inclines to rank it as the greatest work of fiction in the English language. What one remembers is the varying baseness and nobility of the characters—in fact, the way they handle life and are handled by it, and the philosophical conclusions at which they arrive in the working out of their problems.

The prescription for a novel—"a good story well told"—is too trifling. It allots to the novel the status of an entertainer, whereas increasingly novels are taking the place of prophets and preachers, and setting the ethical standards for

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nations. People go to novels to-day for guidance—to bolster their courage, fortify their religion, to learn how their love-affairs should be conducted—in a word, to learn how to live rightly.

This accounts for the growth of realism during the last decade; the terrible earnestness and magnificent effort after truth which are found in the works of H. G. Wells are a sufficient example. The questions which men and women are eternally asking are "Why are we here? And what shall we do with ourselves now we are here?" These are the questions which all novelists with ideals are trying to answer. Any spinner of yarns with a literary aptitude is capable of "a good and well-told story." That is not sufficient. It never was sufficient. Novels which have survived have had somewhere in their making a sterner purpose. The first English novel set the standard—I mean *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

The modern novelist is an investigater in the laboratory of existence. He had usurped to a large extent the functions of the preachers, teachers, reformers of previous ages by presenting to the public the result of his researches in a form which is readily understandable. His business is to guess at the forces which govern wide areas of human destiny by drawing conclusions from the small section of life which comes under his personal observation.

BY MARGARET DELAND

I cannot agree with Professor Phelps's admirably laconic definition that "a novel is a good story well told," because that would bar out a large number of books which are not good stories, nor are they well told; yet which, for want of some better word, have to be called novels. How would it do to say that a novel is:

"A long story, written for the purpose of entertainment."

It may fail of its purpose (it frequently does!); it may confuse "entertainment" with propaganda—look at the Purpose novel! it may aspire to be a sermon—and be written, not to amuse the world, but to improve it, so that morality, which ought never to be anything but a by-product of Art, swamps Art completely! But if it is a long story, written to entertain, it may, it seems to me, be called a novel.

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

One reason why criticism has never become an exact science is that there exists for it no Academy, no Supreme Court to define precisely its terms and phrases. Critics may lay down the law, but every reader feels free to interpret it according to his own tastes and prejudices. Therefore, while I agree heartily that "a good story, well told," is an excellent definition of the novel, I feel moved to suggest that the standard of interpretation be a high one. To different tastes a "good story" may mean anything from broadswords and clattering hoofs, to Maeterlinck's old man dreaming in his arm chair; and my fear is that many people will seize on Professor Phelps's phrase as an excuse for admiring novels which I am sure he does not mean to admit under the terms of his definition.

At least my own personal feeling is that there are some novels, a good many of them, in fact, which are commonly called "good stories" well told, but which are not worth either writing or reading. This is because, it seems to me, a real novel must have for its foundation a particular variety of good story. It is not enough that it be ingenious, or exciting, or unusual. It should be deeply dyed, through and through, every thread of it with the color of humanity. Now, as humanity is infinitely various, so these stories need bear little superficial resemblance to each other. Humanity is not by any means always intense, or dramatic, or emotional; sometimes it is idyllic and dreamy, sometimes it is sidesplittingly funny, sometimes it is brisk and business-like. But it is always human, and so should novels be.

But so they are not always, by any means. I can illustrate my point by referring to that most rudimentary form

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of story, the humorous anecdote, beloved by all Americans, myself included. Here are a few which seem to me to show the essential difference between "good stories" that are fit for novels and those which are not. I choose them especially because they are well-worn and familiar. The first is that of the prostrate and tragically sea-sick lady, with the equally prostrate gentleman's head in her lap. In answer to the steward's inquiry about her husband she faintly replies, "He's not my husband. I never saw him before." Everybody has heard that story, and yet the mention of it brings a reminiscent smile to the lips of anybody who has ever been sea-sick. The story, brief as it is, sums up and epitomizes all the sensations of a very vivid, though not very important, human experience.

My second anecdote tells of the Irishman who, while crossing the golf links was hit in the head by a golf-ball. "I shouted 'fore!'" explained the offending player, "When I say 'fore' it means I'm going to play and you may get hit if you don't watch out." To which the Irishman answered, "Well, when I say 'foive' it means I'm going to hit you in the eye, FOIVE!" Being very hospitable to all funny stories, I shouted with amusement the first time I heard that joke; but before I had time even to repeat it to the home circle, I perceived its essential artificiality, the fact that it was patently manufactured, and the fact that it depended upon nothing real in human nature beyond the threadbare convention that all Irishmen are irascible. By the time I could repeat it, it was no longer funny to me. And yet it deserves to rank with "good stories" of a certain kind.

Another variety of "good story" which does not by any means lose its savour by repetition is that familiar one of the chorus-girl who said she couldn't think of anything to give Mame for a Christmas present, and in answer to the suggestion that her friend might like a book, replied casually, "Lord, no, that wouldn't do! Mame's *got* a book already." I don't understand that story to be literally true, but it is sufficiently well invented to paint the girl's mental habits with a clearness that many chapters of description could hardly achieve.

The last, and to my notion, by far the best of the anecdotes which have come into my mind as illustrations, is told about all sorts of characters: English private soldiers, old ladies at a *pension,* American tourists,—and it fits them all. "What do you call that, waiter?" asks the tourist, holding up his breakfast roll. *"Pain,"* says the garçon, and the tourist roars with laughter. "And what does Monsieur call it?" inquires the Frenchman, and when he in turn laughs at the strange word "bread," the tourist breaks in solemnly, "But it *is bread,* you know!" This not only paints the Anglo-Saxon tourist, but to a thoughtful mind, it paints an inimitable portrait of all of us, whether we be touristing in another country, or in another person's life. It shows us so vividly that we almost bark our shins over it, the wall which lies between us and the point of view of our fellowmen. As we laugh, it brings home to us the utter unreason and guileless egotism of many of our strictures on other people's actions; it sends a penetrating shaft of derisive light upon many of our standards.

Now my reading of Professor Phelps's definition would allow me to put a great many novels which are usually considered "good stories well told," into the pigeon-hole marked "Irishman FOIVE" under the general heading of "not worth while." Those are the novels which are "good stories" and nothing more, even when they are well told; stories the entire interest of which depends upon what is going to happen next, not on how it is going to affect the people of the tale; stories of adventure where the "adventures" are solely violent external events; stories where the love-making is conventionally drawn and prettily coloured; stories which once read, lose all substance and form and become as distressingly dead and limp in the hand as a three-days-caught-trout. They do serve to pass the time for many

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people; but I wonder if the general health of the nation might not be better if tired people were given, instead of the latest "good story" of this type, a frankly physical sedative, a chemical in a bottle, which would calm them through their stomachs and not through their brains. Brains are, on the whole, I should say, more important than stomachs and occasionally it seems odd to me that opiates between covers should be freely sold, indeed pressed upon purchasers by all the crafty devices of the advertising agent, while the sale of opiates in pills or powders is strictly regulated by law. It seems rather a pity to call upon the profession of letters to do what used to be done by counting to a thousand, or keeping track of imaginary sheep jumping over a gate.

If this sounds testy and irritable, let it be remembered that I have no animosity against the flimsiness of the anecdote. It takes but a moment, and very little energy, to tell or hear about the made-up Irishman. But when one thinks of the amount of effort necessary to write even the most careless novel, and the length of time it takes even for the most accomplished skimmer to glance through it, it seems worth while to raise an occasional protest against having that effort and time spent on a hollow story with no bones or sinew in it. The quality which does well enough for an anecdote, does not seem substantial enough for a novel, just as dry twigs answer for a picnic fire, but will not warm the house in January.

Besides, the habit of turning to such novels for recreation is based on a fumbling ignorance of better possibilities, which is always annoying to witness. A novel does not need to belong to the "Irishman Foive" type of unhuman, artificial sentimentalised, manufactured fable, to be amusing and entertaining enough to take the place of solitaire or knitting. The most foolish novel ever written is no better for that purpose than the witty *Dolly Dialogues,* or *Buried Alive,* or *The White Company,* or *The Beloved Vagabond,* or *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard,* or *Innocents Abroad.*

These represent, to my mind, the type of novel which would go in the sea-sick-lady pigeonhole, not at all "grippingly vital" as the book-advertisements are so fond of saying, but amusing and entertaining because they show one or two of the lighter sides of real things; because real people live in them, not very intensely, but genuinely; people who are human, however small the segment shown may be. What the sea-sick lady said is true only as regards people who happen to be very sea-sick: *Innocents Abroad* bears on nothing more universal than the contact of a crude, fresh mind with tradition. But most of us have been sea-sick at some time or other, most of us have wondered if there really is anything in Giotto's frescoes or in the Divine Comedy to make such a fuss about. We feel ourselves more or less inside the story by virtue of something inside ourselves. And we have had some light thrown on the workings of our own machine.

Professor Phelps says truly that many so-called novels nowadays are only rambling accounts of the lives of uninteresting characters. And yet in those, *if they are sincere,* even in the dullest of them, I find something of the same quality which tingles through the remark, "Oh, no, she's got a book already." I mean that they give me a glimpse into another person's way of life, and there is no more exciting and fascinating sight in the world, no matter who the person is. I was not aware until I heard that joke that I had the slightest interest in the mental processes of people like Mame; but now I see that I had no interest, simply because I was too ignorant of them to guess what they are like. That little joke has knocked a hole out of the book-lined walls which surround my life, and the life of my ancestors and my friends, a hole through which I delightedly peer at an entire new order of human beings, as unaware of me as I had been of them; my blood-kin, and yet somehow

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living, moving and having their full-blooded being without an element which, with a naïvely unconscious narrowness, I had considered essential.

Greater in degree and completeness is the initiation given me by what is sometimes scornfully called the "story-of-a-life-novel." If it is sincere: if the life in which it centres is a real life or a life which conceivably might be real,—not merely a fantastic creation made up out of the whole-cloth of the author's imagination, it cannot possibly be dull. The author's bungling descriptions and philosophisings may be dull, the characters may seem dull, but I have only to look under the crust of poor workmanship to find them intensely interesting; for, of course, there is no such thing in life as an uninteresting character. Such works when they are well done, rank almost with the best, and when they are badly done, I pick out the best spots and am grateful for them.

I have saved for the last the, "but it *is* bread," novels, those which instantly and vividly impress you with a sense of fascinating reality and at the same time glow with a light in which you can, forever after, make more sense out of the formidable lump of reality which happens to be your own life. Not only am I amused by that American tourist, but I understand from him as I never did before, why my grandmother thinks it wicked to play cards. I hear her convincing herself simply by repeating "It *is* wicked to play cards." And as I laugh at this application of the joke, I feel an uneasy questioning of the age-old belief in the sacredness of private property. "Why has a man a right to a hundred million dollars if he can make them?" The heartfelt simplicity and security of the old answer, "Because his money is *his,*" is shaken and stirred; and that soil, upturned and stirred is fitter than ever before for the growth of new ideas, which are all that keep us alive.

Such insight and inspiration, infinitely magnified is what I get out of the sort of novel which seems to me to come up to Professor Phelps's definition. It is a perfectly fused combination of a belief in the literal truth of a novel together with a better understanding by means of it, of everything else. That is what I found, and will always find to my dying day, in *Peace and War,* in *Jean Christophe,* in *Vanity Fair,* in *Clayhanger,* in *Madame Bovary,* in *The Karamazof Brothers,* in *The Ambassadors,* in the *Mill on the Floss.* Each of these has a "good story," that is, a story not only interesting but deeply significant of human life. Each is "well told," that is, so told that the significance is inevitably taken in by the reader. Each presents truthfully the literal facts of life, but so arranged by the author, that, consciously or not, the reader feels that he, too, may glimpse some dimly-seen but orderly pattern in the welter of literal facts which make up his own life.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

Professor Phelps is not only an authority, he is a specialist in fiction, and any word of his should be carefully weighed, nevertheless it seems to me that the definition you quote is too general. To me the novel means something more than a story well told—it is a story with a sociologic background—a study of manners and customs as well as a story.

Knowing Professor Phelps as well as I do, I feel sure that in this definition he was only putting out the most general answer to the question, for the moment we begin to apply it, we are puzzled. *Ivanhoe* is a story well told, but then so is "A Piece of String." *Silas Lapham* is my idea of a novel, so is *The Old Wives' Tale,* for in each of these stories is a study of manners and customs.

The romance is a story wherein the background is subordinated or arranged to allow free play to the action—and may be long or short, but the novel means an extended study. However, all this is rather profitless, for all the authorities permit themselves individual definitions and classifications and I

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am willing to grant Professor Phelps his conclusion if only he will not disturb mine!

BY W. L. GEORGE

I do not disagree with Professor Phelps as to "What is a Novel," providing we mean the same thing by "good" story. If he means something entertaining and no more, such as *The Cardinal's Snuffbox*, he means too little, but I suspect that a "good" story is for him a story revealing the personality of the writer, concerned with people who are real and living, with an actual environment or a common problem.

But for my part I want more and should say that a good novel is "A truthful story well told." I mean by this that for a novel to be worth while the characters must be entirely revealed, their fineness and their hatefulness; that they must not be idealised; that the questions which preoccupy them must not be hidden away because sympathy might be obliterated for them. I have no use for novels when the hero resembles the average subject of a biography, where he is peerless and inhuman. Just as in a biography, say of Lincoln, I want to be told he drank or beat his wife *if he did* (which I do not know) quite as much as that he saved his country. I want the truth about the fictional people.

Please believe that because I like *Anna Karénina* I do not want all heroines to be unfaithful or hysterical. No, but I do object to the flower-like heroine who never used a swear word or envied her sister's hat.

I ask of the novelist that he shall see his people pass every side, *Bel Ami* dashing and unscrupulous. Becky Sharp, tender and cruel; I have no use for brave little Queed, to perfect to be true, or for the painfully chaste heroes of Mr. Jack London and the bounding broncho on the trail, or the strong, silent man of English fiction. I want true people, with their mixture of good and evil, true towns, which are neither *all* East Side or *all* Fifth Avenue. I want the novelist to sit on Olympus like a god and without passion to judge little humanity—while managing to love it still.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

What is a good story? My neighbour confides to me that she could not finish *The Old Wives' Tale* because "there is no story in it"; but, to my judgment, this novel without a story is the most interesting work of prose fiction written in our generation. To my neighbour, who, by the way, is a very intelligent person, only the unusual is worthy of print, while to my simpler taste, a sincere transcript of ordinary life is more exciting than melodrama. *Treasure Island* is a good story well told, but it is not really a novel; *Anna Karénina*—the greatest novel ever written in any language—is scarcely a good story; and it is just here, I think, that the crisp definition of Dr. Phelps crumbles to pieces.

That master of realism, Henry Fielding, was far more than a gifted spinner of tales; he was the greatest imaginative historian, not only of his age, but of English literature. The plots in his books are buried beneath his vital criticism of life; and it is this criticism of life that makes his work an immortal heritage of English letters. For great fiction is great truth telling, and the true novel is not merely "a good story well told"—it is history illumined by imagination.

BY ROBERT GRANT

Professor Phelps's definition is certainly true to this extent, that a novel must be first of all "a good story well told." If his implication be that when it is more than this, it ceases to be a novel, I should take issue with him. Yet I doubt if we should disagree. A novel with a purpose becomes a tract when the purpose is so obtruded that the reader dwells on the theme rather than on the characters, and the novelist who blends sociology with fiction must create flesh and blood or fail as an ar-

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tist. If Professor Phelps's definition be a caveat to philosophy in disguise (a red rag to the sensibilities of some critics), it would crown *Treasure Island,* that entrancing mere story of adventure which I never weary of reading, and taboo *Middlemarch,* that masterly excursion in soul anatomy. I select *Middlemarch* because I am aware that some people are bored by it. Yet to me the tap, tap of blind Pew's walking stick and the engaging villainy of long John Silver are no more consonant with Simon Pure fiction than the prolix domestic troubles of Lydgate and Rosamond Vincy or the moral obliquities of Bulstrode. I should quarrel with a defition which would extol a mere story to the exclusion of one that aims also to be a medium for ideas. Unquestionably the pre-requisite of any novel is that it should divert and beguile; but with this assured, the term "novel" applies equally well to a romance or to a cross section from real life which stimulates opinion. And so I have no doubt Professor Phelps intended.

BY WILL N. HARBEN

Professor Phelps in his admirable paper says: "I should define a high-class novel in five words—*a good story well told.*" No fault, as I see it, can be found with this definition, for it very compactly covers the ground taken by Professor Phelps. However, it strikes me that he would have given us more to dispute over if he had gone further. A high-class bale of hay might be defined in five words as *some good hay well packed,* but it would still be only a high-class bale of hay, and there might be hungry horses and ambitious farmers who would like to see a bale of hay choice enough to take the "blue ribbon" at a State fair. So I am wondering how Professor Phelps, or any other authority in such matters, would define a novel of the very highest imaginable class, or, in other words, an ideally perfect novel. Tolstoy's thought-compelling idea of what literary art should be leads one to hope that some future genius, more skilful even than this master himself, may write a novel that will be more to art and humanity than merely *"a good story well told."*

BY ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

With respect to Professor Phelps's definition, it is both too narrow and too broad. Too narrow because a bad story ill told may none the less be a novel—who will deny that? Too broad because not every story, even though good and well told, is a novel. "Short Stories" are not novels, and I don't think that "Animal Stories" are. I suggest—"A fictitious narrative comprising a number of interrelated situations, by means of which human life, manners and feelings are exhibited."

BY ROBERT HERRICK

The definition of a novel as "a good story well told" seems to me too futile for profitable discussion. Definitions usually are playthings for schoolmasters, but this one is peculiarly meaningless. What is "good"? What is a "story"? What is a "Good story"? What is "well told"? One could get as many answers to all these queries as there are types of minds and temperaments in the world. Personally I don't care what a piece of literature is called as long as it gives me a heightened sense of life, which Professor Phelps's definition certainly does not. Anything further that I might have to say on the subject would run into a general discussion of the novel, which I should prefer to make quite independently of the proposed definition.

BY RUPERT HUGHES

It is a fine thing to have scholarship and get over it. The people who never got over it are those who never quite get it. It strikes in and festers like a measle unable to break out.

I know that Professor William Lyon Phelps has had higher scholarship, for I was with him in the graduate department at Yale when he was exposed to it. Just when he recovered I don't know,

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but it took me a long time to recuperate.

I still suffer from a dark and secret addiction to scholarly things and cherish a little private altar where I pay worship to the classics and the more abstruse themes of the moderns. But I try to keep my fiction hand from finding what books my left hand pulls from the shelf.

In spite of all I can do, however, learning will creep into my stories. At times my face pulls long and college words and sophomoric solemnities corrupt the text. But I try, I honestly try, to quell the craving, and I incessantly remind myself, "Remember the cap and bells. Pick up the bauble, and be human for the humans."

As Professor Phelps says, there is a pathetic demand for entertainment, and the novelists keep feeding textbooks to people who cry for storybooks.

But there is also a pitiful snobbery among the more serious critics and it needs a man of awe-inspiring knowledge like Phelps to emphasize the dignity of the story-teller.

It is so much easier to be solemn than to be tender; it is much easier to trace photographs than to paint portraits; it is so much easier to report the details of existence than to wreathe them into garlands of festival or funeral beauty; it is so much easier to be garrulous than to be interesting; it is so much easier to wield trite Latinities than vivid monosyllables; to be obscure or stupid than luminous and entertaining! But few of the critics realise it and because the best artist agonises to conceal his art, they think he lacks it.

There are countless ways of exploiting humanity through fiction. One is that of the scientist, another that of the lecturer, another that of the doctrinaire, another that of the critic of life; the rarest and hardest is that of the artist. To be any of these effectively is fine, but to be an artist of life is more—more—well it is at least more artistic than any of the others.

One man will come home from the battle of Neuve Chappelle and moralise everybody to sleep with his infernal statistics and his dull details. Another will come home from a prayer meeting and bring with him humour and pathos and well-observed gestures that give the recital thrill and importance.

I am now trying to read a highly recommended novel full of beautiful pages, significant details, deep realities, vivifying touches, the meditations of a fine soul. Every bit of it wins my homage, yet when I lay it down, nothing drags me back to it. I forget its existence till I happen on the book itself again.

The author has put in everything but the story. It is a poor story greatly told. It is an excellent analysis of a few imaginary people. It is hardly a novel at all.

Novels exist of every variety from the "poor story poorly told," through the "good story well told," to the "great story greatly told." This last is the rarity of rarities. Hardly anybody, even among the great, has attained it more than once.

Meanwhile, it is fine to see a man of learning warning the writers and the readers that entertainment is a prime function of the novel. Many of the more dismal reviewers regard it as an almost unpardonable vice though it is eternally made evident that posterity chooses from each generation its charmers and lets its preachers die.

BY BASIL KING

Among the many efforts to define the novel—which is, to some extent, the attempt to formulate the volatile or catch the elusive—I find that of your distinguished essayist as good as any other, as far as it goes. A novel is certainly a good story well told. And yet the definition itself needs definition, since it brings one promptly to the questions: "When is a good story well told?" and "What is a good story?" For answers to these natural inquiries Professor Phelps leaves one entirely to implication.

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By implication one gathers that he considers nothing a good story but one that interests *him,* and no story well told but that by which he personally has been entertained. There are, however, more tastes than one, however catholic that one may be. Not to go beyond the instances he has cited, there must be some hundreds of thousands of readers for whom *The Inside of the Cup* and *The Fruit of the Tree* exactly fulfil the conditions he lays down. Of the enormous numbers who read Mr. Churchill's book—probably to be reckoned in millions—it is safe to say that the immense majority did so for the story and for a certain phase of intellectual entertainment. With the entertainment they were apparently so well satisfied that they made it the talk of the country for a good many months. The religious elements in the book were familiar to practically everyone; what was novel was the story of the way in which a particular man dealt with them, and of how they dealt with him. In this story Professor Phelps was apparently not interested; but other people were. Is there any valid reason why the book which is a good story well told to some should be classed as a treatise simply because there are others who find it tiresome?

The same query may be raised with regard to Mr. Phelps's other illustration. The question as to whether or not the end may be hastened in the case of a hopeless and slowly dying sufferer is as old as the history of anæsthetics. There must be few persons who have not at one time or another turned it over in their minds. In *The Fruit of the Tree* Mrs. Wharton propounded nothing new in either medicine or morals. She told the story of a man and a woman for whom that which is but an academic theme for most of us became a living issue. For large numbers of readers it was a *good* story; and since it was Mrs. Wharton's it goes without saying that it was well told. To displace it from its rank among novels and call it a treatise on medicine is no more just than it would be to characterise *Barchester Towers* and *Henry Esmond*—which Mr. Phelps names with admiration, though everyone would not be of his opinion—as treatises on the English clergy and on the reign of Queen Anne.

I hold no brief for either Mrs. Wharton's book or Mr. Churchill's. My object is to enter a humble protest against the tendency of certain writers about books—and not least some of those who write in THE BOOKMAN—to bound the field and the liberties of the novel by their own individual tastes. A good story may surely be told about anyone or anything—within the limits of decency. Its background may lie in medicine or religion as reasonably as in politics or war. Among the "earnest seekers after amusement," whose multitude Mr. Phelps describes as "pathetic," there is very kind of taste. Why, then, should there not be every kind of writer and every kind of novel, with a welcome to each example of each variety to contribute to the whole? Since the whole must necessarily be composite why go to the trouble of casting out anyone—even if it is only Mr. Churchill, Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward?

After all, the question harks back to the public. It is the public who form the body of "earnest seekers after amusement," and if they continue to buy a certain book at the rate of five hundred copies a day for months after its publication—I give Mr. Phelps's figures—we may depend upon it that they are getting what they want. What they want, we may be equally sure, is not religious instruction from *The Inside of the Cup,* nor medical information from *The Fruit of the Tree,* nor political tips from *The Marriage of William Ashe.* If Mr. Phelps's pathetic multitude spent good money in large amounts for all three of these books, and presumably advised their friends and neighbours to do the same, we may take it for granted that the aim was other than edification. They were looking for *novels*—for good stories well told—for good stories

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well told about conditions or questions with which they were familiar or as to which they had some curiosity—and it is not too great an assumption to suppose that they found them. Like your distinguished essayist I take these works not for their own sakes, but merely as examples of a class which the writer about books is inclined to discredit—labelling them didactic, or fixing on them some other terrific word, and so hanging the dog because of first giving him a bad name.

But the earnest seekers after amusement seem to think otherwise.

BY EDWIN LEFEVRE

The definition of a novel as "a good story well told" means nothing. Coming from a man like Professor Phelps it is absurd. It doesn't define. A good story well told need not necessarily be a novel. A romance to be a good romance should be a good story well told. But a Romance is not a Novel, because a Romance need be no more than a sort of grown up fairy tale. A novel must deal with real people. It must depict actual life. Even Flaubert who gave us *Madame Bovary* could not give us an historical novel in *Salambo*. Is *Ivanhoe* a Novel? If it is, then *Anna Karénina,* the greatest of all novels, is not a novel at all. If *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is a novel—and most of us believe it is a very good one—then *The Count of Monte Cristo* is not, yet *Monte Cristo* is a very good story, very well told.

BY W. J. LOCKE

I should modify Professor Phelps's definition of the novel by saying that "A novel is a story told." A *good* novel is a good story well told. At any rate the story is the essence of the matter.

Many years ago when I was just beginning, I had the privilege of meeting for the first time, our revered chief, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who was good enough to talk about the craft. I remeber him saying, "There are a lot of clever young men writing nowadays, but how many of them *have a story to tell?*" Those words, "the story to tell" I have tried to use ever since as a touchstone to all my work.

When one comes to the way of telling the story, one is beyond the bounds of mere definition. The way is the instinctive way of the individual human spirit, which is the way of art.

BY SIDNEY McCALL

Professor Phelps, in five words, "A good story well told."

At first reading the statement that a novel is "a good story well told," from its comprehensive brevity, appears to be quite unassailable; yet no less a writer than its author finds himself led into further definitions, in order to make clear just what he means by the word "novel." Once he exclaims, "Definitions are dangerous!"

Now it is just here where I find myself keenly in accord. I have a progressive and cumulative dread of rigid definitions. They come too closely within the province of "generalities," of which the brilliant French writer said, "*No* generalisation can be completely and absolutely true—not even this one."

In the elaboration of his article Professor Phelps has given us delightful thoughts. "Your realist is a homeopath"—"Novels should save us from ourselves by taking us into a refreshingly different world"—"The novelist remoulds the sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire."

This last phrase, though in no sense a definition, seems to me to touch the deepest and most intimate purpose of the imaginative writer of fiction. To reconstruct—regenerate—plant seeds and watch them grow—bring clean air and sunshine into damp places—these instinctive longings are part of the spirit of our race. The new psychologists call it "wish-fulfillment." For children it is a sudden vision of the fairy-godmother, or a dream come true—but for old Omar and the novelists—at least the novelists I care for, and of whose kind I want to be—it is just as Professor Phelps has said—the remoulding of

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a sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor Phelps's definition of a novel as "a good story well told" is to me quite acceptable. It is perhaps as satisfactory a definition as can be made. But it is not the only definition that I should find satisfactory. In the sciences precision of definition is not only possible but necessary. In the arts it is quite impossible; for art is nourished by the personal equation that science seeks to exclude.

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

It seems to me that Professor Phelps's definition of the novel as "a good story well told" is precisely meaningless. If it is accurate, then a symphony is just an enjoyable piece of orchestral music, a sonnet is merely a good poem, a portrait is any sort of a picture. Now a portrait is not a hunt picture or a landscape. A gavotte is not a symphony, a sonnet is not a blank verse drama. And if the terminology of a craft is to have any precise meaning among the craftsmen concerned, a romance is a "story," not a novel.

Among the thoughtful fiction writers of my acquaintance the word novel implies a pretty definite literary form. It implies the sober (though, of course, not necessarily unhumourous) study of human characters in their contrasts and relations to one another and in the common relation to the "story" that grows directly and naturally out of these contrasts and relationships. The point at which your plot artificer or your romancer steps in and so arranges the "story" that it begins to trim and mould the characters is the point at which the work ceases to be a novel. In fact, Professor Phelps's phrase seems to me to be a pretty good definition of the romance as such and in just the sense in which it is *not* a novel as I understand our present feeling for the word.

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The definition of a novel as a "good story well told" is anything but satisfying to me, although I can find no similarly brief and trenchant phrase with which to replace it. But I know that some of my favourite novels are poor stories well told, or good stories poorly told, or even poor stories poorly told, or in some cases not even stories at all!

Where is the "good story" in *Cranford,* in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* in *The Way of All Flesh* and the *Call of the Wild* and *Kim* and *Klaus Hinrich Baas?* Is none of these a novel? I chose them at random from a shelf of favourites. Not one of them has a "good story," in the sense that, given their various meagre plots as a foundation, one writer in a million could have used the same. Are *Molly Make-believe, Bambi, Daddy-Long-Legs,* and *The Melting of Molly* (for example) novels? These are all good stories well told, all exceptionally popular. Yet somehow they do not seem to be really-truly novels. And what of Dreiser's books, which according to the critics are bad stories badly told? Undeniably they are novels; very significant and important novels in the eyes of a great many persons who ought to know.

It would seem to me that a novel might better be described as a serious prose attempt to portray, in a realistic manner, and develop naturally, the lives and characters of imaginary human persons. This seems, to me at least, to separate the wheat from the chaff a little more definitely; we are not left with the inevitable decision that *In the Bishop's Carriage* is a better story, better told, than *The Old Wives' Tale* or *Widecomb Fair.*

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Professor Phelps's defintion of a novel as "a good story well told," read without any explanation or context is naturally inadequate. A fact which the student of fiction is too often tempted to ignore is that the storyteller and the novelist are persons apart, each possessing some of the other's gifts as a matter of necessity, but each aiming at a

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different ideal in a different manner. To the work produced by the former, the definition you quote might well apply. The novelist, pure and simple, on the other hand, is a subtler person, the surgeon of fiction, using his story, often enough thin and inadequate merely as an excuse for the dissection, analysis and beatific contemplation of the temperaments, tendencies, foibles and greatness of human nature. Probably no one of correct literary taste could be found who would not proclaim *The Egoist* a fine novel. Very few, on the other hand, would count the story one worth telling. The fact that a good story, even though well told, might yet lack the essentials of the ideal novel; whilst a novel which contained a psychological study of human life in every way admirable and illuminating, might still be woven around an indifferent story. Professor Phelps's definition is well enough in its way, but too sweeping and too narrow for standardisation.

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

It seems ungracious—to pick five words out of Professor Phelps's delightful and scholarly essay, and hold them under the microscope of criticism. And yet—"A good story well told" is his definition of a high-class novel.

Very excellent so far as it goes; but—The Honourable Chauncey Depew is responsible for many "a good story well told"; but I do not find that *Who's Who* accuses him of being responsible for any novels!

Seriously, I believe that every novel should be a good story—a *story* (not a treatise on politics, religion, or sociology), and that it should be well told. At the same time, I believe that any subject—politics, religion, bees, or bonnets—may be introduced into the novel (and not kill it) so long as the enthusiasm regarding the politics, religion, bees, or bonnets is displayed *unconsciously* by the characters working out the plot of the story, and not *consciously* by the author. To my mind, just here is the whole difference between a novel that is a good *story,* and one that is a treatise or tract wearing the mask of fiction.

And this brings us squarely up against the words "good story"; and behind those words lies a whole world of difference of opinion. "A rattling good story" to James, the business man, may weary Paul, the scholar, to distraction. And what is "too sweet for anything" to Mary, who loves the movies, may be sickening to Patricia, who prefers Shaw or Ibsen. Yet all four books may be good stories well told—good novels.

Professor Phelps says that "The number of people who are seeking in the welter of contemporary books to find 'good stories'—stories that shall at once be interesting, charming, clever, decent, and that shall not be treatises on politics, religion, or sociology—the number of such earnest seekers after amusement is pathetic."

I can only repeat that what may "amuse" one may bore another. And, after all, may it not be, to some extent, a case of James and Paul and Mary and Patricia (and Professor Phelps himself?) quarrelling as to what is—a good story?

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Professor Phelps's definition of the novel does not seem to me sufficiently distinctive. "A good story well told," might apply with equal truth to a joke, an anecdote, or a short story. Without going into the mooted question as to whether a novel is a chronicle of manners, in contra-distinction to "a romance" I should say that a novel is a more or less elaborate interpretation of life, giving the impression of reality.

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

To arrive at what is a novel, let us dispose of what isn't. A tract, religious or sociological, is not a novel. Though propaganda can be "mighty interesting reading," a thin rivulet of story, log-jammed with the author's dogmata, is not a novel. Nor on the other hand

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does an ingenious scenario suffice. The Novel with a Purpose and the Novel with no purpose but to keep the reader gasping, though the one have no plot and the other be plot alone; though the one by all solemnity, the other all smartness—these two are rooted in the same error. In both, the story commandeers the characters, and is not the inevitable record of their Life and Adventures. When the characters compel the events, not the events the characters, the novel is a good novel, whether the action be as placid as in the *Chronicles of Barset,* or as tumultuous as in *The Three Musketeers.*

Professor Phelps's epigrammatic definition presupposes, of course, this elementary test, and, thus based, seems to me as true as it is clever.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

You say that Professor Phelps's definition of the novel is arousing discussion and criticism. It arouses neither in my own placable bosom. One may think of a dozen other definitions without in any way damaging that of Professor Phelps's. I offer one, not in competition, but as a rather idle variation upon the theme: A novel is a thought about human life; a thought which can be fully expressed only by means of a plausible fictitious narrative, written by an artist who understands language. You see, this is liberal enough to cover the people who have novels in their heads, but never write 'em.

BY HUGH WALPOLE

As to whether Professor William Lyon Phelps's statement "A novel is a good story well told" is a fair one or no, I would say that, in my opinion, such a definition only pushes the matter one degree back. What does Professor Phelps mean by his term "A good story?" Is *Une Vie* a good story, is *Tristram Shandy* a good story, is *The Vicar of Wakefield* a good story? If he means that a novel to be a good novel must have a striking and manufactured plot then I would object strongly to his definition. Such a statement brings us back to the old struggle with regard to the novel as to whether the inventor should think first of his fable to which he afterwards fixes his characters and from their interaction provide his narrative.

I believe that in the past, present or future the novel, if it is to be a good novel, must rest mainly upon the vitality of its characters. If the author is able to introduce us to a Dr. Primrose, an Emma Bovary, a Raskolinkov, a Clara Middleton, the tiniest detail concerning them provides us with our "good story."

What, as pure narrative, could be more thrilling than the birth of young Tristram Shandy or the performance of *Lucia* attended by Emma Bovary. If Professor Phelps is using "good story" in the more elementary sense then he omits from his definition the greatest masterpieces of all language. It will, I suppose, be admitted that the novel of to-day depends for its interest almost entirely upon the internal psychology, the reaction of character upon character, or the revelation of some fundamental idea through the action of character. This is all well enough if the revelation of character *is* attained by such methods, but if only vague and abstract psychology is our reward then we are more impatient with the failure than we were with the ill-success of the old school of external action. *There* at least we had something for our money—now only too often we pay our pennies, are led into a fog and left there.

But, whether it be the old school or the new, the test of the good novel is what it ever has been—character, and again character, and yet again—character.

BY HARRY LEON WILSON

There are novels that are not good stories well told. I have just read one.

There are good stories well told that are not novels. I heard one at a club bar the other day.

But what of it? Why the excitement? If I must quarrel with Profes-

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sor Phelps it won't be over the way he defines the novel. Let us be on to what he says of it after he has it defined. I have never heard that the proof of the pudding is in the definition of it.

To wish a closer definition of what we roughly call the novel is a mark of the born fuss-monger—even one capable of using that horrendous locution "fictitious prose narrative."

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART V

The greatest decade in English fiction—hunting in couples—Dickens—his popularity in Russia—Thackeray the sentimentalist—George Eliot—which is her best novel?—Anthony Trollope and his twentieth century reincarnation—few great women novelists—the Brontë sisters—smouldering passion—invention and imagination—Wilkie Collins—Conan Doyle—superiority of Americans in the short story—Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Harte, O. Henry—contemporary Russian masters of the short story—reticence and dignity in American art.

PERHAPS the greatest decade in the history of the English Novel was the period between 1850 and 1860 inclusive. The list of titles is more impressive than and comment thereupon. *David Copperfield, Bleak House, Little Dorrit, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, Pendennis, Esmond, The Newcomes, The Virginians, Scenes of Clerical Life, Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Alton Locke, Hypatia, Westward Ho, Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, It is Never Too Late to Mend, The Cloister and the Hearth, The Warden, Barchester Towers, Doctor Thorne, The Woman in White, Villette, The Professor, Tom Brown's School Days, John Halifax, The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, The Scarlet Letter, House of the Seven Gables, Blithedale Romance, The Marble Faun, Uncle Tom's Cabin.* In order to find a parallel to such a rapid production of masterpieces in English literature, we should have to go back to the best days of the Elizabethan drama. The Mid-Victorian publishers lived in the golden age: and their regular announcements—which make interesting reading in the advertising pages of old weeklies—must have aroused golden anticipations.

In one hundred years from *Clarissa, Tom Jones,* and *Roderick Random,* the novel had advanced to full maturity, with the complexity and technique that accompany the complete development of any form of art.

Great writers often come in pairs, and hunt the public in couples. Richardson and Fielding, Scott and Jane Austen, Dickens and Thackeray, Hardy and Meredith, Tennyson and Browning, Goethe and Schiller, Turgenev and Tolstoi, Ibsen and Björnson, Hauptmann and Sudermann—to mention only some of the modern instances. A good thing this twinning seems to be for literature; genius echoes genius, and each rival spurs the other to his best.

Scott died in 1832; and within four years Englishmen were reading *Pickwick Papers,* the inspired writing of a new novelist, who had two great qualities absent in Sir Walter—humour and humanitarianism. Never was a man more kind to individuals than the great Scot; but his professional work resembles a long picture gallery, whereas the novels of Dickens make one glorified stump speech, abounding in sympathy for the outcasts, and shining with fun. No voice like this had ever been heard in

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English Literature; and for thirty years after his death, his silence was almost audible, till he returned to earth and dwelt among us as William De Morgan.

Of all British novelists, none has been more purely creative than Dickens; his tears flow from the great source, the sentimental novel of the eighteenth century, the only link between him and Sterne; but the pathos of Dickens is what the twentieth century finds least admirable in his work. He regarded his own childhood with considerable and justifiable self-pity; but his unfathomable tenderness is shown with especial force toward all children. The sufferings of little boys and girls made to him an irresistible appeal; and he felt that the death of a child was the most tragic event in nature, as Poe thought the death of a young girl the most poetically and romantically beautiful. Dickens insisted on the inherent dignity of childhood—a dignity constantly outraged both by the selfishness and by the condescension of adults.

Although Dickens had an enormous influence on the literature of the Continent, the only foreign novelist who resembled him both in genius and in temperament was Dostoevski. The title of one of the latter's stories, *The Insulted and Injured,* might almost be taken as the subject of the complete works of both writers. Both had suffered terribly in earliest youth; both knew the city slums; both knew the very worst of which humanity is capable; both loved humanity with a love that survived every experience; both were profoundly spiritual, intensely religious, and thoroughly optimistic. For the great artists who have known suffering and privation are more often optimists than those whose lives have been carefully sheltered. The game of life seems to be more enjoyed by those who play it than by those who look on.

Tolstoy and Dostoevski read Dickens with eagerness and profit. Dickens has been and is to-day more popular in Russia than any other English novelist; the common people feel their kinship to him in the touch of nature. In one of the Siberian provincial jails, where records are always kept of the prisoners' reading, the library minutes for 1914 are interesting. Of British authors in Russian translations, Dickens was called for 192 times; Scott, 98; Wells, 53; Wilde, 44; Kipling, 41; Shakespeare, 33.

In the history of British fiction, Dickens fills the biggest place, contributed the largest number of permanently interesting characters, owed less to other authors than any other novelist, and would be the one I should keep if all but one had to perish. No other writer has made so great a contribution to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and while it is possible to contemplate the history of the novel minus any other author, we simply cannot get along without Dickens. The extraordinary succession of masterpieces that he produced with hardly any lapses for thirty years put the whole world hopelessly in his debt. He was the most creative and the least critical of all our writers of fiction; he attempted no formal essays; his *American Notes* ought not to have been written, and his *Child's History of England* would have blighted the reputation of a lesser man. It is absurd to call his characters mere caricatures: he turned the powerful searchlight of his mind into many dark places, and his persons stand out against the background in a conspicuous glare. But if these people are not real, why is it that all observers since 1840 are continually pointing out persons who "look like characters from Dickens"?

Although the middle of the nineteenth century saw the Novel playing successfully the rôle of life's interpreter, nearly every prominent writer felt bound to produce one historical romance. Dickens lacked everything but imagination in this field, and to me *A Tale of Two Cities* is the poorest of all his stories, with the one exception of *Little Dorrit.* As soon as he had shaken himself free from it, he wrote one of the best novels in English literature—*Great Expectations;* even as Stevenson, flinging aside

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St. Ives, produced the unfinished masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*. George Eliot also failed; when all is said, *Romola* is a work of construction rather than creation, more ponderous than splendid. And as a study of moral decay, it is not so impressive as Mr. Howells's *Modern Instance*. Charles Reade was so successful, however, that *The Cloister and the Hearth* is worth all the rest of his works put together—I wonder if he realised before he died how immensely better it is? And it seems now, as if *Westward Ho* would outlast the more sensational and formerly more popular *Hypatia*. For Charles Kingsley was an Elizabethan by nature, and was more at home with the seadogs of Devonshire than in a joint debate with Newman. It remained for Thackeray to write the best historical romance in our language, *Esmond*.

This book is almost entirely free from Thackeray's worst faults: his sentimentalism, his diffuseness, his personal intrusions on the stage. The story is told in the first person, which shut out the author: it was published as a whole in book form instead of being dragged out in monthly numbers; and it is a narrative so full of passion—real passions, love, jealousy, lust, revenge,—that there is no room for anything less vital. He wrote *Esmond* at white heat in a short time, and the manuscript shows few corrections. I like it best because it contains the best of Thackeray—and the best of Thackeray has not been surpassed in English fiction.

Thackeray's mind was more critical than that of Dickens: he was a natural-born critic, parodist, burlesquer, commentator. He walked the garden of this world and his novels—except *Esmond*—are gigantic commentaries on what he saw. Never was a writer less of a cynic and satirist than Thackeray; no doubt, like many people, he thought he was very severe; but as a matter of fact, he was a sentimentalist and a preacher, who loved humanity, saw its follies with the sharp sight of the humourist, and wished all the time that he could say something to make his readers profit by his personally conducted tours.

He was a chivalrous, magnanimous, tender-hearted, essentially noble character; no English novelist has ever better deserved the grand old name of gentleman. He confessed his sins against art like a man. "Perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you?" He really missed the point of the objection to this practice. It is not that we are eager to hear what happened next and want no interruption: it is that these interruptions destroy the illusion, and are, from the artistic point of view, deplorably insincere. For this reason, I find *The Newcomes* an unreadable book. He wrote it frankly for cash, and said so.

Of the three great mid-Victorians, George Eliot was less rich in natural endowment than either Dickens or Thackeray, but wrote with more soberness of mind. She said she was neither pessimist nor optimist, but called herself a meliorist. Be this as it may, her books were all written in shadow, and have none of the abounding cheerfulness of Dickens, nor the lambent humour of Thackeray. Her humour, of which she had a plenty, was grave and ironical; no one has better depicted middle-aged women who combine vacuity of intellect with venomous selfishness. In fact I think no novelist has ever better depicted the unloveliness and corroding force of selfishness.

In true human pathos, her *Scenes of Clerical Life* were a revelation in English literature. What an enormous contrast between these depths of tragedy and the eighteenth century pools of sentiment! The restraint shown by the author emphasised the dignity of suffering. And one has only to compare young Maggie Tulliver with Little Nell to see George Eliot at her best and Dickens at his worst. The constant attrition under which Maggie suffered is more painfully real to us than Nell's

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melodramatic and elaborate preparations for the tomb.

The Mill on the Floss leaves the tricks of realism and enters the field of reality. It is a noble, permanent example of the psychological novel, which had been started by Richardson. It would be difficult to find outside of Turgenev any love scenes in fiction which combine less carnality with more passion than the scenes between Stephen and Maggie. And it is not surprising that Turgenev admired this book. For once upon a time three men, Mr. George H. Lewes, Professor Boyesen of Columbia, and the Russian Turgenev were engaged in a warm discussion as to which one of George Eliot's novels was the best. Mr. Lewes declared for *Daniel Deronda,* the husband naturally thinking her latest was her finest; Professor Boyesen voted for *Middlemarch,* as being richest in content; but the great Russian, who valued correct analysis and profound sincerity above all other qualities in fiction, gave his opinion for *The Mill on the Floss.* I think Time is on his side.

George Eliot's last novel, *Daniel Deronda,* is over-weighted with opinion and propaganda, and is visibly sinking beneath the surface of literature. I wish I knew how many people had read it through in 1915! She wrote no more novels, and I do not think she could have written another. The best scenes in this book are the terrifying conversations between Grandcourt and Gwendolen, which I have always suspected were inspired by Browning's poem, *My Last Duchess.* The refinement of cruelty is so truthfully portrayed that one shudders as if present at a scene of torture.

Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography* is more interesting than any of his stories, and much more improbable. There has never existed a less pretentious artist. He tells us exactly how his work was done, and we know nothing whatever about it. He said he would not be read in the twentieth century, but he is; even the enormous amount of his production —I saw an edition in eighty-eight volumes—has not swamped his reputation. Hawthorne's criticism of him accounts for his permanence; his novels are just like life, some of them being so dull that we fly to other books. No one would dare call Trollope a genius, and he would have ridiculed such an appellation. It is rather singular that this uninspired Englishman, in a grey business suit, is so much more conspicuous in the history of fiction than many gesticulating sensationalists like Hall Caine; and it will be food for reflection if he should eventually outlast so brilliant a dandy as Bulwer-Lytton.

Anthony Trollope has had a curious and altogether charming reincarnation in the twentieth century in the person of Archibald Marshall, whose novels may be confidently recommended to admirers of *Barchester Towers.* Where does Mr. Marshall get that skill—absent from English literature since Trollope's death—of representing ordinary events and ordinary characters, not one of whom is wholly good or wholly bad, in a way that makes the reader follow with tense interest, unwilling to skip a word? The trilogy of the Clinton family, and *Exton Manor, The Greatest of These, The Old Order Changeth* are good stories well told—I for one wish they were twice as long. These books have not got the "punch," nor any "red blood," nor any lubricity or vulgarity. Strangest of all qualities, they are filled with charming, decent, well-bred, kindly, absolutely human people, so that to read these novels is like visiting in a good home. Instead of being forced to associate with dull, coarse, dirty loafers, whom one would not pick for acquaintances in every day life, the reader is brought into contact with extremely attractive men and women. No one ought to quarrel with Mr. Marshall for his principle of choice—since readers and critics who prefer to spend their time in the slums, in the antiseptically safe way of realistic fiction, have constant and abundant opportunity to do so. I think that it is more difficult to write any one of Mr. Marshall's novels than it is to produce the vast majority

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of tales dealing with criminals and abnormal villains. And our contemporary Trollope is really "true to life"; for the world does actually contain some persons whom it is a pleasure to meet.

It is a rather curious fact that in the history of fiction in all languages, only two women have risen to the first rank —Jane Austen and George Eliot. This is the more odd because the art of the novel is to a certain extent imitative and critical, not nearly so purely creative as the art of musical composition, where no women of genius have ever appeared. Although not to be compared with the two names I have mentioned, the three Brontë sisters have nevertheless an apparently unassailable place of their own in English literature. Anne now shines only by reflected light; few read *Agnes Grey,* and none would read it were she not the sister of Charlotte and Emily. The latter had perhaps the greatest natural endowment of the three; and *Wuthering Heights,* while more hysterical than historical in its treatment of human nature, has at any rate the strength of delirium. It was written by one who had passed, like old Dr. Donne, through the straits of fever—*per fretum febris.* It is short-sighted criticism that wonders at the mental range of passion of a girl shut up in dreary loneliness; her capacity for expression is what is remarkable, her passionate intensity exactly what one might expect from such stifling repression. It is ridiculous to believe that a woman's passions are passive and not active; that she is unaware of them until some man appears on the scene; or that even then her love is the love of reciprocation, that cannot be roused independently of purposeful masculine attention. Such ideas may make a fancy virginal picture pleasing to some persons, but they are exactly contrary to the facts of human nature. The recent publication of Charlotte's love-letters ought to open the eyes of the blind; but then, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Emily's narrow bodily existence fanned the flames in her soul; and she could have counted herself a king of infinite space, had she not had bad dreams.

Charlotte Brontë used in her novels her Yorkshire and her Continental experiences; but chiefly when she wrote, she looked into her heart, as is indeed the way with most novelists of distinction. Most novels are really autobiographies, and did we know as much about the external and spiritual life of all writers of fiction as we do of Tolstoi's, I think we should find often an equally faithful following of experience, though with less genius for recording it. Charlotte and her sister Emily wrote novels of revolt, expressing the hatred of that conventionality submitted to by so many women with such inner dissenting repugnance; for conventionality is such a tyranny that its bonds often become galling to women, every one of whom has the love of adventure in her heart; the desire for some thrilling excursion of the soul. Men of desperate valour seem to appeal to women more than those who are wise and prudent. No woman can endure a man who has too much caution. The little school-mistress in *Quality Street* loved the "dashing" officer—loved him and no other.

The fiery energy of Charlotte Brontë caused *Jane Eyre* to attract as much attention as a conflagration; it blazes still. She is a torch in literature rather than a fixed star. After she is extinguished the world will still be reading *Pride and Prejudice* and *Silas Marner.* To turn even now from *Jane Eyre* to these books is like passing from a vivid dream to reality.

Professor Brander Matthews has somewhere or other called attention to the distinction between invention and imagination, showing that while we may admire the cleverness of great inventive ingenuity, and while this gift may bestow upon its author immense temporary vogue, it does not, never has, and cannot place him with the immortal gods. A story ought to be the foundation of a novel; but a novel does not be-

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come immortal through a good plot. An excellent illustration of this is seen if one places side by side Wilkie Collins and George Eliot. As an inventor and manipulator of plot intricacies, we knew not the equal of Collins till Conan Doyle appeared. *The Woman in White, Armadale, The Moonstone*—marvellous, indeed, is the construction of these books. I sometimes think I have never seen a plot anywhere that rivalled in successful complexity the plot of *The Moonstone.* Suppose a good talker were to attempt to amuse and excite an audience by telling in his own fashion the outline of a famous novel—think of the contrast for such a purpose illustrated by *The Moonstone* and *The Mill on the Floss!* Yet there is not the slightest doubt that the latter is so much greater in literature that the two cannot even be named together. Collins was amazingly clever; each of his stories was an enigma, a delightful puzzle offered to the public. They brought him a vast number of readers and no fame—for Collins has no real fame; he hardly belongs to literature at all, except as a striking example of the school of mystery and horror. He felt himself that he was only an entertainer, and he made an effort to write a "purpose" novel, which he accomplished in *Man and Wife,* an attack upon college athletics and the marriage laws; but the only interest of this book is in its ingenuity. Critics would no more place Collins on a level with George Eliot, no, nor with Anthony Trollope, than they would rank on the platform a sleight-of-hand magician with Daniel Webster.

The wonderful mystery-criminal tales, dressed out in such gorgeous style by Poe, were developed prodigiously by Collins, who in our day has been almost obliterated from view by Conan Doyle. It would be difficult to exaggerate the popularity of this author. Sherlock Holmes is at this moment one of the best-known fictitious characters that has ever been created. And he is known in all languages, he has appeared on the stage in all countries. The Russians and the Japanese know their lean detective as well as the English. And yet, despite this universal vogue, despite our pleasure in these blood-curdling tales, despite our gratitude to the author for so many hours of delightful bewilderment, no one takes Conan Doyle seriously. I have never seen any attempt at a critical estimate of his place in contemporary literature. What would happen to the critic who should rank him among the great British novelists, or associate him in letters with another living Englishman, Thomas Hardy?

Such a state of things arouses reflection. It is clear that there must be something besides cleverness, even diabolical cleverness, to win anything like permanent fame.

In a comparison between British and American novelists—whether one takes the nineteenth or the twentieth century—the patriotic American would suffer actual pain, were it not that the more patriotic a person is the more incapable he is of seeing the truth. Love is blind, love of country stone-blind. But however harsh the contrast in the domain of the novel, there is a special province where America has actually excelled England. This is seen in the production of the Short Story, a species of art quite different, as has been pointed out, from the story that is short. *Silas Marner* is a story that is short, but not a Short Story; *The Gold Bug* is a Short Story. Our first humourist, Washington Irving, occasionally attained unto perfection in this difficult field. For in *Rip Van Winkle* and in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* his narrative is so good and his technique so perfect that the world has agreed to regard these two as imperishable classics. Irving's pathos seems thin and flat to-day, and many of his meditative musings are staled by custom; but his humour, quite English rather than American, is genuine, and a marvellous preservative.

A world-genius followed Irving—Edgar Allan Poe. Poe's tales of mystery, in comparison with Cooper's tales of adventure, illustrate the analogy of the

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lyric and the epic. This analogy will not usually hold good; because the lyric represents one mood and is usually subjective, whereas Guy de Maupassant's short stories, for example, represent a variety of moods and are as near objectivity as it was possible for their gifted author to make them. But Poe was really a lyrical poet by nature; and the best of his short stories are almost perfect examples of prose lyrics. This becomes instantly apparent in reading *The Fall of the House of Usher* and (my own favourite) *Ligeia.* The sombre mood prevails, and rises to an agonising climax exactly as Tennyson's meditative rapture reaches a climax of passion in *Tears, Idle Tears.* The perfection of Poe's art, joined with the thrilling suspense of his plots, made him a world-figure, a frutiful influence in all countries. No foreign writer has reached the level of Poe's best work in the analysis of the passion he made his specialty —fear.

This level, however, is not the highest level. That was reached by Hawthorne, whose moral grasp of the realities of life gave to his short stories a firmer foundation and a broader and more lasting appeal. For while I have never outgrown Poe, I find that many others have, if they are telling the truth about it; it is impossible for any one to outgrow Hawthorne. The difference between Poe and Hawthorne is the difference between the uncanny and the spiritual; in human emotion, it is the difference between realism and reality. Poe makes our flesh creep with sensations; Hawthorne penetrates into the depths of our souls. Hawthorne used only the smallest fraction of his material; and to understand his method and his aim, it is necessary to read only *Ethan Brand.*

Bret Harte was another master of the short story, and a germinal writer as well. He found more gold in California than any of the miners, and he had a private mint of his own, by which he made it current coin, good wherever the soul of man is precious. His two best tales, *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat,* are as vivid now as then; their drama and their pathos are real, approaching the line of melodrama and sentimentality without once stepping over.

In North Carolina they have just erected a statue to "O. Henry." He was a profoundly sincere artist, as is shown, not only in his finished work, but in his private correspondence. His worst defect was a fear and hatred of conventionality; he had such mortal terror of stock phrases, that as some one has said, he wrote no English at all—he wrote the dot, dash, telegraphic style. Yet leaving aside all his perversities and his whimsicalities, and the poorer part of his work where the desire to be original is more manifest than any valuable result of it, there remains a sufficient number of transcripts from life and interpretations of it to give him abiding fame. There is a humourous tenderness in *The Whirligig of Life,* and profound ethical passion in *A Blackjack Bargainer.* A highly intelligent though unfavourable criticism of Porter that came to me in a private letter—I wish it might be printed—condemns him for the vagaries of his plots, which remind my correspondent of the quite serious criticism he read in a Philadelphia newspaper, which spoke of "the interesting but hardly credible adventures of Ulysses." Now hyperbole is the great American failing; and Porter was so out and out American that this disease of art raised blotches on his work. Yet his best emphasis is placed where it belongs.

No writer of distinction has, I think, been more closely identified with the short story in English than O. Henry. Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Stevenson, Kipling attained fame in other fields; but although Porter had his mind fully made up to launch what he hoped would be the great American novel, the veto of death intervened, and the many volumes of his "complete works" are made up of brevities. The essential truthfulness of his art is what gave his work immediate recognition,

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and accounts for his rise from journalism to literature. There is poignancy in his pathos; desolation in his tragedy; and his extraordinary humour is full of those sudden surprises that give us delight. Uncritical readers have never been so deeply impressed with O. Henry as have the professional, jaded critics, weary of the old trick a thousand times repeated, who found in his writings a freshness and originality amounting to genius.

Among the thousands of short stories written by lesser Americans than the five mentioned above, two by Richard Harding Davis will certainly be read for many years to come—*Gallagher,* the wonderful boy who "beat the town," and *The Bar Sinister,* which seems already to have won its way into the select canine classics of the world.

Russia, a country that has taught the world more about realistic novels than any other, and which has supplied the world with the best illustrations of the art, has also been preëminent for the last hundred years in the short story, her later writers achieving their highest fame in this field. Pushkin, the founder of modern Russian literature, is the originator, as seen in his "other harmony" of prose; Gogol's *Overcoat* had more influence on succeeding writers than any other work; Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches* are beautiful specimens and exerted a powerful moral influence as well; Tolstoi's short stories are among the best ever written, inspired by the New Testament parables, which are themselves incomparable, the absolute despair of modern art; after Tolstoi, the most notable master of the short story in Russian is Chekhov, whose influence is just beginning to be felt in America; and if any one feels any doubt as to the superiority of the modern Russians, one should read Garshin's *Four Days,* Andreev's *Silence,* Gorki's *Twenty-six Men and a Girl,* and Artsybashev's *Nina.* Every Russian novelist of distinction has written admirable short stories except Dostoevski. As the American defect is humourous exaggeration, so the Russian defect is tragic exaggeration—it might be a wholesome corrective for each nation to study the best art of the other. Unfortunately, though quite naturally, the only American short stories that are really popular in Russia are the evil dreams of Edgar Allan Poe.

Although we have no young Americans who can compare with Andreev, Artsybashev, Gorki, Kuprin, there is one respect in which American short stories and indeed all American fiction in general show superiority to the Russian; and I am fully aware that what I regard as our chief merit is precisely the thing for which we are most stridently condemned. I mean our reserve in depicting the passion of sex. We have been scourged for this not only by foreign writers, but by many of our "advanced" journalists; it is incidentally well to remember that not one of these American men and women who ridicule the work of Mr. Howells and Mr. James has ever written anything that approaches it in literary distinction. We ought not to be ashamed of the American reverence before the mystery of passion; we ought to regard it with pride. We have scarcely any outrageously indecent authors, whose work, common enough in Europe, bears about the same relation to true art that a boy's morbid sketches on fences bear to Michel Angelo's frescoes. Indecency is not necessarily sincerity. Instead of omitting the *motif* of passion in art, instead of ignorance, timidity, or prudishness, our American reticence really indicates a better appreciation of its tremendous force. For, as Henry James, our greatest critic, has pointed out, the silence of the American before the mysteries of passion shows more reverence than profuse and detailed exhibitions. It shows more reverence, more understanding, and more dignity.

Our American literature is sadly in need of improvement, but we shall not improve by imitating the only thing in Continental literature which takes no talent to copy. Changing the trumps will not help us nearly so much as more skill in playing the game.

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A SPANISH ESTIMATE OF KIPLING

By WILHELMUS JONIUS

At the time of Kipling's visit to the United States he was taken ill in New York. The English and American newspapers published "extras" which the newsboys cried as containing the "latest news of Rudyard Kipling." The German Emperor wrote inquiring as to his health, and called him the "Glory of the Saxon race," which at that time the Kaiser considered as common to both English and Germans. While Kipling's illness lasted, the nations of the globe were in a state of feverish excitement.

Such is the rather bald Spanish sizing up at this late day of one of the chapters most familiar to Americans in the life of "that new star which rose in the East," who, perhaps more than all others, has welded the English race throughout the world. Better late than never, and so the *mañana* intellect of the Spaniard continues his eulogy. The point of view is interesting, if not new or particularly original. It is the point of view of one who lives in the sun, Kipling's own really great passion; only once did he desert his colors, and that was when he sang: "I am sick of endless sunshine and blossom-burdened bough."

Of late years, when the fogs of winter have settled down over *brumeuse Angleterre,* where he has made his home since he left the Vermont hills, he has travelled southward each year to the land of the sun, never forgetting for a moment departing from his own—which prefaced his recently published papers on Egypt:

Parsons in pulpits, taxpayers in pews,
Kings on your thrones you know as well as me
We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lost it there our hearts will be.

Hear, then, what our Spanish critic has to say:

"Kipling's popularity, which, in order to be understood in all its significance, can be said to be equivalent to that of a "torero" or bullfighter, in Spain, was because of his conquest of literature. At the time Kipling was thirty-four years of age, he was paid for his articles and stories at the rate of a shilling per word, and had come already to know the aureole which envelops authors whose works transform themselves from the realm of literary fiction into symbols and epitomes of a race. Rudyard Kipling was soon ambling down that laurel-shaded path at whose end Glory stands smiling.

"Born in the year 1865, in Bombay, he was the son of John Lockwood Kipling, an artist of note, who directed the School of Fine Arts in Bombay, and the Museum of Lahore. His childhood was passed amid the surroundings of the wonders of the Indies, the enamel-blue sky, sacred rivers and lakes whose waters reflect idolatrous temples, jungles full of quaint noises and mysteries. . . .

"His soul adapted itself to two distinct rhythms which later were destined to dispute prominence in his literature—the exuberant, luminous force of the Indies, impregnated with perfumes, dazzling with light, and all the lofty frigidity, the white tyranny of the British Colonial Armies. Already his first verses, *Departmental Ditties,* pointed toward his future destiny, like an arrow, vibrating on the string of the bow, leaving an almost visible trail in the air which subsequent *flechas* might follow.

"Rudyard Kipling began to write when he was seventeen—for newspapers, knowing intuitively that books would come afterward. Those were the years of prentice training which led to his ultimately acquired style. He trained his brain and hand as an athlete trains his muscles. It is perhaps on this score that some one has claimed Kipling to rep-

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resent the truly modern type of author, a species between journalist and author, the newspaper writer and artist, he who in clear words expresses profound ideas or conveys complicated symbols by simple terms, one who interests the public by his descriptions of happenings which appear to be those of real life, but are really creations of his fancy. Though he may not know it, we possibly have here in Spain a direct disciple of Kipling, one who portrays his physical and nearly unique spiritual aspect—Predencio Iglesias Hermida.

"In his eighteenth year Kipling became sub-editor of one of the most important Indian dailies, the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette.* In its pages were found for the first time those marvellous portrayals of soldiers and natives which afterwards were to appear in *Plain Tales from the Hills,* and

AS KIPLING LOOKS TO SPANISH EYES

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which, like an eulogy of a subsequent inverse value, reminded one of Lever, the Irish portrayer of life.

"*Plain Tales* was soon followed by other books, all written in full juvenility. Rudyard Kipling had to conquer the intellectual dominion of his native country before his thirtieth year. At twenty-two he published, as I have said, *Plain Tales from the Hills;* from twenty-three to twenty-five the *History of the Gadsbys,* and here commences the series of admirable tales, the most representative of his art, some of which, as *The Most Beautiful Story of the World,** *The Man Who Wanted to Be King,*† and *Soldiers Three,* reach the most profound psychological depths. In his twenty-sixth year his first novel, *The Light That Failed,* was written. This effort, strange and original, does not suggest any recollection of other literature, but leaves a furrow in the spirit, like the wake of a skiff with a keel sharper than an ax.

"Finally, in 1894, when Kipling was twenty-nine, there appeared *The Jungle Book,* and shortly afterwards *The Second Jungle Book,* which found a warm reception everywhere. I can hardly say if this *Libro de la Selva* is the best of Kipling's works, but it certainly is the most popular. Possibly some of his anterior or posterior works may have been thought better, but this is the one which has been most nearly universally translated. Probably the characteristic imperialism of Kipling's temperament is not here as pronounced as in others of his works, but that matters not. *El Libro de la Selva* was created for eternity, and bids fair to go echoing down the shades of time when the motives of his other books are less understood than to-day.

"In this ensemble of legendary poems, savage and significant, impregnated with a rudimentary and vigorous philosophy tasting of blood, penetrating the brains like strong sunlight and gripping us like the massy entangled fauna of the Indian jungle holds back our pace, Humanity is symbolised in Animality. As in the transmitted and enduring books of the Far East, the symbol is everything. In these tales the protagonists are wild beasts. There is only one man, their brother, Mowgli, who from them and through them learns doctrines of energy and nobility of spirit forgotten by men.

"Kipling, as a result of his environment, could but feel, fatally, the vertigo of imperialism, that minister of physical force inductive of the collective crimes masked behind war. In *Stalky and Company* his heroes are three virile schoolboys, ungovernable, ferocious, and quarrelsome, the future makers of nations and their laws. For Kipling debility is a disgrace; force is the only prime virtue for the individual, machine or Empire. His *Recessional,* the hymn of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, cheered and inebriated the English people more than their national drink menu. To him the Boers owe the spilling of blood on their fructiferous and humble farmlands. When Kipling arrives at the gates of Paradise, or Hell, he will not be, like the hero Tomlinson, repelled for lack of his past acts. The protagonists of *Soldiers Three,* Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Learoyd, are fragments of Kipling himself . . .

"Is is necessary to recall that Kipling was a cousin of Burne Jones, and that in his infancy, when in London, he knew William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ruskin, already old, all of them, and more than ever in love with Preraphaelistic idealism?

"Is it necessary to recall that this lofty man, exalted by imperialistic barbarity, carries his name Rudyard like a flower of romanticism and sentimentality, like the evocation of jewelled Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire, where John Lockwood Kipling wooed the fair English maiden who was to become the mother of the author of *The Jungle Book?* Why try to reconcile two such opposites as his sentiments and associations?"

*"The Finest Story in the World."
†"The Man Who Would Be King."

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THE NEW WORLD AND THE COLLEGE WOMAN

CONTRIBUTIONS BY WOMEN COLLEGE GRADUATES WHO HAVE ADVENTURED IN THE MODERN WORK-A-DAY WORLD AND FOUND THEIR PLACES THERE

EDITED BY HELEN J. FERRIS

An ever increasing number of college women find themselves at Commencement equipped with an elaborate education and an abundant vitality together with a sense of social duty. The problem of an outlet for their activities is becoming of vital importance to educators and the world at large. Here is a large group of the best blood and brains of the land—what opportunities does our liberal age place before it? The aim of this series of papers is to answer this question practically by women who have actually and successfully solved it. The papers are edited by Miss Helen J. Ferris, a graduate of Vassar, now connected with the welfare work of John Wanamaker's New York store.

I—A PAGEANT OF COLLEGE WOMEN

By Ella McCaleb, Dean of Vassar

IN these days of scenic representation one can hardly avoid thinking of groups of people in pageant or processional form, and so in turning our attention to the past, present, and future occupations of college women, it is easy to imagine the thousands of graduates as moving in a procession with various emblems and various steps.

Among the first to appear are those who march under the banners marked "teacher," "preceptress," "principal," forming about one-half of the whole number, and walking in both the single and the married group. The married group is always the larger. There is now and then a farmer, a writer, a missionary, a matron of a reformatory, an artist, and occasionally one sees a woman, somewhat older, with a newish sort of headdress indicating that she has been recognised as an officer by some advanced school board or charity organisation or business firm. These marchers seem to move with sober gait, perhaps a trifle awkwardly now and then as if an unaccustomed weight of responsibility and a newness to public recognition brought self-consciousness. But if there is something of the sturdiness and sobriety of the pioneer, there is also to be seen the joyous and uplifted mien of those to whom college has opened up the beauty and delight of a wider outlook, and to whom it has given a sense of greater freedom in the ordering of their own lives.

Here is a group of those who have but recently been singing across the campus

> The great world waits for us now,
> Waits till we're through with our learning how,

not realising to the discouraging point that the welcome from the waiting world is broad and general; that while it stands with open arms, it is not every one about whom these arms will promptly close with a detaining gesture. The eager and impetuous spirit of these young graduates makes irregular the lines, but it is a brave and promising band that represents many occupations. We observe those who are engaged in proven fields, and those who are more or less experimenting as managers of tea houses, editors, professional shoppers, assistants in research work, in hospital social service work, and welfare work among large bodies of employees, and

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so forth. Some have calm faces as if they felt they were in the right places, but more have a somewhat anxious look suggesting that they have not chosen their work but have undertaken what was available. A goodly number are wearing the badge of the organiser, the sub-title covering clubs of all kinds:—Camp Fire Girls, city betterment, study, travel, bridge, suffrage, Red Cross, cooking, and everything else that is groupable. All move on with a certain pride in their strength and a cheerful faith in their ability to help in all the greater concerns of mankind.

When in imagination the later group passes before the reviewing stand, the spectators are impressed by the variety of occupations represented and by the greater freedom and steadiness of the marchers. The gay strains produced by the early college groups from the drum, triangle, and the paper-covered comb have come through many stages to the excellent music of the bands of women musicians that enliven the procession. Perhaps this helps to show growth in the ability to work together as well as in a knowledge of music. They move as if accustomed to their varied responsibilities, with an assurance borne of completed experimentation. There is less of the nervous, harassed look that marks the face of her who does everything she possibly can instead of devoting herself to one field of endeavour. There in that coming army, representing all of the so-called learned professions, may be seen more than at present of those who have found that the teachers of boys and girls can subordinate the fatiguing side of the work in their enthusiasm for the opportunity to help mould and develop young lives. They are well dressed and comfortable looking, too, these teacher women, as if their work had come to be appreciated as of real value to the community. We note especially those who are achieving success and distinction in solving the many problems, private and public, in both urban and rural life, relating to homes and the care of children. (A Vassar graduate has just been placed at the head of the Bureau of Mothers' Pensions in Pennsylvania.) There are all the workers of to-day with much larger groups of architects and interior decorators, public officials, managers of hotels and great stores, dealers in property, inventors (though one cannot clearly read on the badges the names of the inventions), gardeners, in fact representatives of whatever may be done by trained minds in sound bodies. They have learned the wisdom of right living, of conserving their strength and energy for the sake of efficiency, so that employers no longer prefer boys and men because they are more apt to work regularly and endure strain.

As we turn away after the endlessly varied procession, we ask ourselves what it is that makes so many of these women wanted in schools, churches, civic and business life. What power have they in common? It is not training for specific work, for the college does not offer courses that are intended to affect primarily the student's wage-earning capacity, but such as make for her general efficiency as a woman.

In common with all students in good colleges, they have the opportunity to learn to face the truth, to concentrate, to find and weigh facts and evidence, to bring together results into a completed whole, and to present these results in convincing form. But also they gain from the college life and extra-curriculum activities valuable training which is in the opinion of some parents the *essential* good. Many a fond mother has confided to the college office her desire to have her daughter shielded from much study but to be given every chance to enjoy and profit by "the life." And much must be gained by this experience of living in a college community. There is the idea and the practice of democracy where a young woman finds her place on her own merits. She learns in the many-sided student activities to do team work and to coöperate; to respect the rights of others, and even to tolerate patiently their idiosyncrasies. There is a fine element of training in the neces-

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sity of meeting regularly certain engagements "in all sorts of weather." Then there is the abundant good fellowship that enriches life, broadens the sympathies, and retards the coming of old age.

All of this tells in the equipment of the young graduate who goes out to take her place as part of the larger and less homogeneous world, and it leads to a vision of work that needs to be done, of a larger life dominated by spiritual values, and to a certain poise that enables the young woman to adjust her forces and ability to a task whether she takes it up from a hatred of idle days and ways, or the insistent claim of self-support, or the spirit of altruistic service. She is apt to feel that with a good foundation of knowledge of principles, she may safely be original in her plans and her building, and that all "work ennobles."

II—The Business of Play

By Mathilde Vossler, Director of Recreation, Civic League, Bennington, Vermont

"The business of play—Pouf! only a paradox!" exclaims the Old-Fashioned Moralist with a shrug.

"Not so!" replies the Modern Materialist. "In these advanced days it even pays to play!"

And so it does. More and more are our thoughtful City Fathers coming to realise that it is an economical business policy of civic administration to pay workers to teach their citizens how to play, if for no other reason than as a preventative measure for that very prevalent modern and usually fatal malady of Americanitis. Dry statistics are unnecessary to prove to even the most sceptical about this business of play, that the number of city play-grounds, increasing annually, furnish a vast field for trained workers as well as for a great corps of self-supporting or experience-seeking undergraduate students. But there is a comparatively new field in all-the-year-around recreation work which is beginning to call upon our energetic, social-spirited, trained college graduates and that is the fascinating field of community development. The task of adequately organising and regulating the leisure time of an entire community, of bringing together old and young, rich and poor, in true democratic fellowship and harmony, and through it all, of inspiring this community of mixed races and varied social traditions with communal loyalty and a civic consciousness may sound like a stupendous undertaking to any prospective Recreation Secretary—but what a field for real social service and accomplishment!

One such a Community is Bennington, Vermont, yea even in conservative New England and the same Bennington of early Revolutionary renown. It enjoys the modern distinction of being the first small town, that is of less than 10,000 inhabitants, to undertake a recreational programme as a remedy for its social conditions.

Six years ago, a young girl coming home from college—and it was Vassar—caught the vision of what might be accomplished. Her first attempt was to produce a pageant of the early history of this town, so rich in colonial tradition. In such a manner all the different elements were brought together in a common appreciation of their community for the first time. Then a Civic League was formed among a group of wide-awake young women, for the purpose of studying local conditions. A survey showed that while the religious and educational phases of the town's life were being cared for by the churches and schools, there was no provision for the physical side. Accordingly a play ground was started for the children in the summer. The next step was to hire an all-the-year-around worker to conduct additional recreation work in the winter. From its modest beginning in 1910 the work of the Bennington Civic League has now grown to large proportions and is receiving recognition as a model system among small towns.

The play ground, which is exceptionally well equipped for the size of the

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town, still forms the basis for the summer activities. Base-ball Leagues for men and boys; Tennis Tournaments for girls, boys, and business men; Volley-ball Matches; Track Meets; Children's Parties; Handwork Instruction; Story Telling are some of the activities which are promoted. During the past summer, a handsome concrete pavilion and field house was built in order to increase the scope of activities and make evening work possible.

During the winter gymnasium classes for all the school children are held after school hours. Basket-ball clubs with an inter-community schedule are conducted for high school girls and employed girls. Social Dancing Classes with instruction in the modern dances have been found overwhelmingly popular and they have been important factors in regulating the social life of the village through helping to raise the tone of the public dances as well. Dramatic, First Aid to the Injured, Cooking, and

DEAN MC CALEB OF VASSAR, WHO WRITES OF "A PAGEANT OF COLLEGE WOMEN"

MISS MARY EMOGENE HAZELTINE, WHO WRITES OF "OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLLEGE WOMEN IN LIBRARY WORK"

Sewing Classes have all been furthered by the League.

However, the features which have been most productive in cultivating the communal spirit in Bennington have been the Community Celebrations. Every national holiday is observed in a fitting manner by all the population together. Fourth of July, Battle of Bennington Anniversary, and Labour Day lend themselves to an especially patriotic observance. A programme of athletic events keep both old and young busy during the afternoon. Then in the evening the whole populace adjourns to the play ground to hear a band concert and watch the fireworks. There usually is provided some special feature like Industrial Moving Pictures or a Peace Pageant or a Bon-fire. One Labour Day an allegorical festival, written by local talent, was given. The various nationalities entered in America's wake

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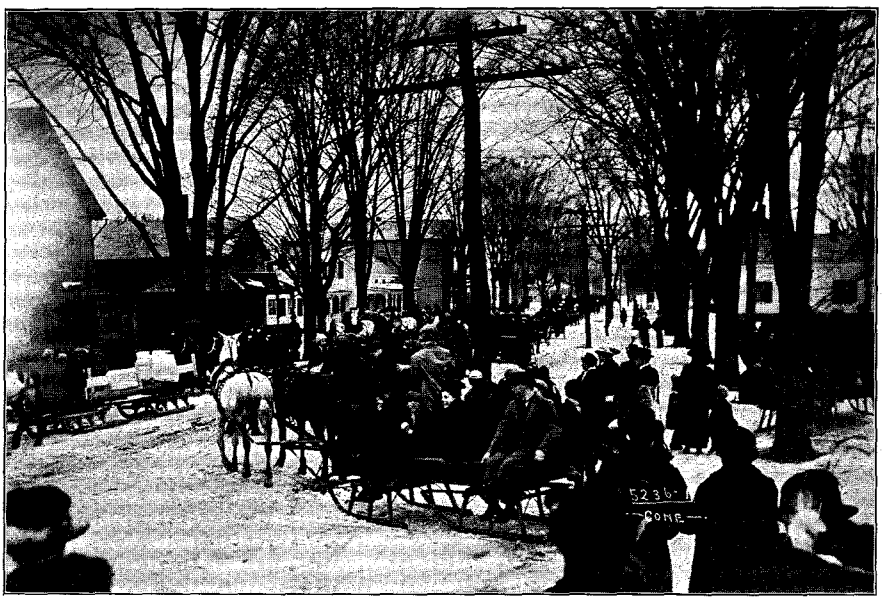
into the New World where they came seeking Freedom and Happiness. Then Labour entered and spoiled their care-free life, leaving them downcast and over-burdened. Finally, redemption came in the form of the Spirit of Play, who broke the spell of Labour. America then rose and united Labour and Play and all were once more wholesomely happy.

What could be more festive and in keeping with the spirit of the occasion than a Halloween Masquerade Carnival for all the young people of the town? The King and Queen of Halloween Sprites with ghostly retinue, preceded by a mounted cavalcade of Headless Horsemen and various floats and followed by bands of witches, goblins, ghosts, Indians, Black Cats, Mephistopheles, Owls, and so forth, marched down the principal streets to the time of weird music produced by a ghostly band. The streets, illumined by coloured fire and lined on both sides with crowds of gay and laughing spectators together with the gorgeously costumed paraders in the centre, presented a most festive spectacle. In an open square, which had been appropriately decorated, the band halted and gave a concert for the grown-ups while the youngsters repaired to the playground and gymnasium for refreshments and games. Aside from the enjoyment furnished to both spectators and participants, the affair somehow gives an outlet for all the superfluous energy of youth at this particular season and the town is remarkably free from all acts of rowdyism.

Perhaps the two most anticipated occasions of the year are the annual auto and sleigh rides when all the children in town are provided with a free ride and given refreshments. The sleighs or autos, as the case may be, are donated by generous citizens. Last winter 1,200 children rode in a procession of fifty-two sleighs, headed by the town dignitaries and accompanied by a big brass band. For many children these are the only rides during the year. However, it is just as much of an occasion for those children who may be unfortunate enough to be brought to school each morning by a liveried servant, for what normal child



THE COMMUNITY SLEIGHRIDE

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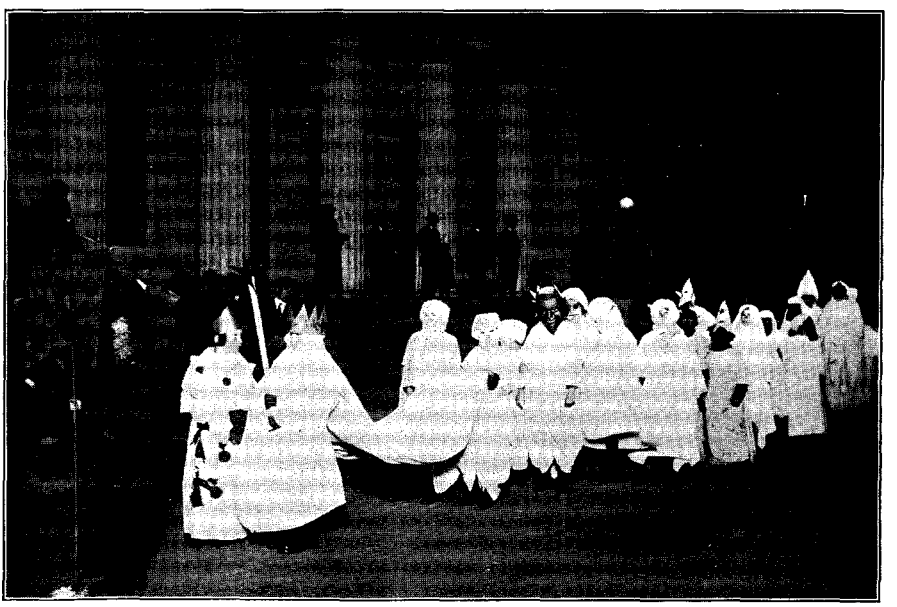
WEAVERS' DANCE. IN THE FESTIVAL OF PLAY AND LABOUR

is there who could resist the joyous excitement of riding with such a happy throng?

At Christmas Time, especially, the communal fellowship in Bennington seems to crystallise. Last year, when economic conditions were uncertain, the Civic League was instrumental in uniting various organisations into a Community Giving Christmas. A Christmas Headquarters was established where all the children's letters to Santa Claus



HALLOWEEN GHOST PARADE. (THE CIVIC LEAGUE)

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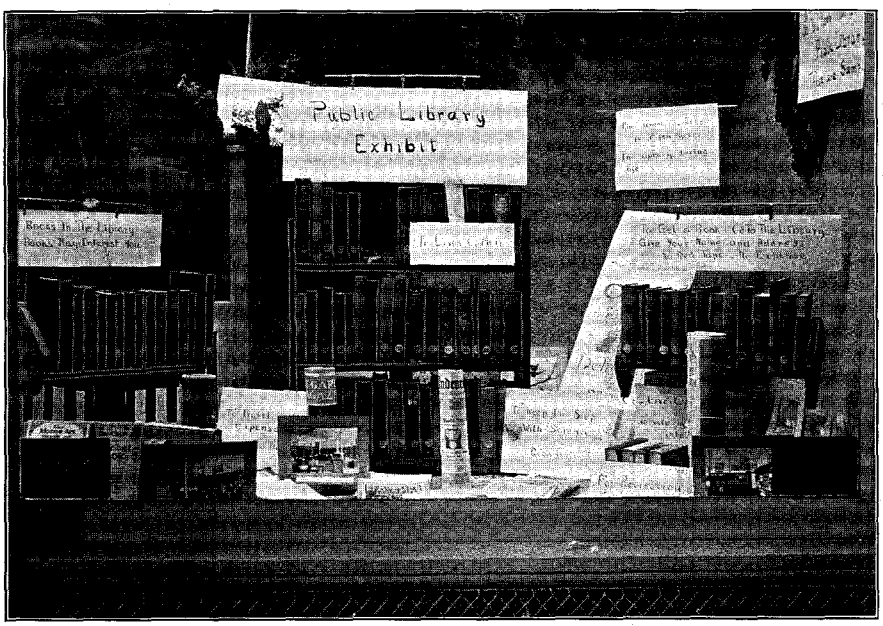

WINDOW LOANED THE PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR A WEEK OF PUBLICITY BY PUBLIC SPIRITED MERCHANTS

were read and investigated. Then the excess of the wealthy was solicited to supply the need of the poor. The following extract from an article in the local paper tells its own story:

In two days the requests for shoes ran well over a hundred. From where would they come? They came in pairs and half dozens from families where they were outgrown, and then from the merchants came whole cases of new ones of assorted sizes. . . . From garrets and trunks came clothing in abundance, a steady stream of it, outgrown but in good condition. . . . Coal and wood were donated by some of the dealers. . . . A farmer came in with a half dozen chickens. . . . Filling the long tables of the Headquarters from end to end were rows upon rows of toys packed closely together. . . . From one generous house came twenty-five pounds of candy and stockings to hold it. This was used up in one day, but the very minute it ran out a thirty pound pail was miraculously supplied from some spontaneous source. It is estimated that if all the things were bought new they would represent a value of over $2,000. Over $300 was expended in money, all of which went for clothing and shoes but $10. In all 486 children were reached in 183 families.

If there was a single unhappy family in Bennington last Christmas Day it was not the fault of the Santa Claus Committee and its assistants. During the holiday week, parties were held for all the children with a big cotillion for the older people. Then a public Christmas tree, lighted by myriads of coloured lights and bearing aloft the illumined sign, "Love One Another," was erected in the public square. A fitting programme of music and carols was held Christmas afternoon, the whole town attending *en masse*.

The following proclamation, signed by the village president, which was posted about the town to invite the populace to the Christmas tree, perhaps shows the spirit of the season more conclusively than anything else:

For nineteen hundred and fourteen years the spirit of Christmas has increased in the

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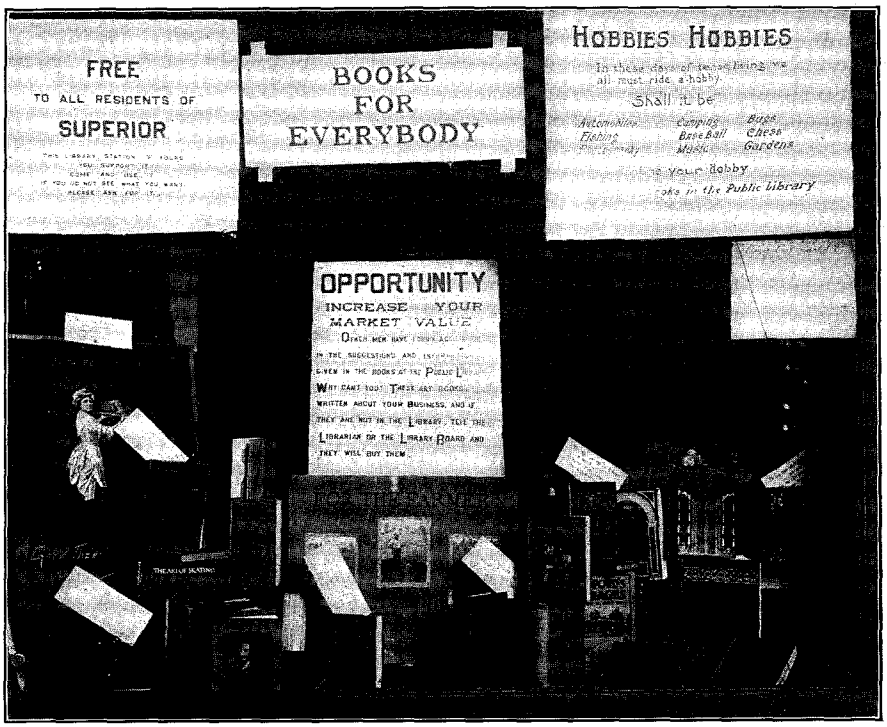

WINDOW LOANED THE PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR A WEEK OF PUBLICITY BY PUBLIC SPIRITED MERCHANTS

world, breaking the barriers of apathy and misunderstanding and welding closer the hearts of men. Begun in a stable in Palestine, the chorus of joy and thanksgiving has swelled until in no community of the Christian world is the Christmas Spirit voiceless.

In Bennington this year we have special cause to remember the Nativity and to celebrate its inauguration of brotherly love with carols of praise. In a time of great strife and bloodshed, when the significance of Christmas is banished from half the earth, we have found it in abundance in our community and have reached hands of helpfulness across the sea to aid those in distress. To all of our own number for whom Christmas held no promise of happiness we are bringing Christmas cheer. Churches, fraternal organizations, and those of no creed or affiliation are bound closer together in Bennington this year than ever before, through this great spirit of Christmas. It is fitting that at this time we express our common joy for what we have and what we could give by uniting in songs of thanksgiving.

The whyfor of all this narrative is merely to show what a few college girls have accomplished in one small town. But such accomplishment is within the ability of every earnest and consecrated college graduate. The field for paid workers is a growing one as well as a new one. Each worker may be a pioneer in her own field and map out as constructive a programme as she will, and certainly no more fascinating or worth while line of work is to be found in the whole wide field of social service.

III—Opportunities for College Women in Library Work

By Mary Emogene Hazeltine, Preceptor, Library School of the University of Wisconsin

Library work is newer than teaching and older than social service. Standing

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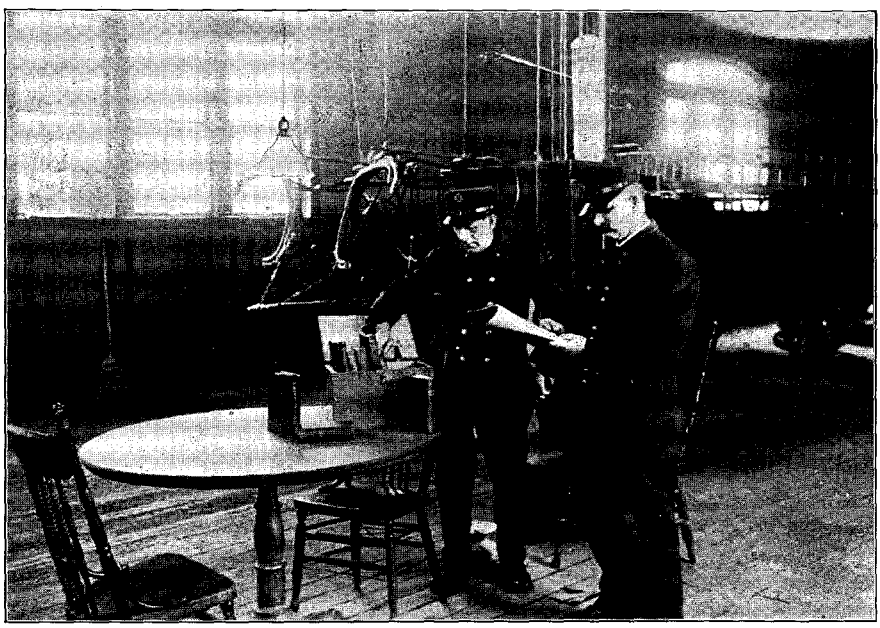
as it does between the social vocations and teaching, the fact that it partakes of the nature of both and is at once both social and educational constitutes its broad appeal. It seems to be characteristically a woman's work, as are so many of the vocations that have grown out of the needs of this new century.

A definite date marks the beginning of the modern library movement, 1876, when the American Library Association was organised. The new movement grew rapidly, until now, forty years from its inception, the public library system is as much a matter of course in practically every city as is the public school system. It is supported as willingly and as intelligently by the taxpayers as are the schools, because it is recognised not only as a help to children in forming the reading habit, but also as a continuation school, affording educational opportunities to adults. Further, life in hundreds of villages is made more cosmopolitan because of the public library, while the latest development is rural library extension, which will eventually place a book in the hands of every farm dweller.

The important factor in this new movement is the librarian, trained for the service, with liberal mind and vision, able to direct affairs, filled with the new spirit of brotherhood, eager to make the world of books serviceable in the lives of people. More than three-fourths of these librarians are women, already widely successful in the work, with yet larger opportunities for helpfulness and greater possibilities for professional advancement in the future. What is this field that offers so much to the new woman?



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY DEPOSITS BOOKS IN FIRE STATIONS

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

There is first, the loud call of the public library. (1) The chief librarian in such cities as Portland, Oregon; Minneapolis; Sioux City, Iowa; Evansville, Indiana; Dayton, Ohio; East Orange, New Jersey; Hartford, Connecticut; Brookline, Massachusetts,

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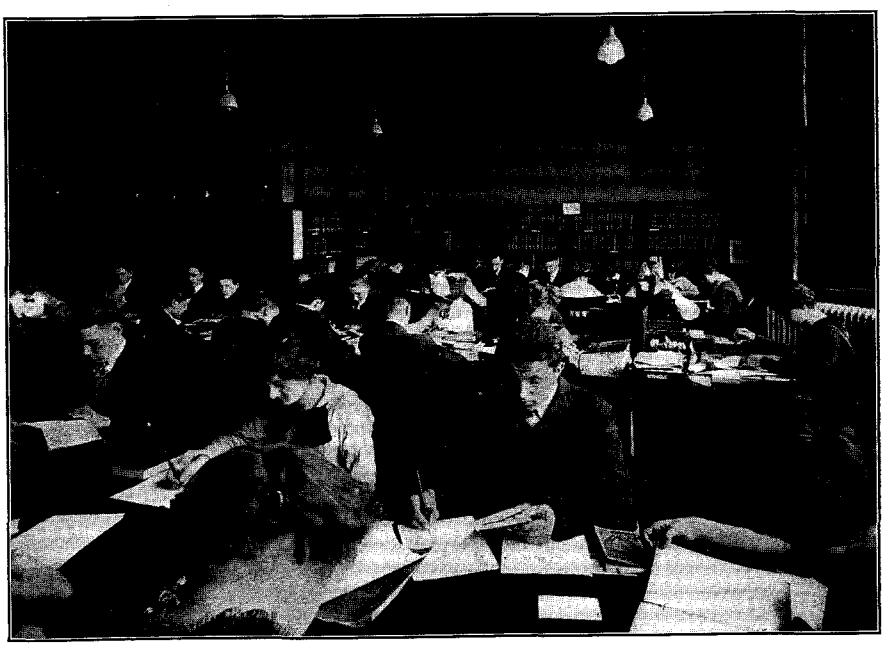
A TYPICAL LIBRARY SCHOOL ROOM



HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS LEARN THE CONNECTION BETWEEN BOOKS AND LESSONS, BOOKS AND LIFE IN A WELL ORGANIZED HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

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SATURDAY MORNING IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM

TEACHING HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS TO USE BOOKS AS TOOLS

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holds a position involving executive and administrative ability of a high order. Her duties include the making and spending of a budget, building up a staff of workers numbering from ten to fifty or more assistants, organising the departments of the library with all their details, and extending the work to a system of branches, with necessary buildings, equipment, and staff. There are few positions for women in the country of greater importance or demanding larger powers and stronger personality than such as these.

(2) The heads of departments in public libraries, such as reference, catalogue, periodical, order, loan, public documents, branches, school coöperation, and so forth, fill responsible positions. Such departments require especially those librarians who have added experience to training, and who excel in technique and in the ability to apply it. Other departments are not less exacting in their requirements, some in scholarship and technique, while others demand administrative ability, or literary appreciation, or a large social consciousness.

(3) The position of children's librarian is one of the most far-reaching of missions. Special training, a thorough knowledge of children's literature, and a genuine love of children and belief in them, are the requirements for entering upon this phase of the work. In the large cities the children's librarian is essentially a social worker, especially in the poorer districts, on the playgrounds, and in the park houses, where library stations are maintained for the children. Through the children's department story-telling has come again into its own, as a link between the child and the book. The demand for children's librarians seems never to be filled—more and more workers are needed to recruit the ranks—and who would hesitate, hearing the call, to be the one to bring the joy of fairies and giants, of heroes and queens, of adventure and romance, of character and achievement, into the lives of boys and girls!

(4) The branch librarian for the city system holds a position carrying with it the same responsibilities as the librarianship in a small city, though in different combination, and offering opportunity for intelligent activity under the supervision of a wise chief-librarian or superintendent of branches, and calling for team work with others.

(5) The librarian in the small city or in the village secures unusual chances for growth and for the development of initiative. Here is an excellent place for the trained worker to find herself and begin a career.

(6) Librarians must all have assistants, and there are many satisfactory positions, affording again excellent opportunities for inexperienced trained workers with sure promotion on "making good."

THE REFERENCE WORKER

There is in the second place the scholarly appeal of the reference library. (1) A college or university library worker has a most ideal position, either as librarian, cataloguer, head of the reference, serial, order, or other departments, or as general assistant. (2) A normal school librarian or assistant is to be envied since, like the college librarian, she works in a scholarly atmosphere, while (3) the high school librarian is just coming into her own, for these libraries, long latent, or neglected, are now rapidly developing and offering most desirable positions. Here, too, is a new, almost unworked field, with possibilities for original work during the next decade. (4) There is the great field of reference work itself, centering in college and other institutional libraries, in reference departments of city libraries, and in State libraries. This work is the very foundation of some of the greatest libraries of the country, such as The Newberry Library and The John Crerar Library of Chicago, the Wisconsin Historical Library, and The Library of Congress.

In the final analysis probably the strongest appeal of library work is its scholarly, reference side. It demands

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the best of preparation, for in places where scholars work or are in training, only those as thoroughly educated and trained can understand and meet their needs. In a high school library, the librarian must be as well fitted for her work as are the teachers for theirs, since their problems are hers.

LIBRARIES AS BUSINESS AIDS

There is in the third place the library in a business house, put in by business men who believe that efficiency and books go hand in hand. The new profession of business librarian, calling loudly to modern women, urges them to train themselves to be ready for calls from mercantile houses, public service corporations, and large engineering companies; from civic departments or business branches of public libraries; from various State and Federal departments, and from mail order houses which often combine a welfare department with the library.

The work in such specialised libraries involves the gathering of material concerning the business, cataloguing, indexing, filing it; indexing and digesting the correspondence and finally—and this is the intent of it all—making this valuable and unusual reference material useful not only to the house, but to its extensive clientèle. Such positions are only now developing and offer great possibilities for the future. Preparation for positions in business libraries involves technical training in cataloguing, indexing, and filing, and some knowledge of the special subject that underlies the business, be it electricity, chemistry, political science, or what you will.

BUILDING NEW LIBRARIES

There is in the fourth place the splendid service of library extension. Almost every State has its official library commission, as it has a tax commission, or a department of education. The library commission advances the cause of libraries among the people and supervises their administration. Since the first State commission in 1890, commission work has so advanced that it requires skilled and experienced workers. These positions demand a knowledge of library methods, administration, architecture, book wisdom, and the constant tactful use of it all as library promoters, library organisers, library lecturers in charge of travelling libraries, in short as library experts. A commission worker has the State as her field, and serves not only its librarians and library trustees as her patrons, but, through them, the needs of all their patrons.

In library extension the woman worker will find a vocation which will more than any other broaden her outlook; in it she can reach more lives than in almost any other single profession. She carries a book to the remotest resident in an isolated community, helps in running down the most puzzling questions asked in a city library, gives aid to trustees in budget problems, criticises the annual magazine subscription list of the poorly equipped librarian, operates, in fact, a clearing house of human knowledge.

TEACHERS OF LIBRARIANS

There are, in the fifth place, teachers needed for the ten library schools, and for the heads of the apprentice classes in large libraries that train their own assistants. Here is rare opportunity for women with library training and liberal experience who have also teaching ability.

TRAINING

A word further should be added about the training for library work, which is built on the vision, devotion, and ability of its founders. All entering the calling now must be library school graduates or must offer equivalent preparation. In turn the entrance requirements of the schools are rigid as to education and personality. Two are graduate schools (with a course of two years); the others (with a year's course) prefer college graduates, putting their requirements so high that only the exceptional non-college graduate can meet them, and ac-

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cepting only those who respond to a high personality test.

As to library salaries, it may be said in general that they are satisfactory, considering that the profession is a new one and has had its way to make. It can be added that salaries are improving and coming to be commensurate with the requirements. Roughly, they range from a minimum of $720 a year for the inexperienced library school graduate, to $1,200, $1,500, even $2,000 or more for the advanced positions.

The field for women in library work is wide, the opportunity for personal growth and professional advancement almost unlimited. The demand for trained workers is yet, and will continue to be, far greater than the supply. The wonder is that this field has not been discovered by more women, for it embraces not alone books and methods, but business, and social work, and people, and human interests. To enter it means a larger vision for the world, a daily joy in the doing.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

I HAVE wondered sometimes what the day really would mean to me if I had not been born with this rotten spot in my brain which almost unceasingly conceives and compels the putting forth of that abnormal product called fiction. As I am not domestic, care little for society save by fits and starts and at long intervals, regard shops merely as the dépôts where necessary articles may be obtained, love clothes only in the abstract (as a part of the shifting beauty and pageantry of life) and hate the recurrent hours I am forced to spend with tailor and dressmaker (for I abominate freaks and dowds), and as I feel no burning desire to reform the world, nor suffer from that form of sub-hysteria which expresses itself in successive fads, I suppose I should have become a sort of combined student and traveller. Of course I might not have taken the same consuming interest in life if I had not been able to write about it, and aimless travelling after novelty that is unrecapturable sometimes palls. No doubt the adventurous streak which has given me a writing career somewhat out of the common, sending me into so many different "fields," would have found some sort of outlet. Perhaps I should have been an explorer, a burglar, a secret service person, an Emma McChesney, a Cora Pearl, or an I. W. W. I dare not dwell upon the numerous fates from which my writing faculty has snatched me. As a matter of fact the professional writers of even the most thrilling fiction "live" very incidentally indeed; they have little time for anything but work.

I fancy few people without any sort of artistic gift can appreciate just how adventurous within certain limits the artistic career may be—is—and how much intrepidity of spirit it requires after the courage of ignorance and novelty has run its course.

I suppose dramatists have the most harrowing experiences, but even we novelists and writers of tales, which we are able to compose and finish at our leisure, behind locked doors, with no overlordship whatever from too commercial and often ignorant managers and producers, have a thorny path from first to last. Young writers are more than likely to fall into the hands of dishonest publishers (although not now so much as before the organization of the Authors' Society in England and the Authors' League of America; or the critics, who like the rest of the world, are hostile to anything new and strange, dismay them (I gave the critics spasms for years. Now, however, although I have not reformed, they are used to me;

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moreover, the number of authors with independent minds is increasing every year).

These conditions, to say nothing of a succession of failures, or half-failures, the haunting vision of a permanently indifferent public, and the cold disapproval of those conservative powers that dominate the courts of all art, have driven many a young writer of talent (to leave the devotees of other arts out of this homily) back to the tranquil shades of private life unless forced by poverty to remain in the inhospitable arena. These, of course, are lacking in the true spirit of adventure, to say nothing of that peculiar form of courage that spurs it; and, in truth, with this lack, they are far better out of the race than in it. There are a hundred and one malignant forces that fight steadily in the pathway of any artist who persists, and they seldom take a rest. To possess a gift of any sort and to exercise it is to excite the antagonism of life itself. Those that survive show a smooth front, but behind is a hedge of thorns decorated profusely with remnants.

Nor does the moment ever come when a writer can say: "Now I can rest on my laurels. I'll go on repeating myself in order to keep my income at par and my name recurrently before the public, but the time has passed for the old effort." That order of cerebration merely means that native inertia has gradually crept ahead of its classic rival, energy, and that the backward slide toward oblivion has begun. No writer in full possession of his powers, and his original ambitions and ideals, ever attempts to fool himself or his public. True, the best he has done may give him a permanent position in his art, but to add to that position or even to maintain it, he must begin life again with every book, feel the same deathless interest and curiosity; and that means fighting until his body dies. (The talents need never die, according to brain experts like Freud, for the brain, unlike the body, improves physiologically with the years, if properly nourished by unvitiated blood and guarded by regular habits; and if undevastated by a microbous disease.)

Here is the point: It is the fighters that survive, little as the public may see of the battle or even of the scars. Given the strong impulse which forces that mysterious dislocation of particles in the brain to ripen exotic fruit, plus courage and the fighting spirit, and not only can no hostile force or combination of forces crowd an artist out of the race, but, when his spirit of adventure has been thoroughly aroused, and has passed even once through the fiery rain, he welcomes the stimulation of the disappointments, anxieties, enemies, spells of bad luck, attacks malicious and just, and even misses them during the equally inevitable seasons of peace.

In a word any artistic career is one long adventure, mentally and exteriorly. Even the novelist, who, I am inclined to think, has the best of it, owing to the long periods of seclusion he is able to command, and during which he lives the most satisfactory of all lives, that of the imagination; and to his practical immunity from autocratic interference; has all the extrinsic excitement he wants after the book is launched and his publishers are not doing for his latest masterpiece more than mortal publisher ever did before, or the critics are not saying that it is the most significant work that has yet appeared in our literature, or the public manifests a disgusting preference for the simultaneous work of another author heartily despised.

Moreover, there is no question that as soon as an author "arrives" his opportunities of seeing life increase, for he meets hundreds of people, through their own initiative, to whom he would have made no appeal if he had not himself appealed through his printed work to the best in their minds or the worst in their mental vanity box. Phase after phase of life and human nature open up to him as naturally as if he were an explorer preceded by a brass band or runners distributing largesse. Many women fall in love with men authors, no mat-

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ter how hideous, and a few men fall in love with certain women writers in spite of the intellectual handicap.

Joking aside, good looks and magnetism are almost as valuable an asset for the woman writer of serious fiction as for the actress. If in addition she has the tact to suppress her secret sense of superiority over any man that walks, she is enabled to delve far more deeply into human nature, receives many more opportunities to study life at first hand, than the typical bluestocking; who, unless phenominally gifted and blessed with immediate recognition loses courage, if only because compelled to admit to herself that her knowledge of life and of men in particular must be derived from the printed page. A beautiful or fascinating woman born with the group of writing brain-cells may receive terrific blows from life and generally does (for men can hurt like the devil), but I doubt if her work ever shows the sourness and bitter cynicism or the icy aloofness which so often lowers the value of the femininely overlooked.

My advice to women writers whom men stolidly refuse to educate even in the sacred cause of art is to spend a year or two on a newspaper. There, between the city editor, who is human nature unadorned, clever and ruthless reporters bursting with knowledge of life, and the infinite variety of types she will meet in the course of her daily work, she will learn almost as much as if her womanly gifts were able to serve her intellectual. She will get the nonsense knocked out of her vocabulary at the very outset of her career (by the city editor), and learn the first principles of composition while still anonymous. Such an experience is the best possible preparation for any writing career.

Of the real adventure of writing I have barely hinted, so hard is it to formulate. It is of the mind only; intensely, secretively confined within the walls of the brain; active only when the imagination is at work. One begins a novel with a motive (the French word *motif* is better), a character, or characters, and a *mise-en-scène,* that have been clamouring for some time but are still unformulated, and plunges in; writing anything for days to tone up the mental muscle after its interval of inaction, and to get hold of the characters. Then one begins all over again and simultaneously the adventure begins. If the story is to be a novel, i. e. faithful to life, then, while the writer must be thoroughly familiar with the phase of life he has started out to depict, and the characters that are to illustrate it, still if he pretended to know just what they would do, say three chapters hence, or just how life was to treat them, he would confess himself a mere factorian, advertise himself as second rate, no matter what his charms of style or drama. The novel, like life itself, must be a succession of reactions; all incidents, even those apparently arbitrary, peculiar to the people portrayed. Hence the constant sense of adventure, the expectancy, the apprehension, the intense interest in the characters. It is for this reason that a novel never can have the perfection of form so simple to the expert dramatist, short-story writer, or romanticist. In the novel the subject determines the form, dominates it in fact. Often when a novelist finishes a long and complex book he wonders how on earth he did it, and if he shall ever be able to do it again. He could not, if he attempted to formulate a set of rules. The only hope lies in fitting yourself for your work by a sufficient mastery of material, an infinite patience, plus a love of mental adventure, and then plunge in and let the thing write itself.

All this is a more or less necessary preliminary to "what my day means to me" (as per request by the editor). When I have a book on hand I rarely go out at night, that I may be able to rise early and feel fresh for a long morning of work. Out of this form of work I have always derived more pleasure and satisfaction than from anything else in life. If I do not attempt a more popular form of fiction, or to turn out two or three books a year, it is because I

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cannot conceive of anything the increased income could buy that would give me more pleasure than the four or five hours work I put in every morning throughout the greater part of the year; to say nothing of an hour or two in the afternoon when well steamed up. And although I compose very rapidly when fairly started I write every book three times, which alone would preclude more than one long novel every sixteen months or so. The sudden descent of millions would make no difference in my habits, any more than they would have altered my choice of a career at the start; but I shall always be thankful that I was able to develop my literary faculty without the terrible handicap of poverty, with its anxieties, hiatuses, and depletions. When artists survive out of that barbarous experience, which should have disappeared with the eighteenth century, and reach the top, it is not because of the poverty of their youth but in spite of it. Far from being a stimulus, poverty is far more often an extinguisher, and no one can pretend to compute the amount of promising talent that it has held its damnable wake over. I have never been conscious of brain fag in my life, or of paralyzing fear, and this should be the record of every man and woman upon whom any gift, no matter how simple or embryonic at the outset (peculiarly the case with the novelist, who is rarely precocious), has been bestowed. Gifts are entrusted for use not waste, for pleasure not misery. There should be a state fund for all young writers whom a competent committee pronounced worthy of assistance, and they should be staked for at least five years. Why Andrew Carnegie has not applied a few of his spent eighty millions—or is it eight hundred? It is impossible to think in anything but billions since the war began—to this purpose can be explained only by a total lack of imagination in that practical Scotch mind. No gambling with the abstract for him. However, no doubt, it is as well. Half the fun of writing would be gone if we all had to dedicate for the first five years to Carnegie. What a crop!

Nevertheless, if he ever feels disposed that way I recommend him to the Authors' League for advice. Since sitting at its council board once a week I have become much impressed with the fact that the successful male author, at least, of to-day, is no longer a congenital idiot as regards business. But all these still-young men who look like the managing directors of some highly prosperous corporation, began life with the same disheartening struggle, and represent the survivals. To eliminate the struggle for others is one of the main objects of the League, but a million or two would help the good work along.

Two things that have made my own literary career so adventurous are, first, a perpetual demand in my writing tract for variety, which leads me to take long journeys and dwell in out of the way places for the sake of observing new types and phases of life at first hand; second, a student habit that incites me, with what to most people would seem a disproportionate enthusiasm, to any course of reading for which the *motif* of the new book offers an excuse; and that is one of the greatest of mental adventurers: a technical work on copper may be more romantic for the moment than *The Arabian Nights*.

People admire you tremendously when you cross a continent and settle down in a strange place in order that your novel shall be first-rate current history, and exclaim with awe: "My, how you do work!" Little they know that you take any excuse to carry a new idea to a new place and find an entirely new and practically unforseen set of mental adventures; moreover, you are to have your unborn book all to yourself. Mark Twain once said that it was rubbish to accuse creative writers of "work," that every new book was an orgie. Certainly it is like going off on a honeymoon in which you have everything your own way. It is merely a traditional

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commonplace that it takes two to make a honeymoon. The party of the second part is almost sure to spoil it.

Far be it from me to give the impression that I awake at five or thereabouts, leap from my bed, take a cold plunge, and then fly to my writing table with crowding scenes clamouring for instant release. Alas! far from it. First, I hate to get up. Then I read the newspapers as an excuse for delay. Then I take a hot bath and reluctantly dress. Then I glare at the table, answer letters, wander about the house, drink another cup of tea, invent any and every excuse for delay, and all the time subconsciously longing to be at work. The Imp of the Perverse reigns in all of us, and that is the way mine acts. Finally something in this same subconscious region gives me a violent shove and I find myself at work and quite ready to annihilate anybody that should interrupt me.

Before the war I travelled between books, then settled down to write in Europe, or in California, or some new quarter of the United States. This long separation from Europe has taught me that New York offers practically everything in life, and I intend to live in it for the rest of mine, with very brief visits to that Europe which will never be the same to any of us again. To enjoy oneself in it for a generation to come would be an insult to the dead.

During the many hours when I am not at work I amuse myself very well—and steadily refuse to give my left-over energies to reforming anything, from politics to the drama. There are tens of thousands of admirable women giving their best in laudable attempts to reform this stubborn old world; they don't need me, and I wish to heaven they would let me alone. To give a certain amount of our time and thought just now to helping in some way the unfortunates of Europe is a duty no one can ignore; but that is an abnormal as well as a temporary set of conditions that has nothing to do with the ordering of an artist's life. The reformers of the world don't need us, and we should deserve to fail in the particular art with which nature has aligned us, if we permitted ourselves to be drawn into this or that sociological current no matter how worthy. In fact, if we did yield to all the pressure put upon us as soon as we make a name which people engaged in all sorts of admirable schemes for the improvement of the race, think worth while to annex, together with a few hours daily of our time, we'd slip behind so rapidly in our personal careers that our "names" would soon become negligible, and would be cast aside by these keen-scented leaders in favor of a more conservative and still productive rival. Life is not long enough, or rather the day is not, for the multiplication of your chosen life work by the impositions of passionate faddists. And, out of working hours, I, for one, want relaxation. Work for work's sake does not appeal to me at all. As between an epoch-making suffrage campaign—for instance—and a frivolous hour with clever friends (not high-brows, damn them; they poison you with bad food and talk on stilts), a good play, or even the movies when too languid to read or talk—well, I have yet to campaign; although, heaven knows I'd like to see suffrage triumphant. The women deserve it, and it would be the best thing that ever happened to the world. But when these ardent leaders express indignation with writers for not dropping their work and devoting their energies to The Cause they should reflect that every time a woman achieves an honourable position in any art—or in anything else that commands the attention of the world—she is advancing the cause of woman, and advancing it very definitely. In fact, I should say she did the cause far more good than any five hundred clericals, no matter how efficient, whose work she no doubt would do execrably. So it is wise to leave these women where they belong. Posters are yet to be despised.

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THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART VI. THE CITY REMOTE AND THE CITY BEYOND

I. SOME SUBURBS OF FICTION

THIS is the season of the year when the composite heroine of the latest novel of New York life bearing the imprint of the Robert W. Chambers-Richard Harding Davis-Rex Beach-Gouverneur Morris-Owen Johnson-Rupert Hughes Company is busy superintending the packing of many trunks. What is going inside those trunks is a matter between the heroine and her maid, and is a subject which no man will have the temerity to attempt to discuss. The composite hero is sending his man out to Ardsley, or Apawamis, for the clubs that have been left in the locker room or in the care of Fergus McDivot, or whatever may be the name of the resident professional. In the course of the next few days there will be much teleponing, telegraphing, and cabling—for reservations by the Seaboard Air Line or the Atlantic Coast Line to Palm Beach, for deck staterooms on the *Saratoga* or some one of the boats of the United Fruit, for accommodations at the Sevilla or Inglaterra of Havana, the Colonial of Nassau, or the Princess or Hamilton of Bermuda. Then the hour will come when the chill dampness of the New York February will be left behind, and the flirtation and intrigue of the world of make-believe will be transported from palm garden to palm grove, from Fifth Avenue and Broadway to the Prado and Malecon, or to the man made jungle that lies between Lake Worth and the ocean, or to the shores of the Bay of Biscayne, or to the winding, limestone roads of the Bermudas. Of course we must not lose sight entirely of another type of New York hero, personified, for example, in "Soapy" of O. Henry's "The Cop and the Anthem." Very likely several weeks have already passed since "Soapy" was moodily contemplating the brightly lighted plate glass windows and the inviting restaurants of the City of Too Many Caliphs, meditating upon just what violation of the law would insure his deportation to the hospitable purlieus of Blackwell's Island, which was his Palm Beach and Riviera for the winter months. Or of another heroine, Maggie, who works behind the hosiery counter in "The Biggest Store," and whose southern horizon ends at the lake which separates Asbury Park from Ocean Grove.

But the days will pass swiftly. The sun that looks down impartially upon the bay, the Battery, the Bowery, and Broadway, will wax warmer. April will see the line of bric-a-brac-laden, Victrola-record-laden, parasol-laden, golf-club-laden motor cars belonging to the Chambers-Davis-Beach-Morris-Johnson-Hughes Company hero and heroine rolling along the Boston Post Road, or over the Queensborough Bridge, or up the Weehawken grade. This will be the advance guard of the migration to the city beyond. The great estates of fiction, whether they happen to be in the Bernardsville region of New Jersey, or at Tuxedo, or Greenwich, or on Long Island, or capping tall hills that look down upon the Hudson River, will be rolling wide their gates. The stay at home reader will no longer be obliged to send his imagination a thousand miles southward in pursuit of the ladies and gentlemen of his particular favourite novel of the fleeting moment. Once more the tea parties and week end parties of romance will be near at hand.

The outdoor life in its fullest develop-

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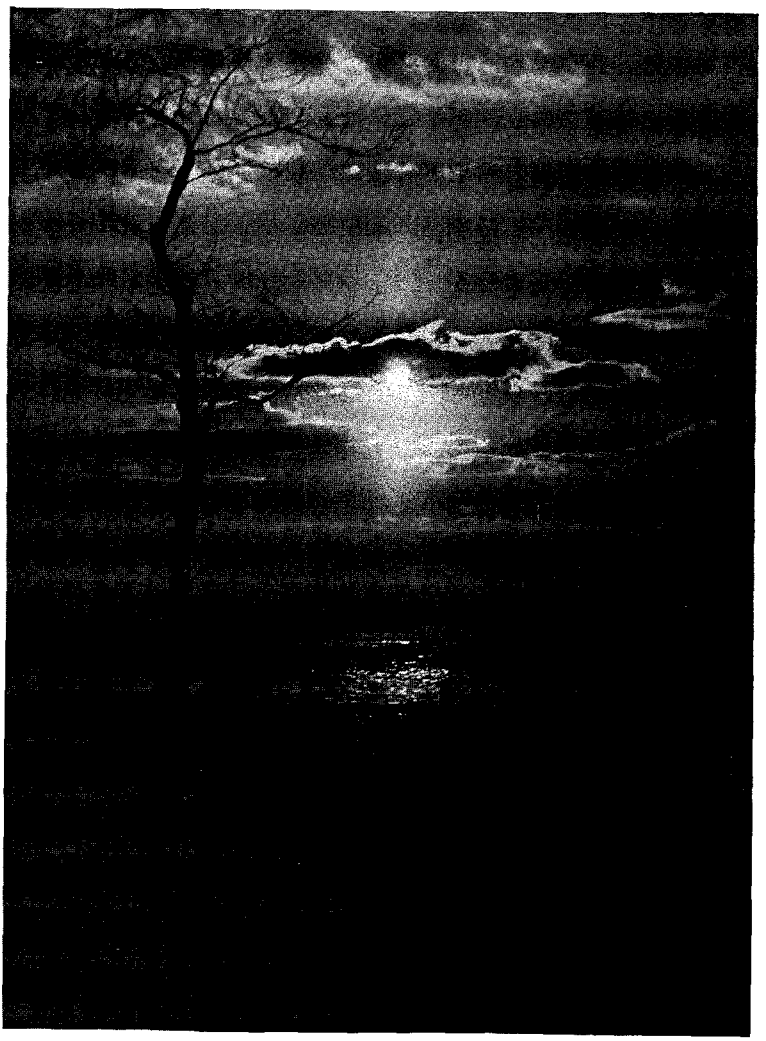
ment may be regarded as something belonging essentially to our own generation; but the suburb is as old as fiction itself. To confine attention to those books and authors which have been most frequently introduced for purposes of allusion in the course of this series of papers. Before Oliver Twist was introduced to the foul alleys about Great Saffron Hill and to Fagin's den he had passed through Barnet, that suburb to the north of London, and there made the acquaintance of the Artful Dodger. The members of the Pickwick Club were much less at home in Fleet Street or Cornhill than they were in certain delightful inns and fields of the environs. *Barnaby Rudge* is less a tale of the city itself than it is of the May-pole Tavern. What Thackerayan can forget the little



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

MRS. LIBERTY. "MADE BY A DAGO AND PRESENTED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ON BEHALF OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR THE PURPOSE OF WELCOMING IRISH IMMIGRANTS INTO THE DUTCH CITY OF NEW YORK." O. HENRY'S "THE LADY HIGHER UP"

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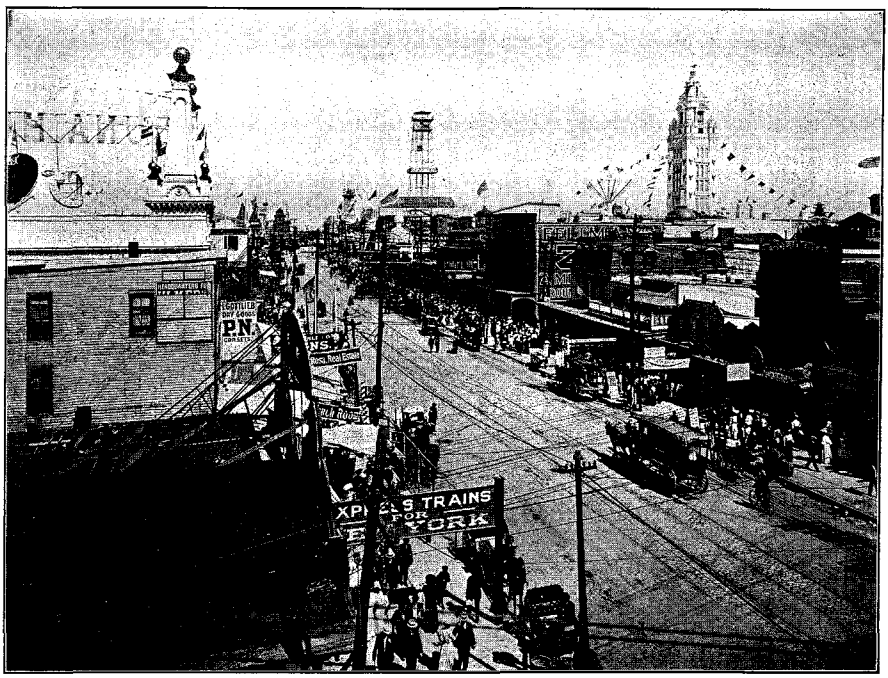
dinners that the Marquis of Steyne was in the habit of giving at Greenwich, or the evening there when George Warrington scored Sir Barnes Newcome, and the latter changed his opinion of the Vicomte de Florac when he learned that the Frenchman might call himself the Prince of Montcontour if he so wished? The London of Henry Esmond is the

every direction, through every city gate, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan urged their horses. It was to a monastery at Noisy that D'Artagnan, hunting for Aramis, trailed Bazin; it was to St. Germain that he conveyed the boy king and the Queen mother in the stormy days of the Fronde. It was in the anteroom of the palace at Ver-



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THE CITY OF JOYS, TAWDRY AND SUBLIME. "HE SAW NO LONGER A RABBLE, BUT HIS BROTHERS SEEKING THE IDEAL." O. HENRY'S "BRICKDUST ROW"

heart of the city to-day. But in the last years of Queen Anne it was as much a suburb as Roslyn is in its relation to Manhattan. The duelling ground where Frank Esmond fell by the sword of the ill-omened Mohun entailed a journey from the city proper to the city beyond. The first line of the long series of novels dealing with the musketeers of Dumas introduced a suburb, and throughout the length of *The Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After,* and *The Vicomte de Bragelonne,* the old Paris of tortuous streets is subordinate to its environs. In

sailles that he waited on the whim of the king grown to manhood; it was at Rueil that, in company with Porthos, he stumbled upon the treasure catacombs of Mazarin. And no less active than those iron horsemen in the penetration of the outlying districts of Lutetia was the hero of the earlier Valois series, the incomparable Chicot. No matter what his individual period or what the time of which he writes, the Parisian novelist has always heard the call of the green fields that lie beyond the fortifications. For him the springtime Seine winds inviting-

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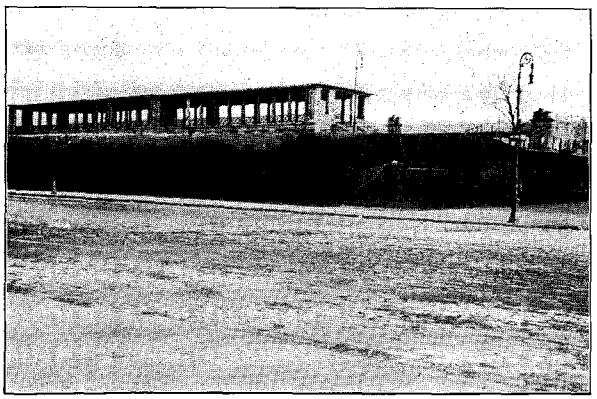
ly by St. Cloud, Malmaison, and Boujival. Take Maupassant. The river was in his blood, and that passion was reflected in countless tales of its moods, its currents, its gayeties, and its ennuis. There is a whole book given over to these adventures beyond the wall, *Les Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris*. Daudet's *Sappho* is regarded as a tale of Paris streets and studios, but the greater scenes are played out at Chaville in the little house near the railway station where Jean Gaussin and Fanny Le Grand lived in close proximity to the Hettemas, and in the forest of Bas-Meudon.

THE FERRY AT WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET. O. HENRY'S "THE POET AND THE PEASANT"

II. THE WATER SIDE

While one of the motor cars to which allusion has been made in a previous chapter is waiting before the ferry house at West Forty-second Street and the North River, preparatory to its climb of the Weehawken slope and its journey to Normandy Hill in Morristown, from the incoming boat lurches a character from the pages of O. Henry. His attire—but for the detail let that be left to the pen of Porter. Suffice to say that it is bucolic in the extreme, and that in the carpet bag in his hand there is a large sum of money. He invites every danger, he courts every pitfall. But the wolves of the city will have none of him, or his wealth. His dress proclaims his rustic simplicity a little too loudly. The roll of bills that he flaunts before the eyes of strangers must be counterfeit. Perhaps he is an agent of Mulberry Street in disguise. At that the make-up is much too thick to be artistic. In the course of a day's wandering he sees a great light. The homespun is discarded and there appears a newcomer, dressed, to the superficial eye at least, like any one of several hundred thousand New Yorkers. But with that transformation vanishes the security that had been born of suspicion.



DE WITT CLINTON PARK. O. HENRY'S "VANITY AND SOME SABLES"

So no more of the misadventures of Jabez Bulltongue of Locust Valley, Ulster County, who invaded Little Old Noisyville-on-the-Hudson with his corduroys, his wisp of hay, and the nine hundred and fifty dollars that had been his share of grandmother's farm. Doubtless investigation would discover the originals of "Bunco Harry" and of the particular side street grog-

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IRVING BACHELLER'S HOME IN RIVERSIDE, CONNECTICUT. RIVERSIDE HAS MANY POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE TO THE POINTVIEW OF MR. BACHELLER'S "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE" AND "CHARGE IT"

gery where Jabez left his valise for safekeeping. In a former paper of the series there was allusion to the saloon of "The Lost Blend," an establishment identified from without as one at the corner of Irving Place and Eighteenth Street. For final corroboration the Pilgrim recently ventured within. There, on the sober side of the bar, was, to the life, the white jacketed attendant of the tale. And, like the hero of "The Lost Blend," he answered to the name of "Con." "Do I remember Mr. Porter? Surest thing you know. He told me he had put me into some of his stories. But I ain't never read none of them yet." Later the O. Henry trail will lead to Coney Island; but so far as Manhattan is concerned it ends along the water front. In *Cabbages and Kings* that trail first appeared. There was a picture of two men sitting on a stringer of a North River pier while a steamer from the tropics was unloading bananas and oranges. One of the men was O'Day, who had formerly been with the Columbia Detective Agency. In a moment of depression and confidence he told his companion of the mistake that had brought him to his unenviable condition, and incidentally cleared up for the reader the mystery that throughout the book had obscured the marriage of Frank Goodwin and the lady known in Coralio as Isabel Guilbert.

At the old Iron Steamboat landing at Twenty-second Street and the North River, a landing which ceased to exist only a few years ago, Tobin ("Tobin's Palm") left the Coney Island boat on which, in the course of an hour's travel, he had encountered so many astonishing adventures. At Twenty-second Street and Ninth Avenue, where he stopped to gaze at the moon over the Elevated Railroad, he fell in with the crooked-nosed man, a meeting that had been mysteriously foreseen by Madame Zozo, the wonderful palmist of the Nile, in her enchanted chicken coop at Dreamland or Luna Park. Over one of the several West Twenty-third Street ferries, bound for the Rocky Mountains ("The Memoirs of a Yellow Dog"), travel the long down trodden but now insurgent husband and the runaway

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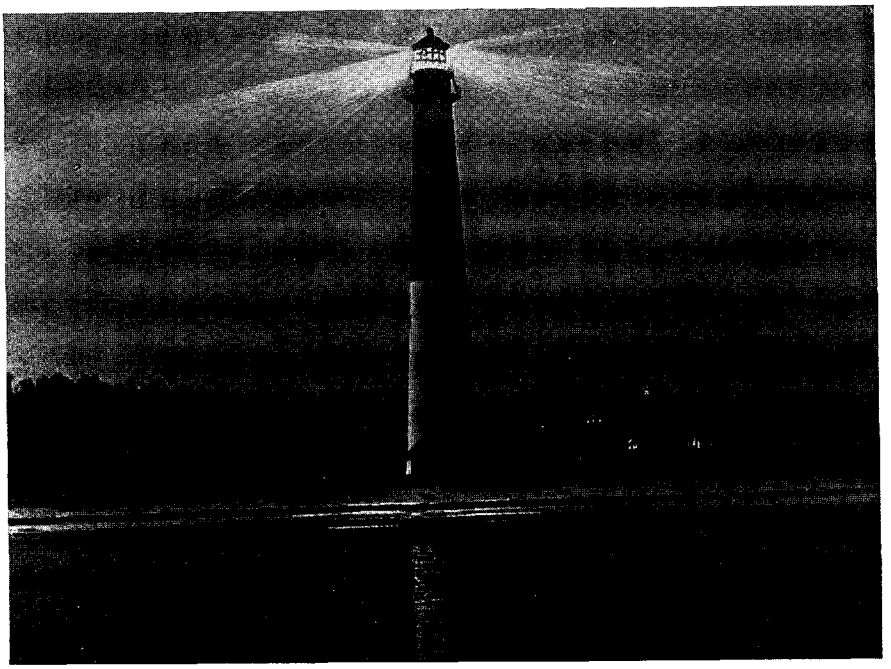

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THE LIGHT HOUSE AT BARNEGAT. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT"

canine, the latter joyfully answering to the name of "Pete," instead of the cloying "Lovey." In "Vanity and Some Sables" there was specific mention of DeWitt Clinton Park, which will be found at Fifty-second Street and the North River. The park was a haunt of Kid Brady and the stove pipe gang. "The Stove Pipe sub-district," O. Henry informs us, "is a narrow and natural extension of the familiar district known as Hell's Kitchen. The Stove Pipe strip of town runs along Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues on the river, and bends a hard and sooty elbow around little, homeless DeWitt Clinton Park."

III. ROADS TO THE NORTH

In diverse ways in the trail lead the roads to the north. There are other allusions before we leave the Island of Manhattan at Spuyten Duyvil to follow the Hudson, or cross into Westchester, or wind along the waters of Long Island Sound. At the corner of Lexington Avenue and Eighty-first Street there is a modern apartment house. In the year 1868 the site was occupied by a shanty on a stony hill. It was in that shanty that the parents of Joe Blaine of James Oppenheim's *The Nine Tenths* went to live. The health of his father, a Civil War veteran, made a home in the country a necessity, and in that remote land his mother felt that they were making a clearing in the western wilderness. There Joe was born in 1872, and in his boyhood, he saw Yorkville spring up, "a rubber stamp neighbourhood, of which each street was a brownstone duplicate of the next." The years passed, and still Eighty-first Street continued to play its part in Joe's life. In a brownstone boarding-house west of Lexington Avenue he and his mother went to live. Then came the night when in company with Myra Craig he witnessed the terrible fire in the loft building in Eighty-second Street near Second Avenue, the fire which swept away his printery. Some forty blocks farther north, in an

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apartment over a drug store at the corner of Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, was the real home of Abe and Rosie Potash, of Mr. Montague Glass's stories. In the play that home was placed in Lexington Avenue.

A New York house had much to do with the writing of Mr. Allen's *A Heroine in Bronze*. The man who has

THE HOUSE IN FIFTY-FOURTH STREET OUT OF WHICH GREW JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A HEROINE IN BRONZE"

interpreted so vividly the moods of the Kentucky fields, whose birthday has been made a holiday for the school children of the Blue Grass State, has also, of recent years, come to a very intimate knowledge of the city of his adoption. One day, in the course of a walk down Fifth Avenue and into the adjoining side streets, he came upon a house that suggested a story. The house was on West Fifty-fourth Street, nearly opposite the University Club. Again and again Mr. Allen returned to study it, and with every visit the projected tale grew in his brain. At this period, curiously enough, the fact that some material family inhabited the house, meant nothing to him. That was unimportant and unessential. He was in that mood of creation that had moved Balzac curtly to dismiss discussion of certain Parisians of his time with the remark, "But let us talk of people who really exist, I want to tell you about my Cæser Birotteau and the perfume he has just invented." In the course of time *A Heroine in Bronze* was finished. Then came the reaction. The author looked upon the house and saw it as an habitation; no longer merely as a part of his story. Perhaps it would be wise to find out who was its owner; who were its inmates. Chance, or, call it the Imp of the Perverse if you will, might have guided his hand. Something in the story might parallel too closely episodes or situations in the lives of those who dwelt in the house. For the first time Mr. Allen learned that the residence was the home of John D. Rockefeller.

Turn to the West. Mr. Allen's new story, *A Cathedral Singer,* introduces the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, "standing there on a high rock under the northern sky above the long wash of the untroubled sea, above the wash of the troubled waves of men"; St. Luke's Hospital, "cathedral of our ruins, of our sufferings, and of our dust, near the cathedral of our souls."

Across the block to the south is situated a shed-like two-story building with dormer-windows and a crumpled, three-sided roof, the studios of the National Academy of Design, and under that low, brittle skylight youth toils over the shapes and colours of the earth's visible vanishing paradise in the shadow of the cathedral which promises an unseen, an eternal one.

At the rear of the cathedral, across the roadway, stands a low stone wall. Beyond the wall the earth sinks down a precipice to a green valley bottom far below. Out here is a rugged slope of rock and verdure and forest growth which brings upon the scene an ancient presence, nature—nature, the Elysian Fields of the art school, the potter's field of the hospital, the harvest field of the church.

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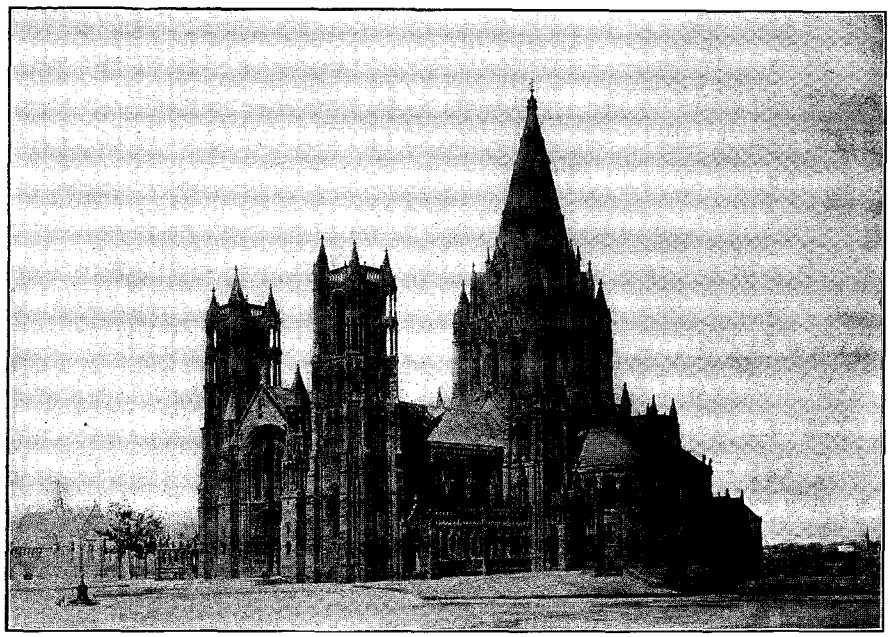
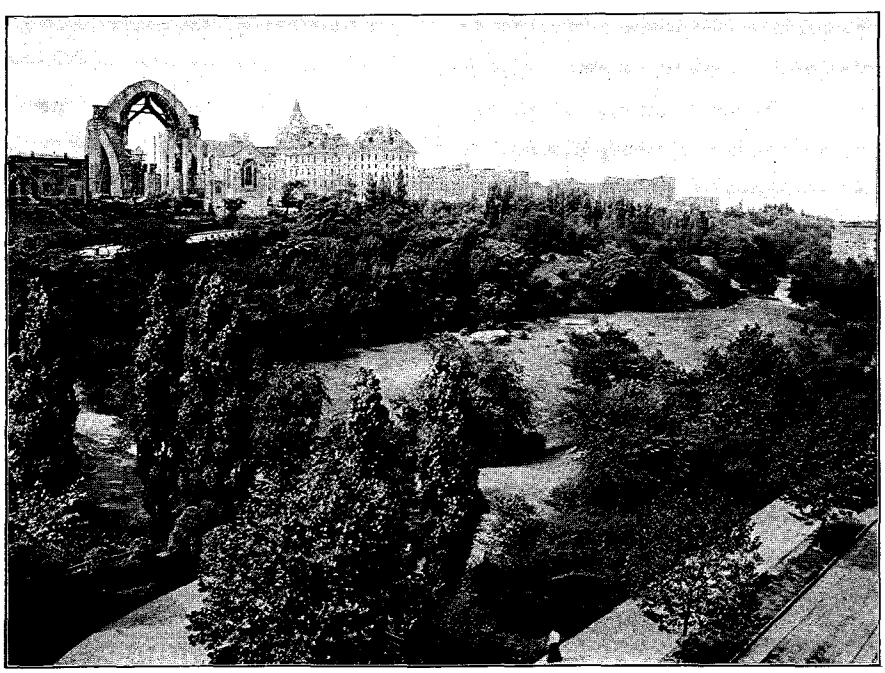


Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A CATHEDRAL SINGER"



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

MORNINGSIDE PARK. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A CATHEDRAL SINGER"

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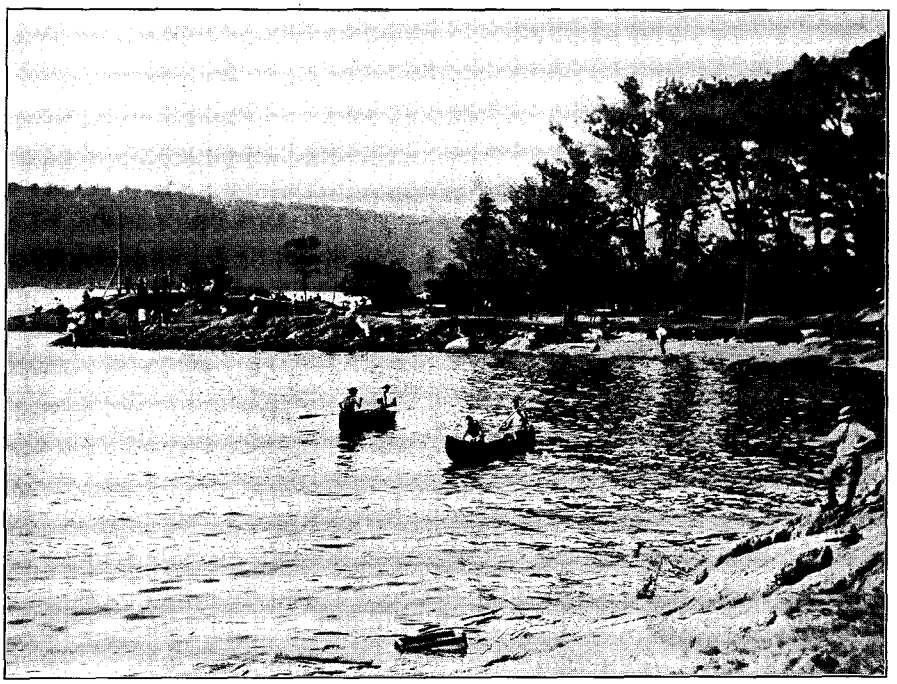
Past the foot of this strip of nature, which fronts the dawn and is called Morningside Park, a thoroughfare stretches northward and southward, level and wide and smooth. Over it the two opposite-moving streams of the city's traffic and travel rush headlong. Beyond this thoroughfare an embankment of houses shoves its mass before the eyes, and behind the embankment the city stretches across flats where human beings are as thick as river reeds.

typical "box stoop" house, which suggested to Sinclair Lewis in *The Trail of the Hawk* the striking clan contrast between this quarter and the rest of the city. This section has been described as a kind of "No-Man's Land," in which the inhabitants may be regarded neither as old New Yorkers, nor as the frankly emancipated citizens of Harlem. West End Avenue has been called a social Alsatia, not a swashbuckling, roaring,



FORT WASHINGTON PARK. RUPERT HUGHES'S "EMPTY POCKETS"

Thus within close reach humanity is here; the cathedral, the hospital, the art school, a broad highway along which, with their hearthfires flickering under their tents of stone, camp fire's restless, light-hearted, heavy-hearted Gipsies.

But before Morningside is reached, by turning into one of the side streets of the west eighties you can find the actual structure that moved Will Irwin to the writing of *The House of Mystery*. In one of the nineties, between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, is the

Bohemian Alsatia like that depicted by Sir Walter Scott, but rather a smug Alsatia into which families have crept as a place of refuge against the time when they will really belong. Beyond is a vast district which is the Bloomsbury or the Clapham Junction, and where the people are the *petites gens* of New York.

But on to the north. In the shadow of the old Jumel Mansion, itself rich in associations with fiction as well as history, are the Polo Grounds, and the tat-

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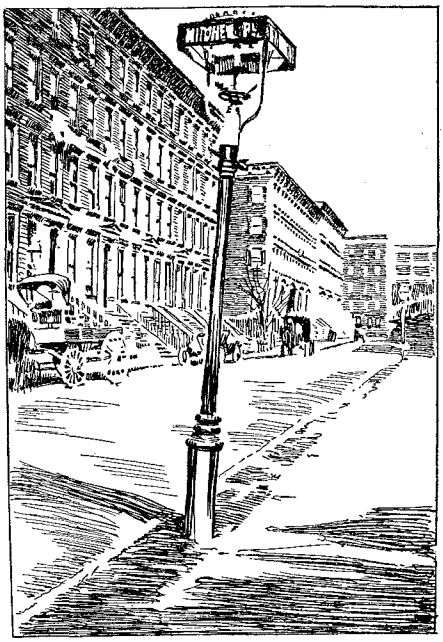
tered vacant lot that was once known as Manhattan Field. Twenty years ago many a short-story writer turned to the latter for a brief description of the annual Yale-Princeton football game that was then held there, and the coaching parade that preceded it. At the Polo Grounds stop for a moment with Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean" on that eventful afternoon, when, for two hours, while Giants and Pirates clashed in diamond strife, there was no longer a Bean, a Breede, and a Flapper, but "three merged souls in three volatile bodies, three voices that blended in cheers or execration." Farther to the north, keeping along the city's western side, is Fort Washington Park, introduced in Rupert Hughes's *Empty Pockets*. Beyond are what Kipling once called "the Hudson's unkempt banks." But we shall follow that trail only so far as Dobbs Ferry, and that far for the purpose of a word about the house associated with Richard Harding Davis's Royal Macklin and his cousin Beatrice. It was the house in which was bound up so much of Royal's boyhood, and the house to which he returned after the months of storm, and stress, and fever in Honduras. It was there, behind the curtains drawn against the wintry sky, he read Laguerre's cablegram, and in vision saw the swarming harbour of Marseilles, the swaggering Turcos in their scarlet breeches, and from every ship's mast the tri-colour of France. And with that vision he forgot home ties and the affection of those nearest to him. His was the roving, soldier-of-fortune blood of the Macklins, and he had heard the call.

IV. THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY

On the city's eastern brink, overlooking Blackwell's Island and Hunter's Point, is Beekman Place, which the late Henry Harland discovered some twenty years ago, and used in the autobiographical *Grandison Mather,* and in *As It Was Written, The Yoke of the Thorah, Mrs. Peixada,* and the other tales written under the pen name of Sidney Luska. Recently George Bronson-Howard has been re-discovering it, and finding in it a background for some of the scenes of *God's Man.* He enriches it with an additional "c," calling it Beeckman Place, and adorning it with a little square that is not there, a



BEEKMAN PLACE. GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD'S "GOD'S MAN"

little imaginary centre square of elm trees surrounded by an iron railing. But there is the river, with its red and green lights at night, and the backyards running down to the water, with landing stages to hook up a boat. And in Beeckman Place, in the tale, is the house of a retired rigging maker, a Londoner, who liked to believe that he was in Wapping Old Stairs, his birthplace—and who, by a little play of the imagination, could see the East India Docks, and the wharves of Rotherhithe and the murky waters of the Thames winding their way towards Graves End.

For in the great city there are corners, streets, structures that reflect the cosmopolitanism of New York's human

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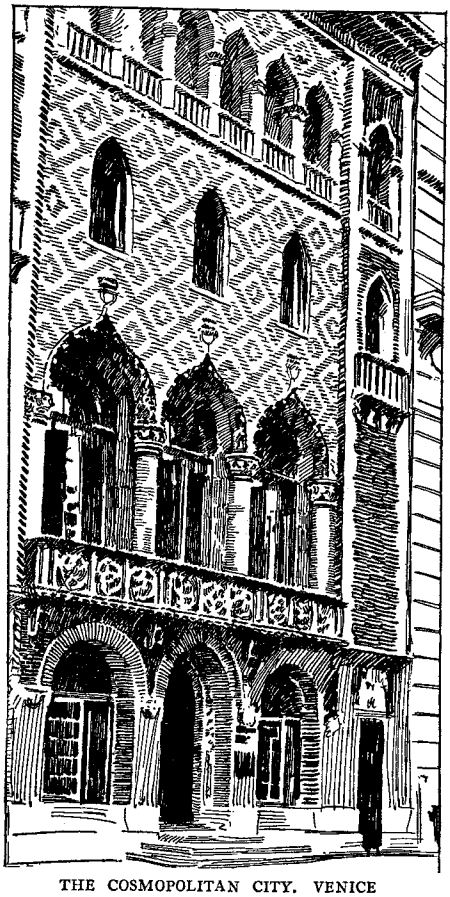
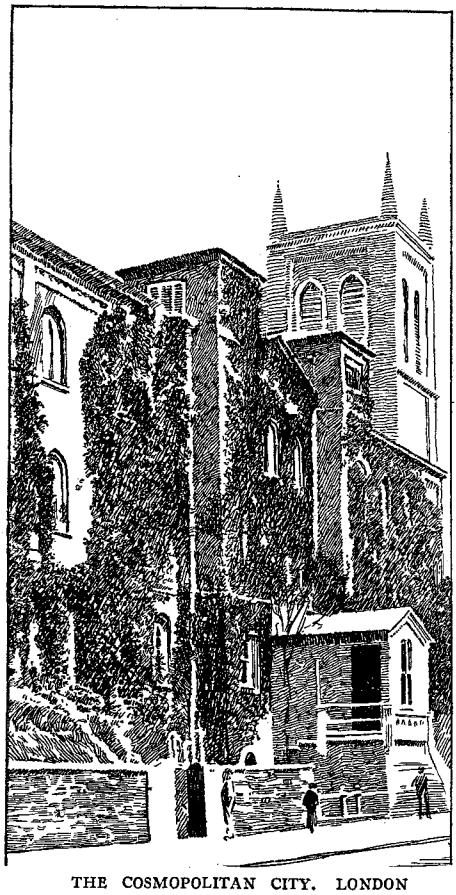
THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY. PARIS



THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY. VENICE



THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY. LONDON

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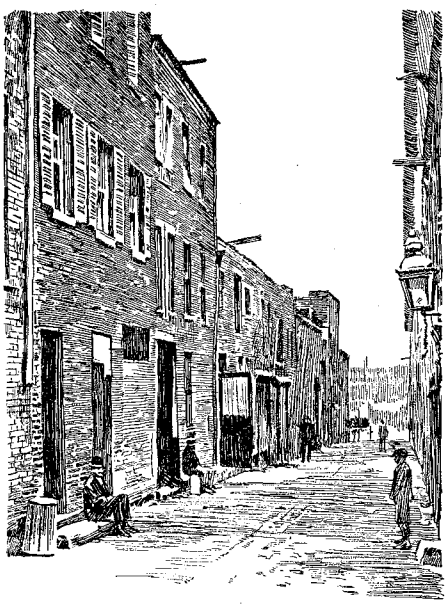
ingredients. Even complete neighbourhoods that might have been transplanted from Old World cities may here and there be found. There is a legend of a Frenchman, suffering from *nostalgie du pays,* who, on the occasional days of fog, was in the habit of pacing to and fro the length of the Madison Square Garden Arcade that runs along Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. In fancy he was walking in the Rue de Rivoli. Under one of the arches of the Williamsburg Bridge there is a bit of old Spain. No corner of Havana, of Caracas, or of Mexico City has more the flavour of Seville. Go up to a comparatively modern West Side block in the fifties and you will find the long, vine-covered building shadowed by a beautiful Gothic tower. It is a transplanted section of the older London. Though rather over decorated and embellished with too many carvings, much of the new architecture of upper Broadway and on the Riverside Drive aims to reproduce the effect of the modern Lutetia in the streets about the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs de Mars. In one of the forties, not far from Fifth Avenue, there is a building modelled on a palace of the Grand Canal of Venice. On the Drive Provincial France is seen in a reproduction of the Chateau de Chenonceau, framed by beautiful lawns, overlooking the Hudson. The Italian spirit has been reflected in certain buildings to be found in the neighbourhood of Gramercy Park. Several corners in this section might be set down in the residential parts of Milan without disturbing the picture. On upper West End Avenue complete blocks of houses hold an effect of Antwerp. The New York of squatter occupancy is now nearly a thing of the past, but even to-day one may find an occasional hut on a rock which suggests southwestern Ireland; while in the western part of Greenwich Village, close to the water front, there is a narrow lane, without sidewalks, and paved with rough stones, which to the eye has every aspect of an alley way in London's Whitechapel.

V. MORE ROADS TO THE NORTH

In the early days of his career as a writing man the late F. Hopkinson Smith discovered Laguerre's, "that most delightful of French inns," on the banks of the Bronx, and told of its quaint old world atmosphere in the tales which made up *A Day at Laguerre's and Other Stories.* He went back to it again at the very end of his life, in the last novel that he wrote, the novel



COSMOPOLITAN NEW YORK. A LONDON SLUM

which did not appear in book form until several months after the author's death. The reader who sees the old inn as it is to-day must remember that *Felix O'Day* is a book of the New York of ten years ago. To Laguerre's, for a delightful day's outing, the two old painters of the Studio Building take Felix and Masie. It was a familiar haunt to them; there they often lunched and painted, and on the occasion in question, Sam, being a familiar on the premises, first pre-empted a summer house covered with vines, already tinged by the touches of autumn's fingers, and then insisted in a loud voice on chairs and table cloths.

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From Laguerre's find the way somehow over to the Boston Post Road, preferably pursuing the trail to the southeast for a brief glimpse at what little remains of Poe's cottage at Fordham, and then passing the Zoological Gardens and coming to the turn at Pelham Parkway. It was somewhere along here that the young man with the white hair driving his car overtook the boy scout of the Richard Harding Davis story, a chance meeting fraught with world-wide results. Somewhere in the same neighbourhood, though probably on one of the thoroughfares leading to the west, was the sinister road house that played a part in the same author's "The Frame-Up." Crossing the broad stone bridge near the city limits the waters of the bay are seen dancing in the sunshine. They conjure up memories of a tale by Gouverneur Morris called, if the Pilgrim is not mistaken, "A Perfect Gentleman of Pelham Bay." A little farther along the Post Road, on the left hand side, is a road house which was used by George Barr McCutcheon in *The Hollow of Her Hand*. It was a stopping place for certain of the characters on the journey between New York and "Southlook." The original of "Southlook" was the Sara Randall estate on the Sound between Port Chester and Greenwich. The name "Southlook" came from the fact that Mr. McCutcheon, at the time of the writing of *The Hollow of Her Hand* was living in a place known as "Westlook" at Kennebunkport, Maine. Incidentally Booth Tarkington has since spent two or three summers at "Westlook." From Greenwich go back into the Ridges that lie partly in New York and partly in Connecticut and you will find the scenes of Robert W. Chambers's *The Hidden Children*. The exact ridge is not Long Ridge, or High Ridge, but Pound Ridge. As Mr. Chambers is a historian as well as a novelist, everything in the tale has been made as accurate as care could make it. The scene is the scene of Carleton's Raid in the Revolutionary War when the British burned the town and Major Lockwood's house. In most instances the names used are those of the actual persons of the period. *The Hidden Children* deals not only with the ridges, but also with Bedford, Northcastle, and Stamford. It touches also White Plains, where, by the way, there was laid a court room scene in Gertrude Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times*.

Occasionally, in the course of the writing of these papers, the Pilgrim has been hampered rather than helped by those novelists whose trails he is trying to follow. A certain house, or city street, or suburban lane, has been identified as the scene of some particular tale or episode. The author, approached for corroboration, has conceded the shrewdness of the guess. "But," he has at times gone on to say, "perhaps it would be better not to put that down in print. So and so might not like it, or it might get me in trouble at the Trellis Club, or with the Gramercy Park Association, or the Greenwich Village Association." So before saying a word to Mr. Irving Bacheller about the particular town of that author's *Keeping Up with Lizzie* and *Charge It*, the Pilgrim jotted down his guess, basing his deductions on the pages of the printed book. That, he pointed out to Mr. Bacheller, relieved him of any possible charge of indiscretion or violation of confidence. The people of Pointview were the people of any Connecticut shore town in the matters of speech and deportment. As for the human nature of the story, that is pretty much the same everywhere. So the Pilgrim a little belligerently suggests that Pointview is Riverside, Connecticut, or a town very close to it. Chesterville is unquestionably Port Chester, New York, and the Byron Bridge of the tale the Byram Bridge over which the Boston Post Road crosses from the Middle States into New England.

VI. BROOKLYN

The old Wall Street Ferry was more convenient. But it is gone. So some

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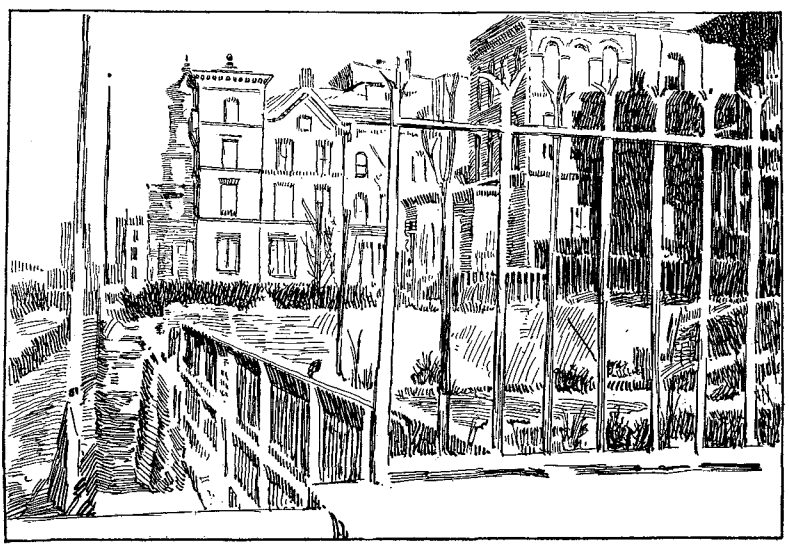
day cross by the Fulton Street Ferry, and, from the Brooklyn end, follow the street that, running southward, parallels the water front. Under foot rough cobblestones, and here and there a sea of mud. To the right great warehouses. Every hundred feet or so long tunnels, most of them arched, through which one catches glimpses of the waters of the East River. On the left smaller warehouses, of a drab colour, the kind of warehouses that one finds on the banks of the Thames. Then a saloon or two, more smaller warehouses, and then a kind of battlement, rising sheer, crested with a garden. For a time the street seems a street not only without an end or a turning, but without intercepting streets. You reach a point where, looking ahead and looking behind as far as the eye can see, there is no perceptible break in the walls that hem it in. It is as if you were to go on forever with no escape save by the retracing of the footsteps. Finally, when you come to the point where it is possible to climb to the heights above, you do so by means of a series of steps that lead up to Montague Terrace.

It was this strange neighbourhood, this contrast between the sordid street

THE GARDENS LOOKING TOWARD THE INNER BAY. ERNEST POOLE'S "THE HARBOUR"

below and the splendid residence above, that stood out with particular vividness in Ernest Poole's *The Harbour*. This series of papers is in no sense critical, yet there can be no harm in pointing out



THE GARDENS FROM MONTAGUE TERRACE. ERNEST POOLE'S "THE HARBOUR"

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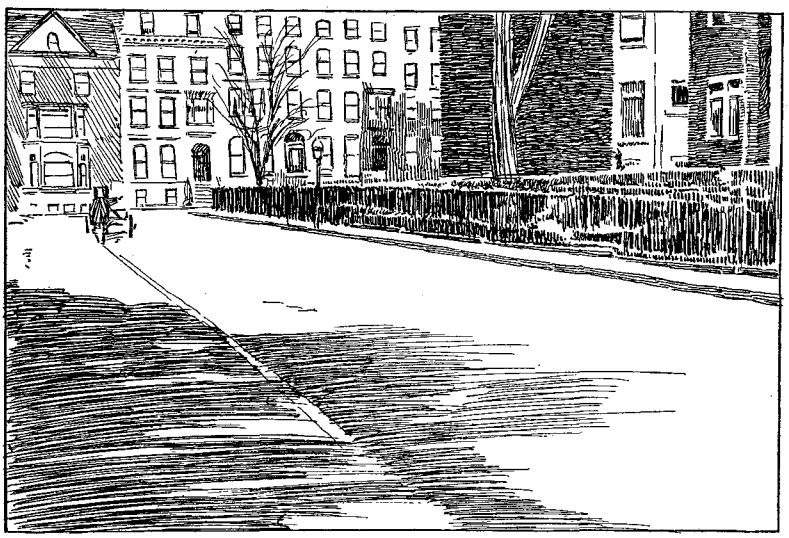

PIERREPOND PLACE. ERNEST POOLE'S "THE HARBOUR"

the enduring merits of that book—that is of the first half of the book—especially as it reflects as few other novels of New York have done a passing phase of the city's life and manners. And the strange part of it is that to Ernest Poole these scenes to which he laid so definite a claim came to him, not through inheritance, but by reason of a chance discovery. The story of the book is that of a boy to whose eyes the world unfolds in the form of New York harbour as it is seen from that part of Brooklyn known as Columbia Heights. Ever since he could remember he had looked down from the back windows of his home upon a harbour that to him was strange and terrible. He was glad that the house itself was up so high. Its front was on a sedate old street, and within it everything felt safe.

But from the porch at the back of our house you went three steps down to a long, narrow garden—at least the garden seemed long to me—and you walked to the end of the garden and peered through the ivy-covered bars of the fence, as I had done when I was so little that I could barely walk alone, you had the first mighty thrill of your life. For you found that through a hole in the ivy you could see a shivery distance straight down through the air to a street below. You found that the two iron posts, one at either end of the fence, were warm when you touched them, had holes in the top, had smoke coming out—were chimneys! And slowly it dawned upon your mind that this garden of yours was nothing at all but the roof of a gray old building—which your nurse told you vaguely had been a "warehouse" long ago when the waters of the harbour had come 'way in to the street below. The old "wharves" had been down there, she said. What was a "wharf"? It was a "dock," she told me. And she said that a family of "dockers" lived in the building under our garden. They were all that was left in it now but "old junk." Who was Old Junk, a man or a woman? And what in the world were Dockers?

The composite Richard Harding Davis hero is invariably afflicted with homesickness when in lands remote, and with the wanderlust when he is at home. In the Hotel Continental or the Hotel Villa de France in Tangier he yearns for certain odours and noises of Fourteenth Street, just as Stanley Ortheris

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yearned for the sights, and sounds, and smells of the Tottenham Court Road. Listening to the band playing on the Alameda of some Spanish-American city he dreams of the lights of the Rumson Road, or the Hudson as it appears from a house on the top of a hill in Dobbs Ferry. But once back again among the lights of Broadway his thoughts are all of Mediterranean ports and waving palm trees. McWilliams summed up the Davis hero at the end of *Soldiers of Fortune*. "There were three of us," he said to Clay, "and one got shot, and one got married, and the third—? You will grow fat, Clay, and live on Fifth Avenue and wear a high silk hat, and some day when you're sitting in your club you'll read a paragraph in a newspaper with a queer Spanish date-line to it, and this will all come back to you—this heat, and the palms, and the fever, and the days when you lived on plantains and we watched our trestles grow out across the cañons, and you'll be willing to give your hand to sleep in a hammock again, and to feel the sweat running down your back, and you'll want to chuck your gun up against your chin and shoot into a line of men and the policemen won't let you, and your wife won't let you. That's what your giving up. There it is. Take a good look at it. You'll never see it again."

So, too, after Honduranian adventure, Royal Macklin returns to New York, determined to settle down to a useful and monotonous existence. He will become Schwartz and Carboy's Mr. Macklin. Perhaps, in time, he may rise to the importance of calling the local conductors by their familiar names. "Bill, what was the matter with the 8.13 this morning?" But one day he crosses the East River for a visit to the Navy Yard, and returning in the winter evening, makes his way along the Brooklyn water front. Twinkling with thousands of lights. Over the wharves the names of strange and beautiful ports mocked at him from the sheds of the steamship lines. "Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and the River Plata," "Guayaquil, Callao, and Santiago," "Cape Town, Dustan, and Lorenzo Marquez." At one wharf a steamer of the Red D line, just in from La Guayra, is making fast, and Macklin quickly creeps on board. For half an hour, talking Spanish to the captain, smelling the cargo, and sipping Jamaica rum, he is under the Southern Cross, and New York is three thousand miles astern.

VII. THE CITY OF JOYS, TAWDRY AND SUBLIME

"He no longer saw a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal." These words, in which O. Henry described the emotions of one Alexander Blinker, millionaire owner of certain New York tenement property known as "Brickdust Row," when, in the company of Florence, who trimmed hats in a millinery shop, he found the soul of the joys, tawdry, tinsel, yet sublime of Coney Island, might well be the epitaph on William Sidney Porter's tomb. It matters not what your station in life may be; or how varied your experiences may have been in the pursuit of adventure and pleasure. Some day, in the warm summer sunshine, make that journey in the company of Mazie, of "A Lickpenny Lover," or of Dennis Carnahan, of "The Greater Coney," or of Tobin, of "Tobin's Palm," and like Blinker, learn a lesson and see a light. From the end of a long pier you cross the gang plank, mount to an upper deck, and seize two camp stools. The boat slides away from her moorings, past the Battery, and out across the Upper Bay. The air is rent by the rival clamour of instrumental music and the voice of the waiter soliciting orders for drinks. To the left is Governor's Island, and to the right the Statue of Liberty. The latter you have contemplated, unmoved, a score of times. But see it now as O. Henry saw it in "The Lady Higher Up," no longer a mere symbol, but a woman, human and humanly envious, passing the time of day with her neighbours, Diana, of the Madison Square Tower. Made by a Dago and pre-

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sented to the American people on behalf of the French Government for the purpose of welcoming Irish immigrants into the Dutch city of New York, Miss Liberty has acquired a fine Hibernian brogue, a brogue that for the moment is horsened on aaccount of the peanut hulls left in her throat by the last boatload of tourists from Marietta, Ohio. Hers is a lonesome life, she complains, not to be compared with that of Miss Diana, who has the best job for a statue in the whole town with the Cat Show and the Horse Show, and the military tournaments when the privates "look grand as generals and the generals try to look grand as floor-walkers," and the Sportsman's Show, and above all, the French Ball, "where the original Cohens and the Robert Emmett Sangerbund Society dance the Highland fling with one another."

The Narrows are passed, there is a pleasurable chop to the sea, and soon the boat is made fast beneath the great towers and revolving wheels of the Island. It was on the new Coney that has risen, "like a Phœnix bird" that Dennis Carnahan expatiated ironically. "The old Bowery, where they used to take your tintype by force, and give you knockout drops before having your palm read, is now called the Wall Street of the Island. The wienerwurst stands are required by law to keep a news ticker in them; and the doughnuts are examined every four years by a retired steamboat inspector. The nigger man's head that was used by the old patrons to throw baseballs at is now illegal; and by order of the Police Commissioner the image of a man driving an automobile has been substituted. The reprehensible and degrading resorts that disgraced old Coney are said to be wiped out. The wiping-out process consists of raising the price from ten cents to twenty-five cents, and having a blonde named Maudie to sell tickets instead of Micky, the Bowery Bite." Something of the flavours of strange cities and seas is there. Else how could Mazie, of "A Lickpenny Lover" have interpreted the words of Irving Carter as she did? Shores where summer is eternal and the waves are always rippling, grand and lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues, streets of water, elephants of India, temples of the Hindoos and Brahmins, gardens of Japan, camel trains and chariot races of Persia, were in the promise that he held out. And Mazie thought she understood. "A cheap guy, who wanted me to marry him and go down to Coney Island for a wedding tour."

Like Alexander Blinker consider the temples, pagodas, and kiosks of popularised delights. Be trampled, hustled and crowded by the *hoi polloi*. Be bumped by basket parties and have your clothes candied by sticky children. Swallow the cheap cigar smoke blown into your face by insolent youth. Listen to the publicity gentlemen with megaphones, and the hideous blare of a thousand bands. Mingle with the mob, the multitude, the proletariat shrieking, struggling, hurrying, panting, hurling itself in incontinent frenzy, with unabashed abandon, into the ridiculous sham palaces of trumpery and tinsel pleasures. Then see Coney aright—no longer a mass of vulgarians seeking gross joys, but a hundred thousand true idealists. Perceive that though counterfeit and false are the garish joys of those spangled temples, deep under the gilt surface they offer saving and apposite balm and satisfaction to the restless human heart. Find here at least the husk of Romance, the empty but shining casque of Chivalry, the breath-catching though safe-guarded dip and flight of Adventure, the magic carpet that transports you to the realms of Fairyland. See no longer a rabble, but your brothers seeking the ideal.

VIII. THE NEW JERSEY TRAIL

This Pilgrimage has touched the shores of the Hudson, the old Boston Post Road, Westchester, and Long Island. But no discussion of the City Beyond would be complete that did not include New Jersey. "The joke State"

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it has been called by its detractors. But a certain King George the Third did not find it so, nor the Hessian mercenaries loaned for the crushing of infant liberties. The War of the Revolution, fomented in New England, was fought out across the breast of New Jersey. Cambridge has her Oak, but Princeton and Trenton had their battles, battles that did so much to turn the tide. Through all the vital years there were the two armies facing each other; the forces of King George in Staten Island and the Jersey lowlands, the Continentals in the hills of the Blue Ridge range. And what history records, is reflected in the historical novels. There are Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne,* and Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith,* and R. N. Stephen's *Philip Winwood,* and M. Imlay Taylor's *A Yankee Volunteer,* and J. O. Kaler's *Across the Delaware,* and J. A. Altsheler's *In Hostile Red.* Among the juveniles may be mentioned James Barnes's *For King or Country,* and G. A. Henty's *True to the Old Flag,* and E. T. Tomlinson's *Washington's Young Aids,* and *In the Camp of Cornwallis.*

Of the Atlantic Highlands J. Fenimore Cooper wrote in *Water Witch,* and about these Highlands were scenes of a rousing old tale of years ago, Admiral Porter's *Allan Dare and Robert le Diable.* To New Jersey the reader must go for the backgrounds of *Rudder Grange* and other of Frank R. Stockton's stories. From the great hotels of Lakewood venture a few miles into the strange country of the "pig people" which was described by Herman Knickerbocker Vielé in *Myra of the Pines.* To the eastward is Point Pleasant, the Pleasantville of Charles Belmont Davis's *In Another Moment.* For the Natasqua River of the tale read the Manasquan. Northward are the lights along the ocean drive at Long Branch and up the Rumson Road, which Robert Clay pointed out in vision to Hope Langham in Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune.*

Then there is a university town, and a campus of Gothic towers and stately elms, clustering about a long building which was once the largest and most imposing in the Western Hemisphere. That building was there in the pre-revolutionary period in which Booth Tarkington laid his *Cherry,* that whimsical, fantastic tale of the erudite Mr. Sudgeberry, and the ribbons of Miss Sylvia Gray. It was in the heart and mind of Harkless, of *The Gentleman from Indiana,* as he sat on a fence rail and looked back over the seven years of unfulfilment. It was one of the bright memories of Felix Piers, of Stephen French Whitman's *Predestined.* It stood for days in the life of the hero of Ernest Poole's *The Harbour,* it has stood for days in the lives of heroes of stories of Jesse Lynch Williams, of James Barnes, and of a score more. To the loyal it means the trophied past and a limitless future.

And when in dust these walls are laid
With reverence and awe
Another throng shall breathe our song.
In praise——

THE END

BAYARD TAYLOR: ADVENTURER. BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

In Bayard Taylor the spirit of the New World found a noble prototype; he believed that all things are possible to him who unweariedly seeks and strives. Over the world he was driven by a spirit of adventure which set him free from prejudice. Of the undaunted Taylor who, though often at the end of his resources and suffering from hunger and cold, walked, knapsack on back, through Scotland and England, from Leipzig to Vienna, across the Alps into Italy, to Florence and Rome, from Marseilles to Paris, Hamilton W. Mabie has written in a paper that is to appear in the March BOOKMAN.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY RUPERT SCOTT

"THE STRANGERS' WEDDING"

WITH his latest novel, *The Strangers' Wedding,* Mr. W. L. George makes secure his claim to be ranked among writers who count. It represents another stride forward, as great as the one which separates *The Second Blooming* from the work he has done before. It also makes secure his claim to be ranked chief among the few writers who really understand that vital and most hampering factor in modern life, the influence of the Infinitely Little. It is something that the novelist who would paint a picture of the individual existences of today must absolutely take into account and yet few of them do. The most remarkable thing about the work of Mr. W. L. George is his absolute intimate comprehension of the strangle-hold which the superficialities and unessentials of life have upon the fate, upon not only the body but the very heart and soul of the average woman. That it is true to a certain extent of men's lives also, he has shown in this latest book, for here again it is the Infinitely Little, which looms so large in every day life, that makes a marriage impossible and comes near to wrecking two lives.

This is the tragedy that Mr. George depicts, only back of it, in this latest book, is something even bigger than in the best of his work before. It is a keener, clearer understanding of social tendencies, of economic conditions which for generations have formed these fettering habits for different classes so that they stare at each other over gulfs of misunderstanding, so that even the primal passion which makes the world go on, which draws man and woman together as sex beings, cannot bridge these gulfs when once its first ecstasy has been spent. There is another little tragedy in this book, too, a lesser one perhaps, but one that is sadly frequent. This is the tragedy of the man who thinks he can make a woman over to his liking just because she has caught his senses in a mesh of passion. He does not realise how deep into the roots of her being tradition and habit have gone, he does not realise how strong in his own life as well as in hers is the baneful influence of the Infinitely Little.

Roger Huncote, son of an officer in the Indian Service, Oxford trained, but sensitive mentally and spiritually in a way that neither his ancestry nor his schooling can explain, plunges too deeply into the pleasures of his class in his first hours of freedom after leaving college. This he hastily concludes to be typical of the life of his class and conceives a violent disgust for his own sort. Joined to this he has an inarticulate, undirected but very warm desire to "serve," to help in some way toward bettering social conditions for those who suffer most from things as they are. He plunges into settlement work, but all too soon becomes aware of the utter futility and the conscious or unconscious hypocrisy of that form of endeavour. His in-

*The Strangers' Wedding. By W. L. George. Boston: Little Brown and Company.

Pelle the Conqueror, the Great Struggle. By Martin Andersen Nexö. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Boy With Wings. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Eve Dorre. By Emily Vielé Strother. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Over Paradise Ridge. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

The Bronze Eagle. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Glorious Rascal. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company.

The Star Rover. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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sight has not given him anything else upon which to fix the inchoate gropings of his soul, so he stays on at the settlement. For meanwhile, to his own utter astonishment and somewhat to his disgust, he has fallen fervently in love with the daughter of a washer-woman. As he angrily puts it to himself, in the parlance of her class, "I'm mashed—completely and vulgarly mashed—that's what they call it."

Roger's newly-roused senses struggle with his feelings of social responsibility and he marries Sue Groby. A short dream of violent happiness and a slow awakening to a sense of the impossibility of it all make up the main substance of a book of unusual strength and completeness.

He did not understand, and she could not explain, so they confronted each other full of narrow determinations and dull obstinacies, erecting barriers where they wanted to build level crossings, unable to see each other's point of view because they were not conscious of their own. They were young, not deliciously but deplorably. They were even too young to be ready to give each other a chance to grow up.

Against a rich background full of figures, types or individuals that are clear and alive, the story of these two plays itself out. It is a book of unusual insight, wonderfully comprehending, interpreted in short, snappy sentences that are tantalisingly quotable. So real are the chief protagonists and many of the minor types that we have a slight feeling of disappointment at the unreality of the male and female of their own species to whom Sue and Roger eventually revert. Although this is perhaps the author's real intention: to make Theresa and Bert merely types instead of human beings.

"PELLE THE CONQUEROR"

Every now and then some distinguished work of Scandinavian literature finds its way in our own tongue to our own reading public. This happens in such an isolated fashion that it fails to give the student of literature who reads only English the opportunity of really gauging the rather surprising development of present day Danish and Norwegian writing. We ought to be thankful, however, for what does happen and not quarrel with the how and when and wherefore. In this spirit we greet the third volume of *Pelle the Conqueror,* by Martin Andersen Nexö, one of the modern Danish writers. A word of sincere thanks is due the publishers for the production, in a translation of remarkable excellence, of a work so big in actual physical scope, so big also in the portrayal of an existence which is typical of thousands of other existences.

The former books have shown Pelle, the hero, as a boy on a farm, or as a youth in a provincial Danish town. This third volume, subtitled *The Great Struggle,* takes him to Copenhagen and plunges him into the depths of poverty which are characteristic of any big modern city of to-day. But the strength of body and the fresh aspiration of mind which are Pelle's inheritance from the freedom of his childhood and youth lead him quickly out of individual drudgery and misery to an active participation in the struggle which is the expression of growing class consciousness. He becomes a labour leader, his fresh enthusiasm and his oratorical ability making him a centre figure around which cluster and clash the longings of thousands. In the midst of it he finds the woman who is his mate and for a time, with that true conservatism which is essentially feminine, Ellen makes him forget the struggle while he revels in domesticity and daily work which provides the wherewithal to keep up the little home over which she presides so well. But his affection for a few individuals who have been kind to him in his unsuccessful days drags Pelle back into the struggle and again he takes the lead, becoming the centre figure in a great strike.

The book is written with that care, that completeness of workmanship, characteristic of modern Danish prose. There is an apparent jumping over im-

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portant events to linger on details, a style which has been peculiarly Danish ever since J. P. Jacobsen impressed modern Danish literature with his vivid personality. Yet when we have finished the book we realise that nothing essential has been missed, that the mass of detail has only served to fill in the picture, more completely to add richness to its vivid colouring. The Ark, that weird and wonderful old tenement, is a setting truly Zolaesque, and truly Zolaesque is the description of the characters and the fates of the people who herd there like rabbits. Zola himself might have been proud to acknowledge the authorship of scenes as vivid as that of Hanne's death and the burning of the Ark.

"THE BOY WITH WINGS"

Berta Ruck, who is Mrs. Oliver Onions, has already attracted favourable attention to her self by the books that preceded her latest offering, *The Boy With Wings*. It cannot be truthfully said that this latest book shows any great advance over the excellence of the preceding one. But it is good enough to make us think that some day this writer will give us the really big work of which she seems capable. There is a freshness of presentation, an enthusiasm about life, and a pleasing directness of characterisation in Berta Ruck's work which offset the faults of a lack of proportion, a too great lingering over the unessential, and a misplacing of emphasis shown in all her books.

Aviation, man's conquest of the air, that most fascinating of all modern sports and modern enterprise, forms the background for a charming story of young love. As is natural for an English novel of to-day this story of man's greatest material advance glides naturally into the great shadow thrown by the world-catastrophe which has proved man's utter lack of spiritual advance, the present war. Gwenna Williams, a little Welsh girl, as delightfully lovable a heroine as any recent novel can show, falls in love with aviation and an aviator at the same time. So completely is her attitude toward both mingled in her heart and soul that the reader does not know, any more than does Gwenna herself, whether she loves Paul because he is an Air-Man or whether she loves flying because it is Paul's business. The glory of young love in a young heart blends itself perfectly with that glorious thrill that comes to any imaginative soul when for the first time it sees through its eye-windows what seemed a prosaic ugly thing of canvas and steel suddenly leave the ground and soar aloft, becoming the soul of man cleaving the upper spaces. Beautifully indeed, are these two mixed and mingled. It is the best thing in the book, this description of Gwenna's love for the man and her delight in the life that is his. It is so good a thing that we can forgive the faults of the book for its sake. Also Gwenna is so deliciously feminine without being in the least saccharine. The plain facts of the story are very simple although ending in a tragedy which of itself is unusual although quite feasible. Gwenna has come to London from her Welsh village among the mountains, with a little income and a large enthusiasm for life. She takes an engagement as stenographer and typist, leaving it for a more fascinating one as secretary to the Aeroplane Lady, the head of an air-craft factory. But before this, Gwenna has already met Paul Dampier, the young aviator who has completely won her heart. It would be a simple little love story, the old story which is delightfully new to those living it out, did it not come about in the summer of 1914. The breaking out of the war forces them into a hasty marriage, but even then Paul is called away from the very altar. He comes back for a short honeymoon. The consummation of their love is so dear to Gwenna that she refuses to be parted from him again even against his own wishes. She takes his mechanician's place in his own new machine and together a hostile bullet ends their lives as the P. D. Q., Paul's other love, the plane which was his own dream, sinks

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slowly into the waters of the English Channel.

It is a great pity that the writer spoiled the wonderful effect of this close by some quite unnecessary chapters which serve to bring a secondary love story to a satisfactory finish. They come as an anti-climax and point anew a lack of proportion which is a disappointment amid so much evident ability.

"EVE DORRE"

Eve Dorre is a disappointment. Of course we must admit that the extensive advertisement which has been given this book, the wide heralding of its "simplicity," would prove a heavy load for any story to carry. We all know the feeling we have when the heroine of a book or a play keeps insisting on her own simplicity and innocence. It is this feeling that the reading of *Eve Dorre* gives even a sincere critic who comes to it with the best of intentions. It talks itself, and its publishers talk for it, so frequently and so loudly about its artlessness, its innocence, and about the sweetness and the simplicity of its heroine, who is telling the story of her own life, that very little in it rings true. It does not convince somehow, it all seems laboured and heavy.

There are some moments in the early chapters, telling of Eve's childish amusements amid a happy-go-lucky sort of life, the description of her pets and her independence that are very charming, but they do not mitigate the disappointment with which the book as a whole fills us. The picture of Mrs. Dorre, her beauty, her vigour, her careless enjoyment of life and her dominant personality overshadowing in its selfishness even her love for her own children, is well drawn. So well drawn is it in fact that it might well be a portrait. But we feel also that this portrait has been cramped and distorted to fit it into the exigencies of a story in which another woman must fill the foreground. The result is that while we can see and feel Mrs. Dorre's personality as if we knew her in life, we do not feel in the least convinced that a woman of this character, a woman of such abounding vigour who yet filled her life with nothing but amusements and pleasures, spending her leisure hours curled up on the sofa smoking cigarettes —a woman, in a word, who lived an absolutely animal existence—we cannot believe that such a woman would go through twenty years of widowhood, her most vigourous years of womanhood, without love. This tax on our credulity makes the whole early part of the story unconvincing.

Another thing which somehow makes it unconvincing is the attempt to connect it up with the present European war. If the story of *Eve Dorre* is to be merely, as its writer apparently intends it to be, the simple story of a woman's life, the development of a simple heart and mind through unusual surroundings in youth into a simple womanhood of conjugal and maternal affection—if it is to be this alone then it should have been placed anywhere at any time. It gives us a sort of jump when we really begin to lose ourselves in the story to find out that all these idyllic things happen right now. Again a lack of proportion that spoiled a painstaking even if unconvincing book.

"OVER PARADISE RIDGE"

Over Paradise Ridge does not deviate in any way from the unfailing recipe used by Maria Thompson Daviess in concocting her annual dish of fiction. But into this year's offering she has put something more of realness other than the mere superficial appeal, something fundamental that somehow makes us glad to enjoy the simple fare. Possibly it is because there is in this book a more intimate connection between the pleasant people, who are quite like what old-fashion story-book people ought to be, in Harpeth Valley, and the primal toil of tilling the soil and wresting from nature's heart her richness, than in any of the books before. This book is not merely the story of a charming and of course exquisitely beautiful young heroine with whom every male creature in

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the book is in love—this is the usual Daviess recipe. It is also the story of a man who gave up his aspirations toward professional or business life and went back to farming, because he had to, but because also he was big enough to make the best of it and to realise that there is something wonderfully beautiful and inspiring in the primitive labour upon which the whole modern structure of civilisation rests.

This feeling which Sam Crittenden is able to express by reason of his developed mentality gives a deeper tone to the apparent superficiality of the book and makes its surface sweetness the sort of sweetness that one can enjoy without being ashamed of it. Betty's fondness for digging in the dirt no matter how muddy it makes her Paris clothes, redeems her from the impeachability of tidiness and attractiveness which has always been the worst fault of the Daviess heroine. There are, of course, as always, several very charming other men in this book and one of them is a poet and playwright who writes a really great play which is so fundamentally great that we mildly wonder at its being able to become a New York success. There are also one or two "grand old men," and one or two comic old men who say quotable things. One of them is the veterinary, Dr. Chubb, who is so pleased with his first ride in an automobile that he becomes a convert at once to modernity.

"Well, 'fore I die, I've saw a horse with steel innards and rid it," remarked the old doctor. "Machines is jest the common sense of God Almighty made up by men, 'stead er animals made up by Hisself."

There are a number of other quotable things in this book, but the reader is advised to seek them out for himself or herself. The book will afford a pleasant hour upon which we can look back with no regret.

"THE BRONZE EAGLE"

The usual combination of Walter Scott and Ouida which we are accustomed to find over the signature of the Baroness Orczy is offered again in all its thrills in her newest book, *The Bronze Eagle*. It is a story of the Hundred Days, the short and exciting period that ended Napoleon's career. It takes up the adventures of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and carries them on in France, in that whirl of madness that we now look back on as the period between Elba and Waterloo.

Of course there is a beautiful heroine, and of course she is beloved of three men, all young, all handsome, all quite the proper thing in heroes. And of course one of them is the villain, the other the disappointing hero who turns out a coward, and the third the inarticulate, noble soul, the strong, silent man who stands back, suffers, and loves, to win out at the end. And, of course, as is quite proper, he is an Englishman. Furthermore, it adds spice to a story, as long as it is this kind of a story, to find him although he is a gentleman talking of himself as "merely a tradesman," and being treated as such by the proud and haughty family of impoverished noblemen who surround Crystal de Chambray, the exquisite heroine.

Bobby Clyffurde—we do not learn where he gets that un-English name—is everything that the English hero of such a novel ought to be. But we wonder at the writer's great bravery, in the light of present events, at daring, in a book for English readers, to make one of her handsome Frenchmen really quite caddish and the other extremely selfish. It is quite unbrotherly—or perhaps we should say unsisterly in her case. However, both Victor de Marmont, the rich parvenu of the Napoleonic régime, and the Marquis Maurice de St. Genis of sixteen Royalist quarterings, are adorably handsome as a man apparently had to be if he would aspire to the love and the hand of Crystal de Chambray.

But in spite of all this superficiality, in spite of a style which is not antique enough to be interesting and never was convincing, there is a swing and a dash about this book which makes it possible

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even for a modern-minded reader to finish it with a certain amount of enjoyment. He may not enjoy its kind but he must acknowledge that it is good of its kind. And the breathless rush and hurry of those days when once more one of the great personalities of history was enabled to make his impress upon the life of Europe are well interpreted. We feel the last revival of Napoleonic grandeur as vigourous and strong as is the last arousing of life in a consumptive before the moment of death. And we feel all the hours of that day on the field of Waterloo so vividly that we cannot help contrasting the battles of that time, when the individual's strength of body and mind really counted, with what is going on to-day over the same ground, where nothing counts except mathematics and patience to endure hardship. So that the Baroness Orczy can make even a modern reader think, which counts one to her credit.

"THE GLORIOUS RASCAL"

The attempt of most writers to reproduce for readers of to-day an age that is gone is rendered futile by the use of modern language. If we would feel ourselves transported not only superficially but spiritually into the past we must be able to think, as near as is possible, in terms of the thought of that day. A slavish imitation of period-language is just as bad as a slavish imitation of period-style in furniture, but we must get the essence, the spirit in either if the picture is to charm and to make us forget what awaits us when we pass the door of the room or when we close the book.

It is one of the great merits of Justin Huntley McCarthy that he has been able to do the thing. He has been able to reproduce in language quite comprehensible to readers of to-day all the charm and all the quaintness of a past age, so that we experience the harmonious sensation we must feel in a room which reproduces a period really well. The latest book *The Glorious Rascal,* is no exception. We go still further back in the life of François Villon, in fact, we go as far back as François himself goes, beginning with his earliest childhood memory. From that first picture of the white fields outside the straggling street on the edge of the city, over which crawled the little black spots which the baby took to be cats but which the mother knew to be famished wolves on the wait for the straggler or delayed traveller, we follow through a succession of pictures of unvarying charm.

François as baby, François as boy going out himself for his fortune and finding it in the person of a relative hitherto unknown but sufficiently rich to afford him food and clothing and an education, lead up naturally to François, the youth, the impertinent page, ever ready with a verse or a lie. And the verse or the lie are as ready for another's service as they are for his own. It is his gratitude to the great nobleman Sire d'Estouteville who had made him his favourite page, that first brings François to the notice of the beautiful Lady Ambroise de Loré, who became his own calf love and the bright angel of all his dreams even though he dragged these dreams through the mire of debauch. He wins the Lady for his master and remains worshipful. Into this story comes the other one of a baby found in the snow on the night of the wolves, the night of François's first recollection. This baby was his childhood companion until little Huguette was taken away by her drunken foster-father. François finds her again as a dancer and strolling player hanging on the fringes of country fairs. Her resemblance to the Lady Ambroise plays an important part in the love story of this charming damsel and leads afterward to François's discovery of Huguette's real parentage.

All these facts and incidents are but a part of the general charm of a picture, or we might say of a poem which is of itself so pleasing that we linger over its words caring very little what their sense may be, so delighted are we with their sound. They have all the wholesome coarseness of that time, all

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the rough-and-tumble humanity of a day when even those who wore velvet and ermine lived amid surroundings that would seem unendurably primitive to many of the socially humble of to-day. The thing is so complete that it is difficult even to find a line or a paragraph to quote. To be appreciated it must be enjoyed as a whole, and enjoyed it will be by all who read it.

"THE STAR ROVER"

The Star Rover is a new and interesting phase in Jack London's development, even if it does not offer a new theme in fiction. The following of the soul of a man through various physical incarnations has been done before and even in the treatment given it here there is just a hint of a well-known Kipling story. But there is a freshness about the doing of it which means true originality and a glamour and power in the writing which proves, to the satisfaction of his real admirers, that Jack London's pen has not grown weak.

The scope of the book is so big, there is such a bewildering mass of material gathered between its covers that it takes true art to leave several striking pictures in the reader's mind as he thinks it over later, and the myriad-figured canvas shrinks to its true proportion. Darrell Standing, a professor of Agronomics in California, murders a fellow professor and is sentenced to San Quentin for life. It is as a life prisoner, confined in a solitary cell and forced for days at a time to endure the torture of the strait-jacket, that Darrell Standing first introduces himself to us and tells us his wonderful story. Part of this story is a terrific arraignment of prison conditions in general and conditions in San Quentin in particular. And this part of the story would of itself undoubtedly make a sensation and call out much discussion, were it not that the American public and even American officials do not take Jack London the reformer, as seriously as they take Jack London the story-teller.

Professor Standing, on a hint from a fellow prisoner, learns the trick of the Eastern fakirs in bringing about an actual death of the body under suffering while the mind goes free. While in the strait-jacket he calls up this simulacrum of death and his mind wanders back over former lives throughout the ages of civilisation and back beyond into prehistoric days, and further than the thought of any man except of him who has the poet's soul can range. Single lives, and lives typical of millions, are thrown up on the waves of incident to fall again into the thundering surf of the ages. Death in many forms, work of many kinds, joy of creating, joy of conquering man and element, and above all man's joy in woman, run like twisted threads through the web of this stupendous tale. Red, yellow, black and grey, purple and blue, are the twisted threads, but golden is the thread of love, golden the consciousness of what woman means to man. She cannot rise to the stars as he can, so the dreamer claims, her feet are ever earth-bound, . . .

> She is close to the immediate and knows only the need of instant things . . . and yet, such is our alchemy compounded of the ages, woman works magic in our dreams and in our veins, so that more than dreams and far visions and the blood of life itself is woman to us, who as lovers truly say is more than the world. . . . Sometimes I think that the story of man is the story of the love of woman . . .

And yet in spite of its differing treatment the true theme of this book shows that Jack London's evolution is more an outer evolution than an inner one. It is still in his mind the blond superman who is supreme, who is a master of men, who even though he goes through the world in "unwise uncaringness" writes his name large on the tale of the centuries.

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THE ESSAY RENASCENT

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE mere fact of the publishing of this baker's dozen of essays, the mere material body of them—which does not include all of those that have appeared during the last few weeks—that alone is a significant comment upon the rapid growth in America during recent years of interest in literature. A dozen years ago hardly an American publisher but would balk at the idea of bringing out a volume of essays. They said, one and all, that the American public was not interested in that form of literature and could not be persuaded to buy such books. Evidently the American public has either changed or developed its mind; or perhaps, like Mark Twain, having a great deal of mind it took it a long time to make it all up, and so when it finally decided to read essays it needed a good many to satisfy its delayed appetite.

Perhaps also the nature of the American essay has had something to do with its welcome. For it is indeed an essay "renascent," an old form baptised deep in the waters of the American spirit and coming up in a rebirth that gives to it new and vigourous life. It has been infused with the spirit of democracy and its voice is no longer addressed to the cultured, leisurely few, but to the man in the street, to all and sundry, and its discourse is of the life, the thought and the activities known to us all.

The English essay, especially in more recent years, except when it has been written by a few choice spirits, has been singularly aloof from the daily business of living. It has liked to deal with its subjects in leisurely, imaginative style. Its author has been prone to take his readers into still, secluded back waters of life and, shipping his oars, let their boat drift as it would while he mused and dreamed and prattled from one subject to another.

The American essay has changed all this. Whether it deals with literary criticism, with phases of life, with abstract matters, it is brisk and practical. It does little musing and less dreaming and if it prattles too much it gets no readers. Its author is either bodily or mentally or both in the midst of the busiest currents of life and he makes no pretense that he is sitting off by himself in large and gracious leisure. It is this fact, I think, that has given to the American essay its rebirth and its present promise of vigourous development. It has become a true voice speaking out of our daily lives about the matters that are of moment to us all.

"THE BREATH OF LIFE"

The dozen essays collected into this volume shows Mr. Burroughs—may we not call him Dean of American Essayists?—in characteristic mood as the man of letters gifted with both observation and imagination, whose mental processes are those of literature and philosophy, but whose interests are strongly scientific. He diagnoses his own case with accuracy when he says in his preface: "I am forced to conclude that my passion for all open-air life, though tinged and stimulated by science, is not a passion for pure science but for literature and philosophy." So when he addresses himself, as he does in all these essays, to the problem of the origin of life it goes without saying that the result will be as interesting and as satisfying to the lover of the art of words as to the inquirer after scientific truths.

Delightful reading these papers are, and at the same time they present a collocation of the views of modern scientists upon how life came into being. The mechanists and the vitalists, Mr. Burroughs marshalls them all together, quotes, compares, discusses and, by the

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time he has brought his reader to the last page, he has presented a fairly complete exposition of the essential contentions of almost every prominent philosopher or scientist who during recent years has investigated and discussed this problem. And always one gets the literary touch, the instinct of the literary man to state things aptly and imaginatively. For instance: "Biological science has hunted the secret of vitality like a detective, and it has done some famous work; but it has not yet unraveled the mystery." In the essay entitled "A Bird of Passage" there is beautiful but at the same time exquisitely simple exposition of the small part that life, all vital existence, plays in the total scheme of things.

The volume comprises the ripest thought that Mr. Burroughs has evolved out of his long years of study and observation. And the way in which he has applied it to the contemplation of that ever fascinating question of whence have we come exemplifies our practical and serious use of the essay.

"ARISTOCRACY AND JUSTICE"

Previous volumes of Mr. More's "Shelburne Essays" have dealt for the most part, with literary matters. But in the eight essays that comprise this "Ninth Series" he is concerned with vital questions of modern life that affect the very basis of civilisation. His own philosophy concerning those questions is definite, assured and deeply rooted. There is no manner of doubt in his mind as to its ability to face mankind in the right direction and keep it on the right track. One may not agree with Mr. More's philosophy which, in general, predicates the desirability of a leaders' class in public affairs and social direction, men of understanding and education who would rise to that eminence by virtue of their own fitness and who would stand together for the saving of society against the waves of popular clamour, ignorance and emotionalism—the elect against democracy. But, whether or not one holds with him, his closely reasoned argument, always lucid and graceful, is well worth reading for the sake of its intellectual stimulus. When current opinion sets strongly in one direction it is always a good mental exercise, and exercise almost essential to sound mental health, to swim against it now and then.

Some of the essays, such as those entitled "Natural Aristocracy," "Justice," "Property and Law," "Academic Leadership" deal with the nature of justice and of social progress and consider how these can be best obtained. "The New Morality" and "The Philosophy of the War" are keenly critical of that unquestioning acceptance of certain humanitarian ideas which he thinks modern society is prone to develop illogically and carry to an extreme.

The Breath of Life. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Aristocracy and Justice. Shelburne Essays. Ninth Series. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Escape and Other Essays. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Century Company.

Vanishing Roads and Other Essays. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Six French Poets. By Amy Lowell. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillin Company.

Greek Genius and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

More Jonathan Papers. By Elizabeth Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Incense and Iconoclasm. By Charles Leonard Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Ways of Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Journeys to Bagdad. By Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated with Original Woodcuts by Allen Lewis. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press.

Just Human. By Frank Crane New York: John Lane Company.

Riverside Uplift Series. Eight Titles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent and Other Essays. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield and Company.

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"ESCAPE AND OTHER ESSAYS"

Personality one finds in Mr. Benson's collection of essays, an engaging quality that is quite unique and literary charm in marked degree. And also one could not wish for a better, more illuminating illustration than it gives of the distinction I have insisted upon in the introduction to this article between American and English essays. Mr. Benson writes about "Charm," "Sunset," "Villages," "Dreams," "Schooldays," "Authorship," and other subjects similarly withdrawn from the moil and toil of every day life. His method is to start in with some casual observation or comment which leads him on to farther consideration and, one thing suggesting another, he presently is far afield and perhaps dipping rather deeply into one or another phase of philosophy or absorbed in keen and discriminating literary criticism. Each essay is like a delightful after-dinner monologue amid surroundings that charm and dispose to pleasant meditation, with curtains closely drawn to shut out all irrupting thought messengers from the striving and struggling world outside. Mr. Benson explains in his introduction that the essays were written in those days of peace before the war that seem so long ago, but that he sends them forth now in the conviction that it is wise and wholesome to turn our thoughts sometimes away from the horrors and grim conflicts of the present to the ideals and mental habits of times of peace. But he adds that he does not mean by peace "an indolent life, lost in gentle reveries." "I mean," he says, "hard daily work, and mutual understanding, and lavish help, and the effort to reassure and console and uplift." He believes that even in times of peace there is "much fighting to be done," that peace should have plenty of its own conflicts—"conflicts against crime and disease and selfishness and greediness and cruelty."

"VANISHING ROADS"

It is very fitting—almost uncannily fitting—that Mr. Le Gallienne, who was born and lived his early life in England and has spent the years of his literary career in the United States, should unite both English and American characteristics in the method and the manner of his essays. Like Mr. Benson, he is prone to make each paper a little journey upon which he starts in the most casual way imaginable, but in the course of which he is sure to visit unexpected countries of thought and imagination. It may land him, it is true, in lush and languorous fields of sentimental revery. But also it may take him into a virile discussion of "The Psychology of Gossip," glowing with righteous, wrathful scorn but never losing his customary grace of style and richness of background. Or the journey may bring the reader face to face with a poetic, romantic appreciation of the modern woman, compact of lovely images, fervid imagination, beatific rapture. Or journey's end may be a place like the paper on Walter Pater, a piece of that keenly analytic, richly furnished, illuminated literary criticism which comes near to being the best of all Mr. Le Gallienne's prose literary product. In "A Modern Saint Francis" he gives character value and episodic interest to the growing modern feeling about the slaughter of animals, while in "Bulls in China Shops," giving himself a start by means of some comments on the New York police, he advances to the voicing of some profound insight into the needs and manifestations of human nature and, also, of some curiously narrow and toryfied views as to the desirable limitations to be put upon human interests and activities. But Mr. Le Gallienne's essays are, for the most part, characteristically American in that they rarely lose sight of the actual daily interests of his fellow-men. Even in their most imaginative moments they are not aloof from life. In intention, in feeling, in allusion they are constantly in touch with its swift and throbbing currents.

"SIX FRENCH POETS"

Amy Lowell's half dozen critical and biographical essays carry all through

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them the signs of their genesis. Originally, she explains, they were delivered as lectures—they seem rather to have been informal talks—and she has retained throughout an unconventional, often colloquial, style of expression which gives to the whole work a surprising and somewhat puzzling air, so different is it from the more formal manner which has always been the hallmark of the essay. But perhaps Miss Lowell's purpose was to make the critical essay more democratic in manner and tone and to take from it all suggestion of being meant for the consumption of the elect of letters.

The six poets with whom she deals are Emile Verhaeren, whom she includes because, although a Belgian, he writes in French, Albert Samain, Remy de Goncourt, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. Her method is, after a brief introduction of the individual, to tell the story of his life and work, chronologically noting his achievements and quoting from and commenting upon his publications, thus carrying along the critical account of his career against a background of biographical outline. The quotations, which are quite copious, are in the original, but translations into English prose by the author are included in an appendix. Another appendix contains bibliographies of the works of each author and of books about him. Miss Lowell's critical discussion of her subjects is truly milk for babes; but she forestalls adverse criticism by disclaiming any attempt at exhaustive critical analysis and says that she has rather aimed at being suggestive and has tried merely to start on their way those who wish to know something of the poetic product of an era in France which the war has brought to an end.

"GREEK GENIUS"

Strongly marked in Mr. Chapman's essays is that characteristic shrewdness of the American intelligence which leads it straight to the heart of a matter and causes it to ask not, is this beautiful, is this interesting, but, is it true and will it work. He begins with a series of essays which, starting from a general consideration of Greek genius, advance through studies of Euripides and characteristics of the Greek drama to critical examination, not at all complimentary in some of its conclusions, of German and English scholarship in Greek literature and life. This leads him to a comparison of Greek and Shakespearean drama, whence he proceeds to another series of essays dealing with Shakespeare's genius and influence and certain of his works. These, of course, have special interest just now in view of the Shakespeare tercentennial celebration and the revival of interest in Shakespearean literature. A long critical paper upon Balzac is wide ranging, rich in allusion, keen and discriminating in insight and shows that sturdy American common sense which demands that even the flights of imagination shall pay toll at the gates of human experience. A series of short essays under the general title "La Vie Parisienne" is staunchly American in its merciless dissection of those who travel or live abroad shamming a culture they do not possess.

Mr. Chapman writes with the ease, ability and force of the large-viewed thinker who has at his command the fruits of wide and varied study of books and of the world. He is tolerant of everything but sham and untruth and self-deception and at these he never loses a chance to jibe with good-natured and often brilliant irony.

"MORE JONATHAN PAPERS"

When *Jonathan Papers* was published three or four years ago it attracted at once the attention of the discriminating because of the breezy saneness of its philosophy, its pungent outdoorsiness, the puck-like spirit of fun that dodged in and out of its pages and the poetic appreciation of the beauty of nature with which it was permeated. This new collection of essays hardly equals the first in consequence, although it is, perhaps, even more entertaining.

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Its quality is lighter, it is more concerned with frivolous affairs, its humours and fantasies skim lightsomely on gossamer wings. The nine essays are concerned with the doings of "Jonathan" and his wife—it is the wife who writes the narrative—when they go in the early spring to the New England farm where they stay until the late fall. But, although they seem to be engaged in doing real things upon this farm, it is their avocations about which she chiefly writes, the things they do when they are on personal enjoyment bent. She has also a delightful pen, full of humourous quirks and delicious little audacities, when she tells about their respective foibles. When she grows more serious she writes with sentiment, imagination and often with poetic feeling. And she has a magic touch in the translating into cold print of the lure of the out-doors.

"INCENSE AND ICONOCLASM"

The sub-title, "Studies in Literature," of Mr. Moore's book proclaims it to be devoted to the critical examination of products of the pen while its main title hints that the author intends both to praise and to blame. At once in these essays one feels the American mind at work with its characteristic directness and singleness of eye. The articles are all short, the three hundred and forty pages containing nearly forty titles, and in every one the author speaks his thought without excess verbiage, divagations into adjacent fields or interludes of imagination. Each one is packed with ideas so incitingly set forth that they arouse quick response of either agreement or dissent in the reader's mind. One may be, for instance, thoroughly skeptical as to the spirit of Napoleon and hence the fate of nations and the trend of civilisation having been much influenced by Macpherson's *Ossian* or as to Poe's having been a great thinker and having possessed an intellect resembling those of the early Greek and Hindu philosophers. But the author knows how so to state his idea, perhaps it is because he expresses it so directly and incisively, as to make it strike fire of farther thought, no matter how much skepticism it encounters. Mr. Moore has deep and wide knowledge of English literature and his judgments show insights, appreciation and that mental quality, said to be characteristic of Americans, which we like to call level-headedness. And combined with these is that fullness of imaginative flavour without which just and readable literary criticism is impossible. Among the subjects of which he writes are "Modernity in Literature," "The Intoxication of Words," "The Master Note in Literature," "Literature, Music and Morals," "Arnold and Lowell," "The Old New Englanders and the Rest of Us," "The Fight for Free Raw Materials in Literature."

"THE WAYS OF WOMAN"

Ever capable and practical, Miss Tarbell is here, as usual, a veritable Martha among essayists. Her striking talent for "sizing up" a situation and setting forth the results of her scrutiny in lucid, terse, sincere English is manifest in the seven brief essays that fill this little volume of a hundred and thirty pages. Manifest also is her special response to the ethical implications of a problem or a situation. Not a little of the priestly mingles in Miss Tarbell's intellectual endowment, for her eyes are quick to spot the unjust and the immoral in human dealings, from the protective tariff and the methods of big business to the small affairs of daily life, and her mental fingers are nimble and sure in the untangling and making clear of the ethical thread in these every day problems. Her application of the moralities, both small and large, to her own sex have always been along the line of the neglected opportunities and unrecognised possibilities in the ordinary lives of women. In these essays, however, she takes rather the attitude of the defender of her sex and endeavours to show that woman, notwithstanding the criticisms modern conditions and tendencies have inspired against her, is still the same

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woman she has always been. Sane, practical, clear-eyed and cool-headed, they ought to prove the much-needed corrective for some of the fantastic ideas that are in evidence nowadays.

"JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD"

The "Bagdad" of Mr. Brooks's title has a romantic rather than a geographic significance. It means anywhere that a truant fancy and a whimsical, unbridled imagination may have carried the author while he sat thinking beside his fire or writing at his desk. One moment his magic steed is nibbling such prosaic grass at the roadside as draymen pushing wooden cases down a shoot, a tinman mending a flue, a woodpile, or a grocer's wagon, when, presto! he is off like a flash and before you know it you are romancing in some Treasure Island afar off, the spacious times of Elizabeth or the sentimental ones of Anne, the mountains of the Valkyrie or the company of "that prince of mediæval plain-clothes men, Ali Baba."

Mr. Brooks's essays are not lacking in the shrewd and practical touch with which the American intelligence is apt to go about any of its activities, even sitting by the fire and dreaming, while genial humour and witty turns of thought and phrase sparkle all through them. But in content, in manner, and in temper they are quite unlike the work of any other American essayist. And also, leisurely and unconcerned with practical affairs though they are, they are just as unlike the typical English essay. They are not at all aloof from daily life, often indeed in close and friendly touch with it, but they are compact of whimsical fancies, piquant ideas, errant trains of thought. The occasional use of mildly archaic diction adds to the illusion that his "journeys" are being taken in some region just outside the world which most of us live in too much. But he brings us back into it when he makes such remarks, after showing how "every age has importuned itself with words," as "This word efficiency, then, comes from our needs and not from our accomplishments." It is a delightful book, a book to read when one wishes to have an hour quite different from any other hours, to cease being "an ocean liner plodding between known and monotonous ports," and become for a little while "a tramp ship cargoed with strange stuffs and trafficking for lonely and unvisited shores."

Allen Lewis's quaint wood cuts demand a word of mention, so well done are they and so thoroughly in the spirit of the text. Only an artist of sensitive and pliant imagination could have made them in such harmony.

"JUST HUMAN"

The essay democratised to the last degree is to be found in Dr. Crane's book. His papers are marked strongly by both the faults and the virtues of democracy making itself articulate. They are very brief—which is not always a virtue of democracy voicing itself—each one filling only two or three pages and the whole book containing nearly a hundred essays. The style is pithy, sententious and forceful. There are no literary graces, no dallying with ornament. Dr. Crane strips his ideas to the buff and pitches them into the arena with their fists clenched. Bold, purposeful, masculine almost to aggressiveness, his short sentences rush along upon one another's heels. In subject and thought the essays are of the very popular sort, meant for the reading of the indiscriminate hundred thousand. The author is chiefly concerned with the commonplace affairs of every day life and he particularly enjoys discoursing upon the obvious. He is prone to skip rapidly along the surface of his subject and his observation is often inaccurate and his reasoning faulty. But his spirit is always warmly human and his democratic feeling is fundamental and comprehensive. With all their literary shortcomings, Dr. Crane's essays are, as he calls them in his title, "just human." And this is a part of his long definition of what he means by that phrase: "It means to love folks; to be drawn instinctively to any human being;

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to have every man and woman tempt to acquaintanceship; to be touched with pity at all human misfortune; to try to find some points upon which we can agree with every one; to respect every human being and to despise none; to shrink from spoiling any man's ideal or hope; to shun power and control over people and seek to serve and help people, to value a human soul above all moralities, religions or laws; and to esteem life greater than all institutions."

"RIVERSIDE UPLIFT SERIES"

Let not the unfortunate and misleading title which its sponsors have seen fit to give to this excellent and interesting series of booklets frighten away any of those readers who like to happen upon intelligent obseravtion and sound thought applied with literary art to matters that concern all thinking people. For is not the idea of being "uplifted" by any outside agency abhorrent to every mother's son and daughter of us? We much prefer, and fully purpose, to do our own uplifting, by means of our own bootstraps. But these tiny volumes, notwithstanding their fearsome herald, will not thrust a meddlesome finger into the operation, although whoever is engaged in it—and do not most of us fondly believe that we are?—will find them suggestive and enjoyable. They are little books, running from fifteen to seventy-five pages in length, each one containing a single essay which may have been originally a public address or a magazine article. Three of the eight titles which have been thus far published are by Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard, of which *Trades and Professions* sets forth the idea that not the work itself but the spirit in which it is done measures the difference between those two categories; *The Glory of the Imperfect* contends that that which is still imperfect, unfinished, is the one thing of genuine interest in all the world; *Self-Cultivation in English* discusses the mastery of English as a tool and the reflex influence of such mastery upon the character. Dr. Charles W. Eliot's *The Cultivated Man* defines its subject and considers the elements and means of cultivation afforded by the various branches of modern education. In *Why I Believe in Poverty* Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies Home Journal,* describes his own boyhood and tells why he thinks "poverty is the richest experience that can come to a boy." *Whither?,* which is anonymous, surveys the modern trend of life with its clutching upon externals in comparison with the insistence formerly upon inner meanings and sees in the European war the logical outcome of modern materialism. Dr. George L. Walton's *Calm Yourself* is a vivacious and informing discussion of how to attain mental poise—what he himself calls "the unfret gizzard." *The Amateur Spirit,* by Professor Bliss Perry, of Harvard, makes an eloquent plea for the infusion of all work with the spirit of the amateur, of the man "who plays the great complicated absorbing game of life for the sake of the game, and not for his share of the gate money."

"THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO BE INTELLIGENT"

Professor Erskine's vision goes cleanly through the various strata of human life to find the moral quality at the basis of them all. But there is about it none of the stodginess which has been responsible for the somewhat low repute which, in certain circles, long ago fastened upon that view of the universe. Incisive and logical, he handles his argument with calm inexorableness, following it to its conclusion regardless of what heads it may hit. The four essays, although varying widely in subject, work out a central theme that is much the same in all, the moral lapse of which we are guilty if we do not use our intelligence to the full for all purposes. He finds that the Anglo-Saxon race has always been a little afraid of intelligence, inclined to consider it immoral and rather obsessed by the conviction that human beings must take their choice between being good and being clever. And he is

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distinctly hopeful that the mixture of races in the United States will result in a higher appreciation of intellect. The initial essay, which gives title to the book, is quite the best of the four, although that on "The Mind of Shakespeare" is very satisfactory in the clear thinking and sound common sense it applies to the Shakespeare tradition. And in each one of the four there are much brilliant and suggestive thinking and sententious comment and frequent play of wit. The very general distrust of ideas and contempt for intellectual matters that exist in this country make such an essay as "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent" particularly welcome. It ought to be printed as a tract and scattered broadcast all over the land.

TO EACH HIS DREAM

BY RICHARD BURTON

With each his little, secret dream,
We wander in and out the years:
The things that are, the things that seem
Are mingled with our smiles and tears.

For some the clue is from the sky,
Others would find in mother-earth
The end and the beginning: lies
Are truth to some, and sorrow, mirth.

This one would win some dear-sought prize,
And that attain his heart's delight
Through love; some live in sacrifice
For the few hours 'twixt day and night.

Another looks beyond what Time
May tell, his dream men do not see:
Upborne by visionings sublime,
His gaze is on eternity.

But one and all walk lone, are led
By something deep within, the urge
Of action, and the finer bread
That feeds a spirit on the verge

Of perishing,—for Life is not
A scene without, but looks to where
Far in the soul, a sacred spot
Is kept for planning and for prayer.

Each hath his little, secret dream
And—be it glory or disgrace—
Lo, just beyond, a starry gleam
Throws back a wonder on each face!

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PREPAREDNESS: A BIT OF FOLK PSYCHOLOGY*

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

I FEEL much more at my ease writing preparedness for THE BOOKMAN than I would for any other publication. Almost anywhere else I should have to deal with preparedness as a problem, a crisis, a burning issue, a controversy, at the very least. Whereas the thing that has most impressed itself on me in the course of a year's heavy reading in the literature of National Defence is preparedness not as a political or military problem but as a state of mind. I find myself more interested in the way the militarist or pacifist reacts to a situation than in the situation itself, more interested in his instincts and impulses than in his facts. That is why there is an opportunity in this magazine for taking up certain neglected phases of preparedness which would seem painfully academic to the heavier reviews and the militant monthlies, to whom I can offer little in the way of building programmes, total weight of broadsides, cruising radiuses, coal capacity, rifle practice, and ammunition supply.

Not that I regard such data as negligible. They are significant when true, and when they are not true they are still more significant as an index to the emotional phenomena that underlie preparedness. I have seen estimates of the battleship strength of our fleet which may or may not indicate our ability to resist a German invasion, but which certainly do prove how badly frightened the writer was. I have seen maps showing the intrenched line held by the pitifully small American army under General Leonard Wood against the overwhelming forces under Von Hindenburg's command. The line stretches from the Canadian border to the Chesapeake and may give way at any moment forcing an American retreat toward Chicago by way of Buffalo. Such maps are not altogether convincing as an anticipation, but highly interesting as a nervous symptom. It would be superfluous to cite the heavy masses of statistics which show that Japan can build battle-cruisers three times as fast as we have had reason to believe, and that German transports can cross the Atlantic with perfectly amazing speed; Japanese shipwrights and German tramp steamers apparently propelled by the same high emotional tension that spurs on the compiler of the statistics in question.

There are writers whom it would be unjust to put into the same class with the more popular strategists and statisticians of preparedness. Their facts and figures cannot be questioned. The style shows no hysteria. They reason instead of seeing things in the dark. Yet underlying the fair presentation of facts we detect something of the same emotion which renders a just interpretation of facts impossible. The figures are right, the dates are right, the footnotes are beyond cavil, and the total impression is of an argument that has somehow avoided or overlooked the essential meaning of the story.

Into this class I would put Mr. Huidekoper's *Military Unpreparedness of*

*The Military Unpreparedness of the United States. By Frederic Louis Huidekoper. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Military Obligation of Citizenship. By Major-General Leonard Wood. Princeton University Press.

Problems of Readjustment After the War. By Professors A. B. Hart, E. R. A. Seligman, F. H. Giddings, W. W. Willoughby, G. G. Wilson, E. R. Johnson, and Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Economic Aspects of the War. By Edwin J. Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press.

The Monroe Doctrine. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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the United States. It is by far the most scholarly contribution to the literature of preparedness, a heavily documented volume of nearly seven hundred and fifty pages, of which two hundred and fifty pages are devoted to authorities and sources. What Mr. Huidekoper has done is to rehearse the military history of the United States from the beginning of the Revolutionary War and, at the end of each war, to deduce his lesson. At the end he draws up a general bill of indictment, sober in tone, solid in its facts, not immoderate in its conclusions, and yet—but the book will repay a somewhat detailed examination.

II

The story is familiar. This country has gone into every war unprepared. The Regular Army has been invariably too small, always badly organised, without adequate reserves, dependent consequently on voluntary enlistment in times of emergency. Such voluntary enlistments have been for too short a term, "the very incarnation of folly." Volunteer regiments who dropped their shovels at the sound of the twelve o'clock whistle came near to breaking the heart of General Washington. Volunteer regiments whose term of service had expired marched away from Bull Run on the morning of the battle. The use of bounties has been pernicious. Too great dependence has been placed on raw troops. Inefficient troops mean an unnecessarily large number of troops and a prolongation of war resulting in enormous cost. And finally: "The total inability of Congress and the American people to comprehend that military resources can only be utilised to best advantage by the Central Government to which the entire nation owes allegiance; that war cannot be conducted with that degree of efficiency which the people have a right to demand in return for their sacrifice unless the Government wields its powers despotically."

Read through Mr. Huidekoper's chapters on the several wars of the United States, as the writer of the present article, though a hardened book reviewer, has done, and each chapter leaves you with the same impression. A war begins; the regular forces are plainly insufficient; militia and volunteers are called up; State jealousies and ambitions arise; the citizen troops are undisciplined, recalcitrant, not infrequently mutinous, and sometimes run away; generals scold and grieve; mistakes are made; the war drags on; the war is ended and won—and Congress immediately proceeds to send back into civil life an army of veterans created at great cost and suffering. At the end of the Revolution, 30,000 men under arms and in 1792 a standing army of 5,414. In 1799, when war threatened with France, 52,000 men under arms, and the next year, 4,436. In the second war with England, 528,000 men employed and at the end a standing army of 10,000 men. In the Seminole War no less than 48,152 men employed and "nine days after the termination of hostilities" the Army *reduced* from 12,539 to 8,613. In the Mexican War, 104,000 men employed and at the end of the war the army reduced to 10,317. In the Civil War, 2,600,000 men employed and after a partial delay due to the Maximilian episode in Mexico, the standing army reduced to 27,500. In the Sapnish-American War, 282,000 men called up and at the end a standing army of 67,585 men. The lesson always there and Congress always refusing to learn.

There is one apparent weakness in this indictment of one hundred and forty years of unpreparedness. The lesson would bite in more sharply if Mr. Huidekoper could point to national disaster as the fruit of our criminal lack of foresight. As a matter of fact the United States has won every war into which it has entered and the critics are under the difficulty of driving home the folly of a policy of unpreparedness which, persisted in for one hundred and forty years, has made a nation of four millions into a nation of one hundred millions, with a national wealth equal to that of England and Germany combined.

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But the difficulty is more apparent than real. Mr. Huidekoper is fairly justified in arguing that so far we have been lucky, but that a nation cannot go on trusting to luck. We would have lost the Revolutionary War if England had not been even more incompetent than we were. We did virtually lose the War of 1812, but somehow managed to get away with it. We won against Mexico, but against all the rules of military logic and fitness, all of which we violated. We saved the Union in 1865, but at terrible cost. We have never been confronted by a first-class power waging war with the terrible efficiency of to-day.

Why, then, have I said that Mr. Huidekoper's argument fails to deal with essentials? We can see why, if we turn to Major-General Wood's little book. It consists of three public addresses in which he restates the lessons deduced by Mr. Huidekoper, for whose volume incidentally, General Wood has written a preface. Let me quote a few sentences from General Wood's speeches:

> We have as a nation neglected the lessons of the past wars, and have learned little from the example of the great military nations, and, as Emory Upton truthfully says, "Our general policy has followed closely that of China."
>
> Military preparedness means the organisation of a nation—men, material and money—so that the full power of the nation may be promptly applied and continued at maximum strength for a considerable period of time.

And this from the preface to Major-General Wood's book by President Hibben of Princeton:

> Let us as a nation learn the lesson of our own foolishness so that we may not multiply the mistakes or repeat the folly of those who have gone before us.

We may now proceed. President Hibben warns us against repeating the folly of those who have gone before us. General Wood wants us to learn from the example of the great military nations and to organise the full power of the nation for war. Mr. Huidekoper does not say, in so many words, that the men who after every war in our history blithely sank back into sloppy inefficiency, were fools, but the implication is very clearly there. Now the thing I cannot get away from is the persistence of that criminally foolish habit of unpreparedness. What was it? Sheer ignorance? Indifference? Or, as a good many people assert a chronic Yankee Doodleism which assumed that we needn't arm for war because we are the greatest nation that ever came down the pike and can lick the world with one hand tied?

III

Probably there was a good deal of indifference and Fourth of July in our chronic unpreparedness. But there was also much more. Or we may call it all Fourth of July and Yankee Doodle, and yet be compelled to recognise that these are the essence of American history. When we see a nation in the course of a hundred and twenty years regularly scrambling through a war somehow, and automatically going back into unpreparedness "nine days after the conclusion of hostilities," we are bound to recognise that there is something here besides folly, carelessness, indifference. There must be a positive principle at work; a principle unformulated, unexpressed, but all the more impressive and real. The Revolution is won, somehow, and "Back to the farm" says Congress. The War of 1812 is muddled through; "Back to the farm and the factory" says Congress. The Civil War is over, the nation has been put through an agony of sacrifice, certainly sufficient to awaken the most indifferent, the most unintelligent of Congressmen, and "Back to the farm and the mine and the railroads of the West," says Congress. Call it folly if you will; but what is this folly that endures for a hundred and twenty years? Call it infatuation; but see how normally this madness functions.

The reason is, of course, that Fourth of July and Yankee Doodle, stripped of

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its exaggerations, has been a very real thing in American history. Take away the fireworks and the long, black frock-coat of the patriot spellbinder and it still remains true that democracy meant something to those men "who have gone before us." President Hibben calls it folly, but it was really an ideal working itself out. General Wood deplores the fact that the men who have gone before did not learn from the example of the great military nations. Why should they have learned? They very sincerely thought of themselves as a protest and an example against the practices of the great military nations. Mr. Huidekoper believes that an efficient national defence can be conducted only by an army under the control of the Federal Government and if the States stand in the way so much the worse for them. Well, the American people thought enough of their States to wage a war of four years to test out the question of States versus Federal Government.

Now all this may seem rather far away from the present implications of preparedness. The men of the past may not have been fools. They may have been justified in their day and generation, and yet be a dangerous example for us; times and conditions have changed. This may or may not be so. It is a matter that must be seriously and thoroughly studied. But I am not debating Preparedness now, and the matter does not concern me. What does concern me is the state of mind of the historian, the university president and the Chief-of-Staff who with a wave of the hand, dispose of a national record nearly a century and a half long and affecting, when measured in latent strength, the most powerful nation on earth. It is all wrong, this past of ours, even if it has been a splendidly successful past. The child has grown, the patient has recovered, the pudding tastes fine, but it will never do.

Thus, as I see it, a great many people to-day are in the clutch of an emotion which distorts past, present and future, which destroys old values and sets up standards that a year ago would have been received with derision and disgust. It seems to be the simplest thing in the world for President Hibben to speak of our past as a record of folly; for General Wood to regret that our past was not shaped on the model of the great military nations; for Mr. George W. Perkins to say that what we need is a Commander-in-Chief in the White House; for Mr. Roosevelt to speak of universal military service as the only hope of democracy; for Senator Chamberlain to say that the only way to national safety is through conscription. Only a few years ago it was a fuller democracy we were striving for, Social Justice, direct primaries, recall of judges, initiative and referendum—and now it is Conscription, and the example of the great military nations, and the full powers of this country directed toward preparation for war.

IV

"What American democracy needs," says Professor Hart in his chapter of the Appleton volume I have listed, "is simply to apply to its own defense the principles of organisation, expert service and efficiency which have made its railroads and mines and factories so productive." And in one sentence he misreads the spirit of our industrial history as the other gentlemen I have mentioned have misread its military history. I am not aware that our industries have prospered through organisation and expert service. It is within my memory that up to only the other day we were speaking of efficiency as the bitter need of the hour. It was pretty generally agreed that we were wealthy almost in spite of ourselves, in so far as real "management" of our national resources are concerned. We were rich because of our raw strength, our unlimited natural wealth and a fierce energy which is in the people. Our industrial policy has run parallel with our military policy. In both directions we have felt in ourselves the presence of such vast resources, that we were under no compulsion to adopt the

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petty parsimonies and prudentialities of the peoples of Europe.

Does this mean that we must therefore go on playing the spendthrift? No. But it does raise the question what sudden fear is this that has made Professor Hart forget his history. Compared with Professor Hart's high state of nervous tension, the tone of Professor Clapp's *Economic Aspects of the War,* is refreshing. It is a rather sordid book. It chooses to study the world war, to the exclusion of the great human issues it involves, as a simple business situation from which it is America's concern to derive the greatest possible profit. Mr. Clapp wants us to exercise pressure on England as well as on Germany. He is not afraid of either or both. But the passionate advocate of preparedness is afraid of everybody he can think of.

Take Professor Hart again. His elaborate study, *The Monroe Doctrine,* ends with some "obvious deductions" of which the last and most important is this:

> Even so peaceful a country as the United States, which desires no war and is bound to suffer heavily from any war in which she engages, whether victorious or defeated, may not have the choice. Peace can be maintained only by convincing Germany and Japan, which are the two powers most likely to be moved by an ambition to possess American territory.

I cannot enter into an elaborate discussion as to the probability of German or Japanese expansion in Latin America. But neither does Professor Hart argue the matter. In just fifteen words—"the two powers most likely to be moved by an ambition to possess American territory"—he calls up a great fear and switches the United States into a new life. Matching opinion against opinion I can only ask whether Professor Hart, as a historian studying the great war in Europe, really sees Germany entering on a period of territorial conquest without pausing to catch her breath? Is Professor Hart sure that Germany has won the war? And if she wins, is it to America that Germany will look, or along the Bagdad road to the East upon which her heart has been set these twenty years and toward which the force of events is driving her?

Or Japan. To me it has always been a preposterous thing to suppose that Japan would come across five thousand miles of ocean to challenge the power of the United States reinforced by the power of the Latin Americans who, after all, want no foreign master. They do not want the Yankee to rule them but they surely do not want the Mikado to rule them. Yet all such evocations of Japan in America are based on the hypothesis that Peru would welcome the Japanese into Lima or Chile would welcome them into Valparaiso or Mexico into Magdalena Bay out of sheer spite for the Yankees.

But more than this. Conceding that Japan, driven by the needs of her expanding population, is bound to find an outlet for her energies, will it be America? If anything is certain in the evolution of international politics, it is certain that Japan has her eyes turned to the Asiatic mainland. She is in Korea and Manchuria. She has openly avowed her ambition to get her share out of the exploitation of China. What has Latin America to offer her compared with what Eastern Asia can give? And what are the respective risks for Japan?

It is not the historian in Professor Hart that writes like this. It is sheer emotion.

V

What are the separate elements that enter into this supercharged psychological condition which makes nothing of one hundred and forty years of national history, which reads the fears of the present into the growth of the past, which speaks so trippingly of national mobilisations, conscriptions, commanders-in-chief in the White House, as if all that men have lived and thought and said in America before August 1, 1914 were a delusion and a dream? Is it fear of Germany and Japan? Is it hatred of the Kaiser? Is it the feeling that we

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ought really to have taken sides in the war and that we have stayed out because we were unprepared? All of these factors are present. It is not a mere coincidence that Mr. Roosevelt, who wants universal military service, thinks that we have played a shameful part with regard to Belgium; that Mr. Choate and President Eliot think we ought to be fighting by the side of Great Britain; that Senator Chamberlain, who wants conscription, comes from the Pacific Coast and presumably from under the shadow of Japan. A great many people have been frightened by Germany and at the same time hypnotised by Germany. Her showing in the land war has shaken our faith in democracy. In other words, the very first time democracy is put on its mettle it throws up the sponge. We have never been challenged by a first-class power, says General Wood. That means that democracy has not been subjected to a real test. Shall we wait for the test? No, says General Wood. We dare not.

But at bottom, I imagine, the fears of to-day as voiced in the repudiation of our democratic past are not the real explanation of our present *Neurosis Preparanda*. I find the main cause in our national psychology, in a characteristic weakness for being fascinated by the fad and the slogan of the moment. In the course of nearly ten years spent at a newspaper desk it has been my privilege and my trial to watch one formula after another flare up, sweep the country like wild-fire—and disappear. In philosophical terminology we are a nation of monists. We believe in a single principle, the principle, the formula, the fad, of the moment. Is it Eugenics? Is it Boy Scouts? Is it the Recall? Is it Commission Form of Municipal Government? Is it Conservation? Every sect and every interest seizes upon the new formula and into it reads its own meaning. As a result we have, not only the Conservation of forests, but the conservation of democracy, conservation of infant life, conservation of labour unions, conservation of America's merchant marine. Is it scientific management? Then it is the scientific management of forests, mines, government, schools, children, marriage, literature, play, saloons, what not.

This passion for the popular trademark is at work in the case of Preparedness. We need Preparedness for army and navy, but also, if you read the newspapers, preparedness in the factories, on the railroads, in the schools, in the courts, in Congress, in municipal government, in the prisons. We must prepare by building roads just as we had to build roads in the name of Conservation, prepare by building up a merchant marine, prepare by establishing rural credits, and wiping out hook-worm. And there is no denying it; when you do all those things you are preparing for a fuller and safer national life. But this kind of preparedness has been going on since the foolish men "who have gone before us" went into the Revolution unprepared and won. Only the label is new.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

The Freudian Wish, and Its Place in Ethics. By Edwin B. Holt. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.
A discussion and review of the work of Sigmund Freud in its ethical aspect.

Philosophy

Man's Life of Purpose. By William C. Comstock. With a Foreword by Joseph A. Milburn. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.
The object of this book is said to be to "help to the understanding of the relation of man's work and life to the whole life of self."

Religion and Theology

The Apostles' Creed. By David James Burrell. New York: American Tract Society. $1.00 net.
An analysis of *The Apostles' Creed,* section by section.

The Ethiopic Liturgy: Its Sources, Development, and Present Form. By Samuel A. B. Mercer. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.
The Hale Lectures, Series of 1914-15, delivered at the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Every Day. By Edgar Whitaker Work. New York: American Tract Society. $1.25 net.
A selection from *The Bible* with a short exposition for each day of the year.

First Things: A Baccalaureate Address. By Marion Le Roy Burton. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Delivered at Smith College on June 13th, 1915.

His Birthday. By Mary Ellen Chase. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A short story of the birth and boyhood of Jesus.

The Issues of Life. By Elwood Worcester. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.50 net.
In his introduction, the author defines his work as an attempt "to apply the principles of the Christian religion to the physical, moral and spiritual needs of men."

The Master Light: An Attempt to Read the Truth of Life. By W. Elsworth Lawson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.
Religious questions discussed under such chapter heading as "The Master Light and the Christian Consciousness," "The Master Light and the Bible," "The Master Light and the Universe," etc.

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons. For 1916. By the Monday Club. Forty-First Series. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.
A sermon for each week of the year.

Suggestions for Conducting a Church Class in Psycho-Therapy. By C. Bertram Runnalls. With an Introduction by Herman Page. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company. 75 cents.
A handbook.

Sociology, Economics

The Crowd in Peace and War. By Martin Conway. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.75 net.
An attempt to deal in popular language with the relations of the individual to the crowd, and of crowds to one another.

Poverty the Challenge to the Church. By John Simpson Penman. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.
A discussion of the responsibility of the church in its relation to the problem of poverty.

Social Freedom: A Study of the Conflicts Between Social Classification and Personality. By Elsie Clews Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.
A consideration of the several orders of group consciousness within society—the social barriers set up by age, sex, family, place, origin, etc.

Military and Naval

Naval Handbook as Bearing on National Defense and the European War. By Thomas Drayton Parker. San Francisco: John J. Newbegin. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A popular handbook designed to answer questions in connection with the war and with our defense problem.

European War

Colours of War. By R. C. Long. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.
A record of human experiences and impressions in the European War rather than great movements. The book deals chiefly with Russia and its armies.

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Fighting France. From Dunkerque to Belfort. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Mrs. Wharton records her own experiences and impressions at the front in France—in the trenches, among the soldiers, in the homes. There is a description of Paris, of the Argonne, of Lorraine, the Vosges, Alsace, and the north.

How Diplomatists Make War. By A British Statesman. Introduction by Albert Jay Nock. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

The author places the blame for the beginning and continuance of the European War on the ruling powers of the nations involved. He also takes a stand against "national preparedness."

Vive la France! By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The record of the author's second and third visits to the front. Among other things the book describes the bombardment of Dunkirk, the destruction of Soissons, the fighting on the Aisne, the invasion of Alsace, etc.

Education

A Beginner's Psychology. By Edward Bradford Titchener. New York. The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

A practical text-book, with notes, references and an index of subjects.

The Meaning of Education: Contributions to a Philosophy of Education. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

A revised and enlarged edition of a book published in 1898. Two of the original chapters have been omitted, and many new ones added.

The Rise of English Literary Prose. By George Philip Krapp. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.75.

This book covers the period beginning with the latter half of the fourteenth century and ending with the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Science

Men of the Old Stone Age: Their Environment, Life and Art. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

A discussion of human evolution, and a presentation of everything that has been discovered up to the present day regarding our prehistoric ancestors.

Art

Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals. With Special Reference to Buddhism in Japan. Four Lectures Given at the Museum. By M. Anesaki. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Illustrated. $6.00 net.

In his preface the author states the object of these four lectures to be "to elucidate the ideas and ideals which inspired Buddhist artists, and to give some account of the legends which they illustrated."

Music

Handbook of the Operas. By Edith B. Ordway. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. 75 cents net.

Information concerning fifty of the leading operas. The class of the opera, date and place of the first production, names of composer and librettist, list of leading characters and their singing parts, are given for each opera.

The Opera Book. By Edith B. Ordway. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Descriptions of the operas played in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia during the past four years.

Essays, General Literature

America's Coming-of-Age. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.

Essays on American politics, art and business. The titles are "Highbrow" and "Lowbrow," "Our Poets," "The Precipitant," "Apotheosis of the 'Lowbrow,'" "The Sargasso Sea."

Biographical and Literary Studies. By Albert H. Currier. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.

Studies of the lives and works of St. Augustine, John Knox, George Herbert, and Thomas Fuller. There are also three essays on religious subjects.

Contemporary Belgian Literature. By Jethro Bithell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The development of contemporary Belgian literature to the present day.

Conversations with Luther. Selections from recently published sources of the Table Talk. Translated and Edited by Preserved Smith and Herbert Percival Gallinger. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

With an introduction, bibliographical note and an index.

Friendship, Love and Marriage. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

In *The Art of Life Series*. The topics are "The Problem of Personal Relationship," "The Seven Laws of Friendship," "Love and Marriage," "Divorce and Public Opinion," "The Solution in Personal Conduct."

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Glimpses of the Cosmos. By Lester F. Ward. Volume IV. Period, 1885-1893. Age 44-52. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.
The volumes comprised in this series (of which there probably will be eight) contain the collected essays of Dr. Ward which have been published during a series of years.

Journeys to Bagdad. By Charles S. Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
A collection of whimsical essays, some of the titles, selected at random, being, "The Worst Edition of Shakespeare," "The Decline of Night Caps," "Hoopskirts and Other Lively Matter," "The Chilly Presence of Hard-Headed Persons." The illustrations are from wood-cuts by Allen Lewis.

Poetry and Drama

An American Garland. Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America. 1563-1759. Edited with Introduction and Notes by C. H. Firth. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.00 net.
Contemporary ballads relating to the discovery and colonisation of America.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915, and Year Book of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Gomme & Marshall. $1.50 net.
A collection of the most notable verse that has appeared in the various magazines during the year 1915; also an index to all the verse published in magazines during the year.

Astray with Song and Fancy. By Edward Hicks Streeter Terry. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The Biddle Press.
A collection of short verse. Illustrated from photographs by John Wright Kirk.

Circe: A Dramatic Fantasy. By Isaac Flagg. Published by Author. Frontispiece.
A play in two acts. The scenes and characters are those of Greek mythology.

The Cloister: A Play in Four Acts. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Osman Edwards. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.
In *The New Poetry Series*. A play of monastic life, first published in 1900.

Criminals: A One-Act Play About Marriage. By George Middleton. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
An intimate study of marriage.

Dollars and Sense. A Story in Four Acts. By Otto J. Kraemer and Lester W. Humphreys. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A comedy. The story of a San Francisco banker who loses everything in the fire and starts all over again, finally winning success.

The Dreamer and Other Poems. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses. The book also includes *The Cliff of Tears: A Lyrical Drama in One Act.*

Evolution: A Fantasy. By Langdon Smith. With Correlative Poems, Selected and Edited by Laurens Maynard. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.
A collection of verse, by various authors, relating to evolution and reincarnation.

Gladys Klyne, and More Harmony. By Charles Lynch. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A love story told in verse.

The Immigrants: A Lyric Drama. By Percy Mackaye. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.
Presenting the problems and the interests of the immigrants to this country. There is an introduction by Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island.

Italy in Arms and Other Poems. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Gomme & Marshall. 75 cents.
Verses inspired by Italy.

Laurentian Lyrics and Other Poems. By Arthur S. Bourinot. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.
Short verses, most of them dealing with the beauties of nature.

New Rubaiyat from a Southern Garden. By George Frederic Viett. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. 75 cents net.
An argument, in verse, for Faith against Reason.

Oxford Poetry. 1915. Edited by G. D. G. C. and T. W. E. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 36 cents net.
A collection of verse by various authors.

Poems. By Carl Spencer. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.
A collection of verse with a religious flavour.

Recreations. By J. T. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Songs of Brittany. *Chansons de Chex Nous* of Théodore Botrel, with an Introduction by Anatole Le Braz. Translated from the French by Elisabeth S. Dickerman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A collection of the verses of the "Laureate of the Trenches."

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Taps. By Franz Adam Beyerlein. Translated from the German by Charles Swickard. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

A translation of the four-act anti-military play, which was first produced in Germany and Austria in 1901, and later in Paris, London and New York.

To Your Dog and to My Dog. Compiled by Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of thirty-two poems by Scott, Kipling, Gilder, Matthew Arnold and others, to and about dogs.

Tempted in All Points. A Historical Play in Three Acts and Three Visions. By Ralph Hall Ferris. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A play of the early days of the Christian era.

Zeitkinder: A Play to Be Read. By Henry Jones Mulford. New York: Brentano's.

In a Prologue and three acts.

Fiction

Allward: A Story of Gypsy Life. By E. S. Stevens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

The hero, at thirty-two, finds himself free to indulge his passion for following the open road. During his wanderings he meets and falls in love with a gypsy girl.

Blind Sight. By B. Y. Benediall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The adventures of a poor clerk who acts as gentleman detective in the house of a wealthy London family, and who falls in love with the beautiful blind daughter.

The Book of Wonder: A Chronicle of Little Adventures at the Edge of the World. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

Short, fanciful tales reprinted from *The Sketch* and *The Saturday Review*.

The Conqueror: A Dramatised Biography of Alexander Hamilton. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.50 net.

A new edition made from new plates, with a frontispiece portrait of Alexander Hamilton.

The Eternal Magdalene. By Robert H. McLaughlin. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A story of modern life based on a Biblical theme.

The Glory and the Dream. By Anna Preston. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

A novel with Michael, a six-year-old Irish boy for a hero.

Gorham's Gold. By Eldee Keesing. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.35 net.

The story of a "self-made" man in the early days of the Alaska gold fields.

The Love Letters of a Mystic. By Alma Newton. New York: John Lane Company. Frontispiece.

A love story written in the form of letters from Capri.

Margaret Ives. By Eli Barber. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.35 net.

A love story telling of the influence of two men on the life of a young woman.

Mildew Manse. By Belle K. Maniates. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The story of a large family who lived in an old ramshackle house.

Onesimus the Slave: A Romance of the Days of Nero. By Laurel M. Hoyt. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.35 net.

A story of love and adventure and of the persecution of the Christians in the days of Nero.

Pelle the Conqueror: The Great Struggle. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40 net.

The third volume in the series of four that are to picture the life and career of a great modern Labour leader. The scenes are laid in Copenhagen.

Sadie Love. By Avery Hopwood. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The novelisation of a farce now being played in New York. The story of an exciting honeymoon.

"Speaking of Operations—." By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

An extravaganza. The author tells of his experiences with doctors and his opinions of them.

The Strangers' Wedding. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.35 net.

The story of a wealthy young man who takes up settlement work.

Tales by Polish Authors. By Henryk Sienkiewicz, Stefan Zeromski, Adam Szymanski, Waclaw Sieroszewski. Translated by Else C. M. Benecke.

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New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.25 net.

The stories in this collection are "Bartek the Conqueror," by Henryk Sienkiewicz; "Twilight" and "Temptation," by Stefan Zeromski; "Srul—from Lubartow," by Adam Szymanski; and "In Autumn" and "In Sacrifice to the Gods," by Waclaw Sieroszewski.

Juvenile

The American Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies and Bettles. By Dan Beard. Philadelphia: Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A practical handbook for the making and care of a collection of insects.

The Bluebird's Garden. By Patten Beard. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Short stories for little children, supposed to be told by a bluebird.

The Boy Scouts in a Trapper's Camp. By Thornton W. Burgess. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The adventures of three Boy Scouts during a winter vacation spent in a trapper's camp.

Brave Deeds of Union Soldiers. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Stories of bravery during the Civil War.

The Camp by Copper River. By Henry S. Spalding. New York: Benziger Brothers. Illustrated. 85 cents.

The story of a group of city boys who go into the Michigan forests on a camping trip.

The David Stories. By Emma C. Cram. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

Stories about the many experiences of a little boy.

The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls. Selected, Edited and Arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott and Amena Pendleton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A selection from the literature of all countries of stories in which the idea of humor and fun predominates.

A Little Princess of the Stars and Stripes. By Aileen Cleveland Higgins. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The summer adventures of a party of young people in a Nevada mining town. The story is told with the object of teaching active patriotism.

Mottoes My Children Love to Colour and Frame. New York: Lloyd Adams Noble. 15 cents.

Short mottoes and decorative pictures with simple instructions for doing the colour work.

Nancy Lee's Lookout. By Margaret Warde. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story for girls. This is the third book in the *Nancy Lee Series*, and tells of the heroine's summer at the seashore.

On the Border with Andrew Jackson. By John T. McIntyre. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

In the *Buckskin Series* of books for boys. The heroes are two boys who joined the army of volunteer frontiersmen who fought against the Creek Indians under the command of Andrew Jackson.

Ross Grant, Tenderfoot. By John Garland. Philadelphia: The Penn Pulishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The first of a series of stories for boys, with scenes laid in a Montana mining camp. The hero has a natural tendency toward medicine.

History

Romance of Old Belgium. From Cæsar to Kaiser. By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

The romantic story of Belgium as found in history and tradition.

Geography, Travel and Description

From Moscow to the Persian Gulf: Being the Journal of a Disenchanted Traveller in Turkestan and Persia. By Benjamin Burgis Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The narrative of a journey by train, carriage and caravan, across the steppes of Russia, among the cities of Central Asia, and through Persia.

The Romantic Shore. By Agnes Edwards. Salem, Massachusetts: The Salem Press Company. Illustrated.

A description of the north shore of New England, with its literary and historic associations.

Biography, Geneology

Leaves from the Log of a Sky Pilot. By William G. Puddefoot. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

An autobiography.

The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. By Beckles Willson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. Two volumes. $6.50 net.

The authorised biography of one of Canada's most notable figures.

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Michelangelo. By Roman Rolland. Translated by Frederick Street. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A study of Michelangelo's life and work.

The Most Interesting American. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents net.

A sketch of the personality of Theodore Roosevelt.

A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections. By Alfred Capper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

The author's record of his experiences and impressions as a thought-reader.

Wall Street and the Wilds. By A. W. Dimock. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

The life story of the author, with especial reference to his early experiences in Wall Street and his later life in the West.

Nature Books

Beautiful Gardens in America. By Louise Shelton. New York: Charles Scribner's. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

Numerous pictures, with short descriptive chapters, of gardens in all parts of the United States.

The Flower Art of Japan. By Mary Averill (Kwashinsai Kitokumei). New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The art of flower arrangement as taught in the schools of Japan. There are many diagrams.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Art of the Moving Picture. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A popular discussion of the subject, intended primarily for photoplay audiences.

The Boy Scout Movement Applied by the Church. By Norman E. Richardson and Ormond E. Loomis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

An analysis of the Boy Scout movement in its adaptability to church work among boys.

A Brief Bibliography of Books in English, Spanish and Portuguese, Relating to the Republics Commonly Called Latin American, with Comments. By Peter H. Goldsmith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A guide to the best literature on South America. The author is Director of the Pan-American Division of the American Association for International Conciliation.

The Colours of the Republic. By George Craig Stewart. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

An interpretation of the meaning of the colours of the American flag.

Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs. A Practical Working Handbook. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

Simple instructions for the designing and making of costumes and scenery for amateur plays.

Efficient Living. By Edward Earle Purinton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.25 net.

A recipe for a happy and efficient life.

Ireland: Vital Hour. By Arthur Lynch. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A discussion of conditions in Ireland, of her organisations, her politics and her problems.

Making Curtains and Hangings. By Agnes Foster. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

A practical handbook for home decoration.

The Martyr's Return. By Percival W. Wells. Wantagh, New York: Bartlett Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A phantasy of Lincoln's return, and his ideas on the present situation.

Mind Cures. By Geoffrey Rhodes. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

A discussion of the various aspects of mental healing and its possibilities.

The Monroe Doctrine: An Interpretation. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.75 net.

A presentation of what the Monroe Doctrine has meant from time to time, what it means to-day, and what the difficulties are in the way of making it work in the present disturbed international situation.

Newspaper Editing. A Manual for Editors, Copyreaders, and Students of Newspaper Desk Work. By Grant Milnor Hyde. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.

A text-book on journalism.

The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner. By Anthony J. Philpott. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

A record of the search for Dean Bridgman Conner, who was lost in Mexico, made by the author under the clairvoyant instructions of the medium, Mrs. Leonora E. Piper.

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The Rhythm of Life. By Charles Brodie Patterson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.50 net.

A discussion of harmony in music and colour, and its influence on thought and character.

True Ghost Stories. By Hereward Carrington. New York: The J. S. Ogilvie Company. 75 cents.

The results of the author's investigations of psychical mysteries.

Uncle Sam and Old World Conquerors. Being the Seventh Division of Uncle Sam, A Satirical Prelude. By William Norman Guthrie. New York: Brentano's. $1.50 net.

A dramatic satire written with the idea of developing a patriotic American spirit.

National Floodmarks. Week by Week Observations as Seen by *Collier's*. Edited by Mark Sullivan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

Editorials from *Collier's* on topics of current interest in American life.

Our Boyhood Thrills and Other Cartoons. By Webster. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of the author's cartoons that have appeared in the newspapers.

The Path of Peace. The Most Helpful Thoughts of the World's Greatest Writers Pointing the Way to Contentment and Happiness and Arranged for Easy Reading and Ready Reference. Compiled and Edited by Beverley R. Potter. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.50 net.

A selection of advice from the thought of writers of all ages.

Sunlit Days. Compiled by Florence Hobart Perin. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.

Selections for every day in the year, chosen with a view to spiritual inspiration.

Through College on Nothing a Year. Literally Record from a Student's Story. By Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

The experiences of a young man who worked his way through college.

The Work of Our Hands: A Study of Occupations for Invalids. By J. Herbert Hall and Mertice M. C. Buck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.50 net.

A discussion of the benefits of work for those who are suffering from nervous or mental ailments as well as the physically handicapped.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE MARCH BOOKMAN

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: The romantic revival from 1894 to 1904—Zola and Stevenson—two predictions of approaching romance—the great year 1894—Weyman, Doyle, Hope, Churchill, Stockton—Sienkiewicz—passing away of romantic extravagance—survivals of the school in McCutcheon and Farnol—the "life" novel of to-day—De Morgan, Bennett, Wells, White, Rolland—the gain to the novel—the loss.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of December and the first of January:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York, N. Y.	Heart of the Sunset	The Money Master
Albany, N. Y.	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Atlanta, Ga.	Dear Enemy	Prudence of the Parsonage
Baltimore, Md.	Felix O'Day	The Harbour
Birmingham, Ala.	Mr. Doctor Man	Michael O'Halloran
Boston, Mass.	Beltane the Smith	Felix O'Day
Boston, Mass.	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Chicago, Ill.	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Chicago, Ill.	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna
Cincinnati, Ohio	Dick Devereux	The Crimson Gondola
Cleveland, O.	Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day
Dallas, Tex.	Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy
Denver, Colo.	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna
Des Moines, Ia.	"K"	Dear Enemy
Detroit, Mich.	Dear Enemy	Beltane the Smith
Indianapolis, Ind.	Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn
Kansas City, Mo.	Felix O'Day	"K"
Los Angeles, Cal.	Dear Enemy	The Gray Dawn
Louisville, Ky.	Sunlight Patch	These Twain
Memphis, Tenn.	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
Milwaukee, Wis.	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
New Orleans, La.	Then I'll Come Back to You	These Twain
Omaha, Neb.	A Far Country	"K"
Philadelphia, Pa.	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Portland, Me.	Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn
Portland, Ore.	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Providence, R. I.	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
St. Louis, Mo.	Then I'll Come Back to You	Dear Enemy
St. Louis, Mo.	Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy
St. Paul, Minn.	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
San Antonio, Tex.	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
San Francisco, Cal.	The Gray Dawn	Dear Enemy
San Francisco, Cal.	The Gray Dawn	The Story of Julia Page
Seattle, Wash.	Beltane the Smith	The Rim of the Desert
Spokane, Wash.	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Tacoma, Wash.	Dear Enemy	The Lost Prince
Toronto, Ont.	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran
Waco, Tex.	Then I'll Come Back to You	The Story of Julia Page
Washington, D. C.	"K"	Michael O'Halloran

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Research Magnificent	Anne of the Island	"Burkeses Amy"	A Long Lane
Michael O'Halloran	"K"	Prudence of the Parsonage	The Money Master
Thirty	Three Things	Then I'll Come Back to You	Over Paradise Ridge
Dear Enemy	Research Magnificent	Eve Dorre	The Money Master
Mr. Bingle	The Heart of the Sunset	The Traitor's Son	Then I'll Come Back to You
The Bent Twig	Eltham House	Dear Enemy	Research Magnificent
Beltane the Smith	Research Magnificent	The Gray Dawn	Around Old Chester
Then I'll Come Back to You	Pollyanna	Rose O'Paradise	Mr. Bingle
"K"	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy	The Gray Dawn
Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy	The Money Master	Mr. Bingle
Beltane the Smith	The Gray Dawn	The Fortunes of Garin	The Freelands
Felix O'Day	A Far Country	The Lost Prince	Pollyanna Grows Up
Pollyanna Grows Up	Beltane the Smith	Then I'll Come Back to You	The Heart of the Sunset
Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day	Pollyanna Grows Up	Rose Garden Husband
The Gray Dawn	The Story of Julia Page	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
The Bent Twig	Then I'll Come Back to You	Research Magnificent	The Lost Prince
A Far Country	Dear Enemy	The Story of Julia Page	Research Magnificent
Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day	Research Magnificent	These Twain
Speaking of Operations	Beltane the Smith	Me	Felix O'Day
Dear Enemy	The Story of Julia Page	The Lost Prince	The Money Master
Mr. Bingle	The Money Master	Dear Enemy	The Little Iliad
Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran	Eltham House	"K"
Prudence of the Parsonage	Michael O'Halloran	The Freelands	Pollyanna
Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
The Money Master	"K"	Michael O'Halloran	The Song of the Lark
The Fortunes of Garin	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil	Mr. Bingle
The Crown of Life	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna	Beltane the Smith	Prudence of the Parsonage
"K"	Why Not?	The Money Master	Prudence of the Parsonage
Dear Enemy	Beltane the Smith	Prudence of the Parsonage	Research Magnificent
"K"	Mr. Bingle	Prudence of the Parsonage	Pollyanna
Research Magnificent	The Fortunes of Garin	Beltane the Smith	The Genius
Research Magnificent	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
A Far Country	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
The Heart of the Sunset	A Far Country		
"K"	The Gray Dawn	Mr. Bingle	The Money Master
The Money Master	"K"	The Story of Julia Page	Mr. Bingle
"K"	Mr. Bingle	Beltane the Smith	The Foolish Virgin
The Story of Julia Page	The Bent Twig	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Life of John Hay. Thayer.
The Pentacost of Calamity. Wister.
My Year of the Great War. Palmer.
The Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
Rivers to the Sea. Teasdale.
I Accuse (J'Accuse!). Anon.
Travels in Alaska. Muir.
We Discover New England. Hale.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 742 and 743) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	219
2. Dear Enemy. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.30	192
3. Feliz O'Day. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.35	161
4. "K." Rinehart (Houghton. Mifflin.) $1.35	119
5. Beltane the Smith. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50	91
6. The Gray Dawn. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	72
A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	72

THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRENCH LETTERS. BY ALBERT SCHINZ

France has trained men of letters as she has trained soldiers for the famous Foreign Legion. The other day Stuart Merrill died. An American by birth he had been for years an officer in the Foreign Literary Legion of the French Republic. This legion has enlisted Americans—besides Merrill there was Francis Vielé Griffin—Belgians, including Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, Swiss, Englishmen, Greeks, Roumanians, and South Americans. Of the Legion Professor Schinz has written in a paper that is to appear in the March BOOKMAN.

George Bernard Shaw as a Musician is the subject of a paper by Florence Boylston Pelo to appear in the March BOOKMAN.

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